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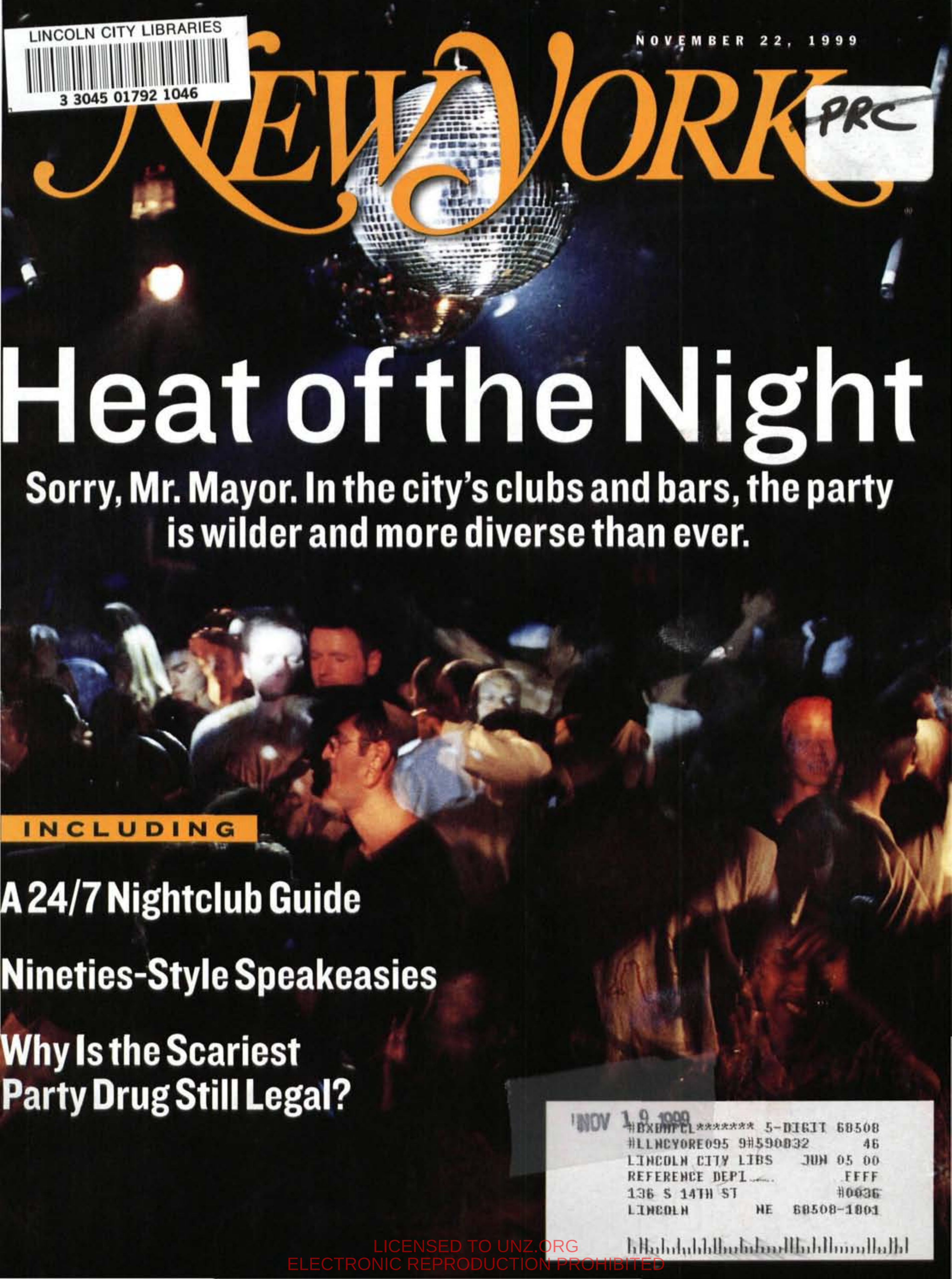

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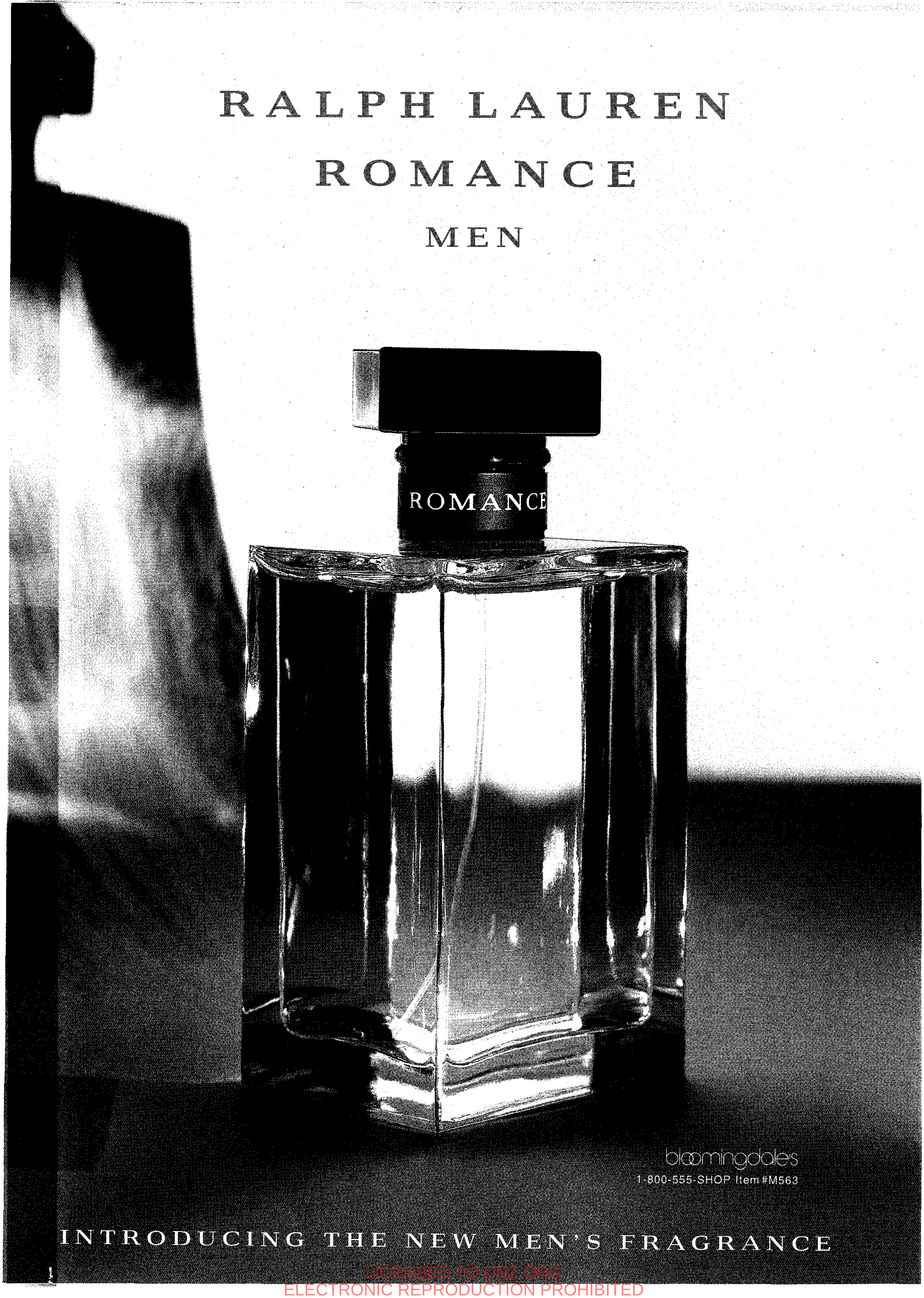
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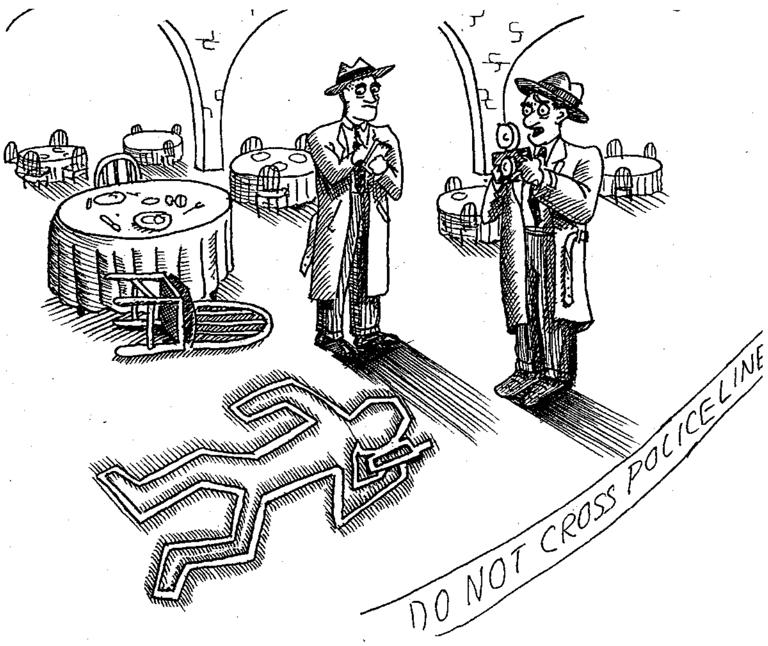
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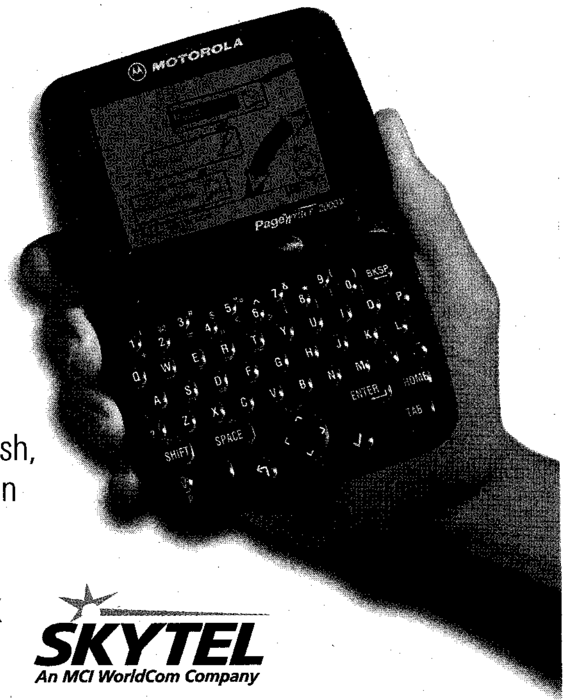

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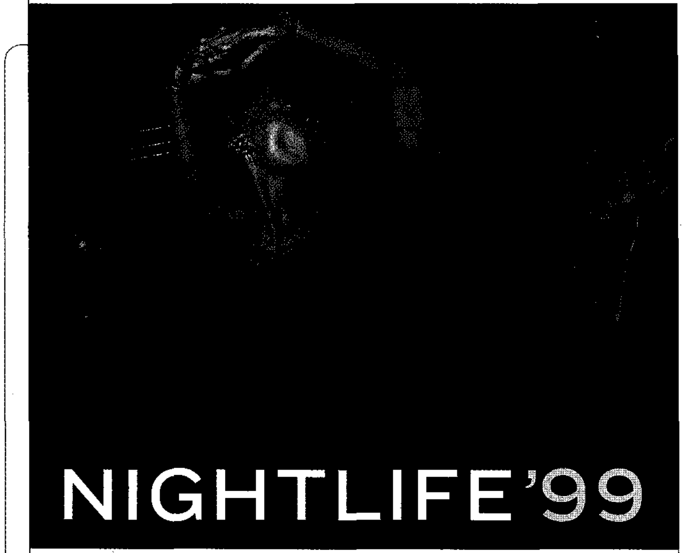
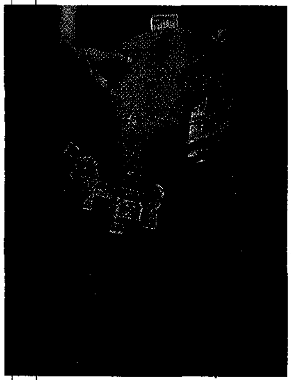


30 The Evening News

Reports of the death of nightlife have been greatly exaggerated. From Thursday-night Punjabi hip-hop jams to Wednesday-night house-music marathons, New York is partying harder than ever. A week in the life.



Some barflies hear last call as the signal to trade their cosmopolitans for coke spoons, as **Vanessa Grigoriadis** reports, **38.** And that's not the only substance menacing clubland: **Ethan Brown** goes shopping on the Internet for the drug some dealers won't sell because it's sent so many users to the E.R., **43.** Giuliani is already trying to shutter tomorrow's dance spots today, but **Alec Foege** discovers a new club culture, where the soundproofers are more important than the D.J.'s, **46.**

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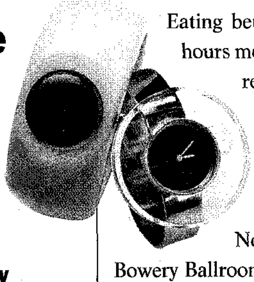

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November 22, 1999—VOL. 32, NO. 45. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. New York (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by PRIMEDIA Magazine Corporation,444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

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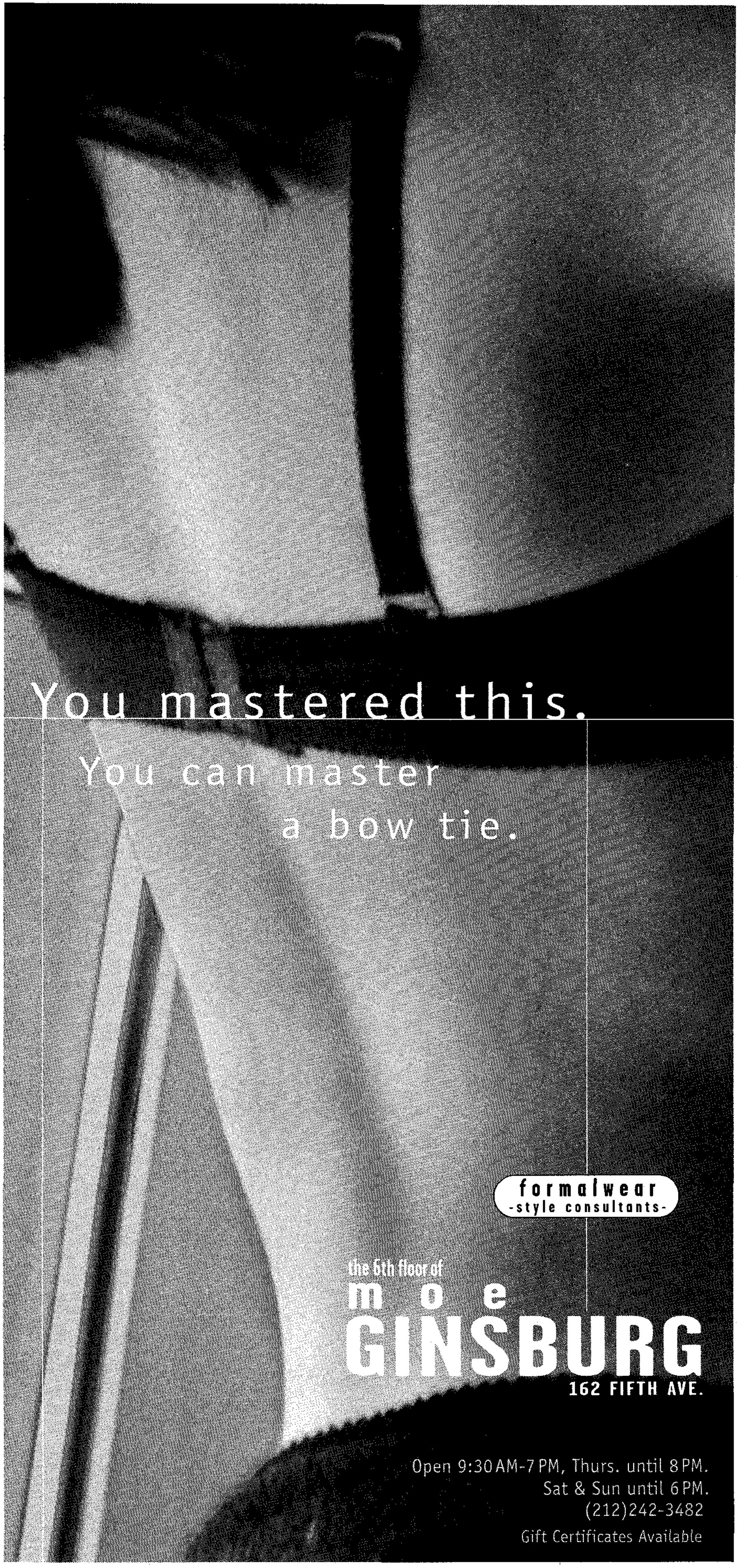
Cover: Photograph by Mark Peterson/Saba.



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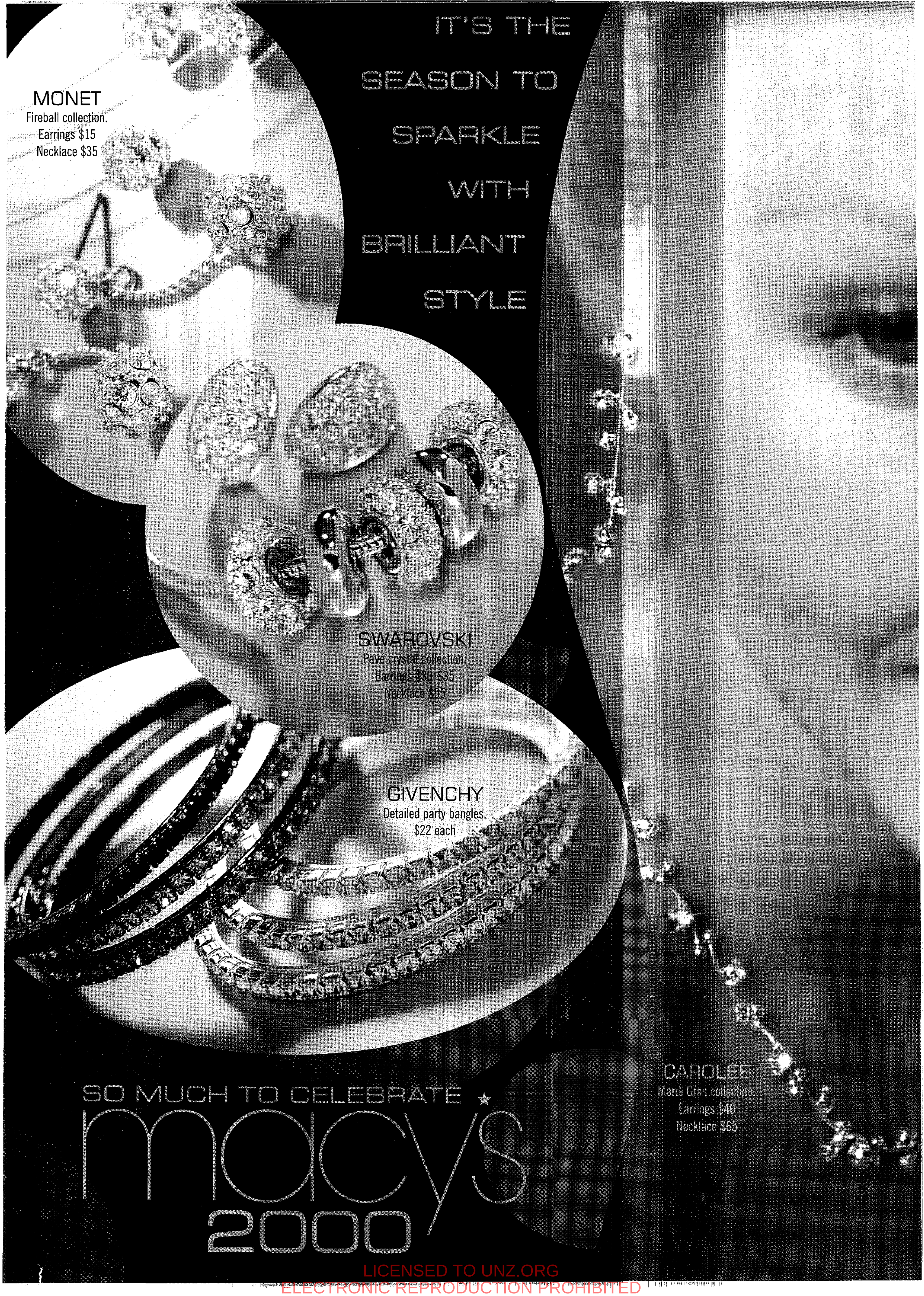
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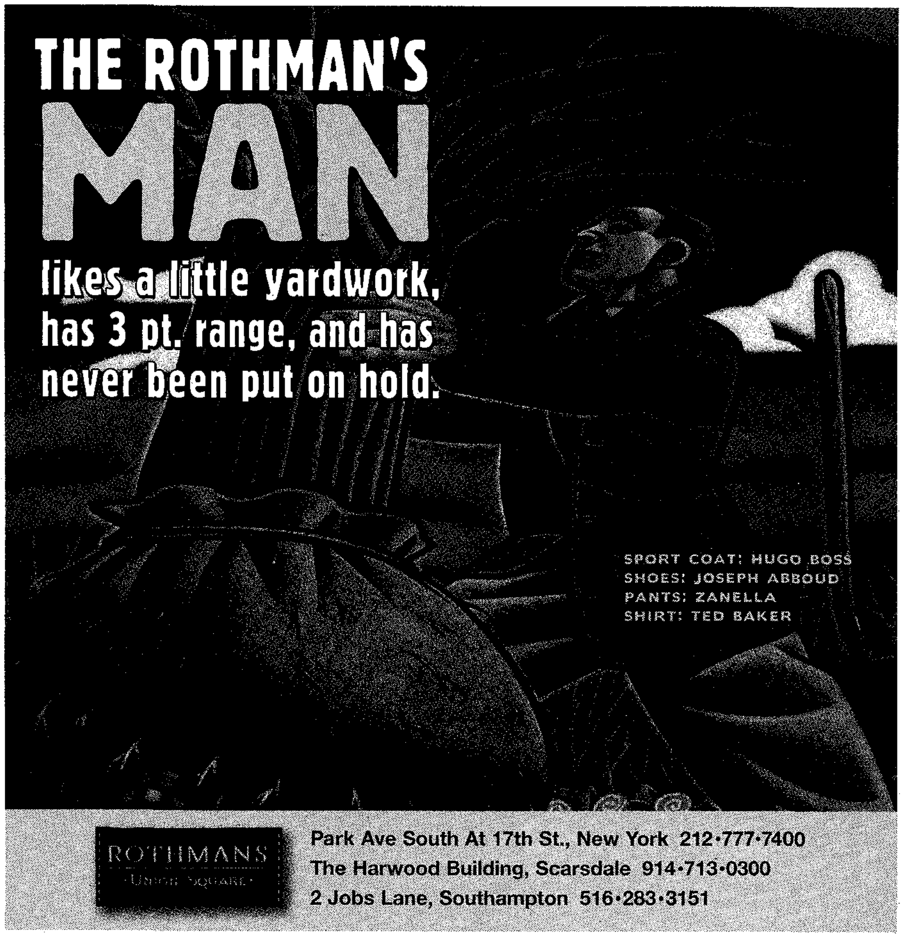

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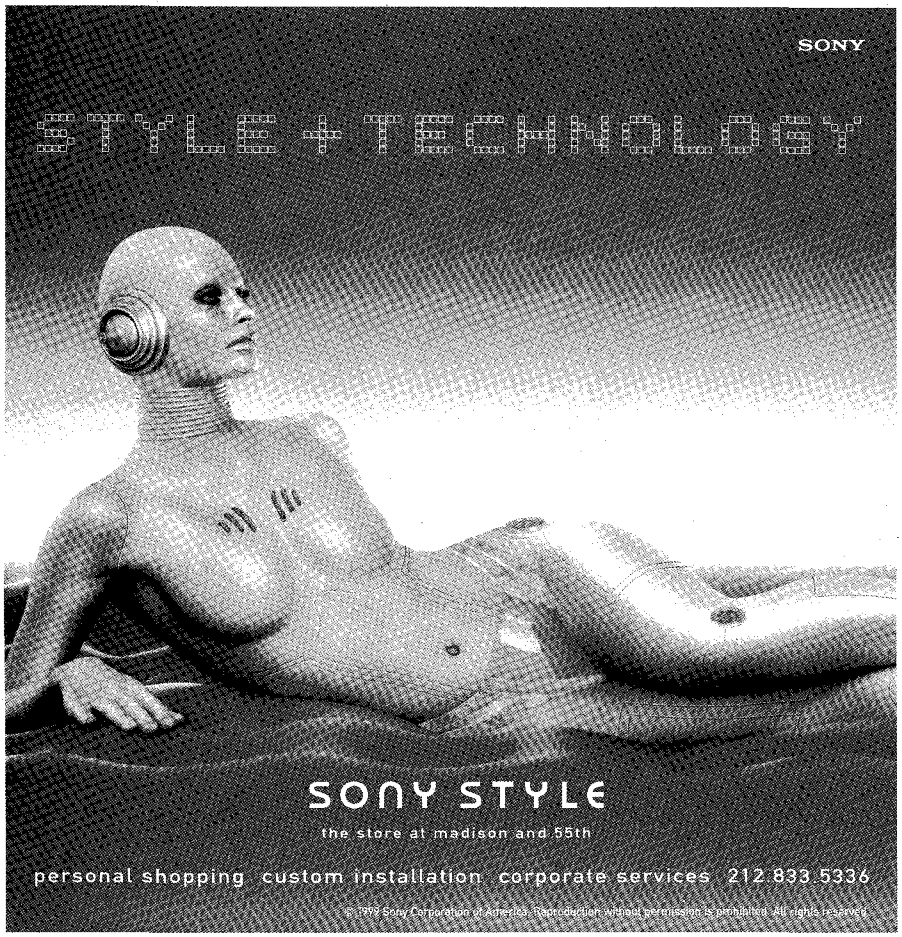

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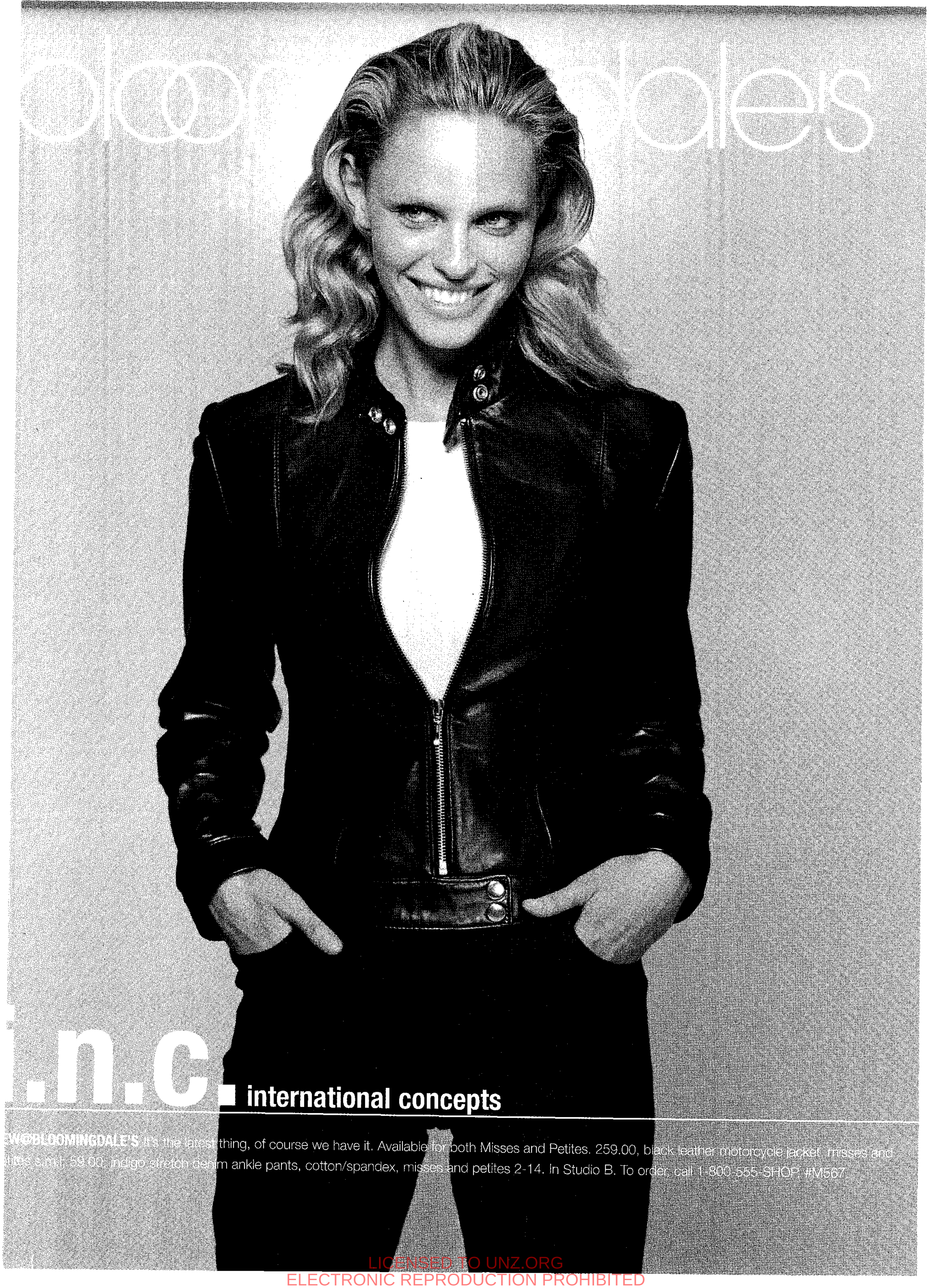
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Combine and Conquer

Bill Bradley may be a swell guy, but at best he's vice-presidential material; HRC better not forget the "minority" community in her search for swing votes.

With Bush Jr. dragging the GOP leftward into compassionate conservatism, it would be political seppuku for Democrats to nominate Bill Bradley. ["The National Interest: The Wrong Stuff," by Michael Tomasky, November 8]. The ultimate battle will be for the soft, chewy center—which is why Al Gore will be the candidate. The only question is how much Dems want him to suffer first. By flirting with his more liberal opponent, the party's base may be looking for leverage on the vice-president. But that support will fold faster than a card table once Gore starts racking up primaries. Sure, Bradley's a swell guy, and he deserves to win a few telephone polls. But you don't really believe the general public wants Professor Lofty in there mixing it up with Slobo and Saddam, do you? Gore-Bradley: Yeah, that's the ticket!

Allan Hoving
Westport, Conn.

Mayor-Haters

I found Michael Tomasky's article "The Zabar's Vote" ["The City Politic," November 15], which analyzes the probable Senate race between Mayor Giuliani and Hillary Clinton, to be a bit shortsighted. Mr. Tomasky is looking at the tree and forgetting about the potential forest. While it is true that when it counts, the Jewish population in New York comes out to the voting booth in greater numbers than other ethnic groups, we should take note that people of color are now a majority of the city. It is they who have the potential to swing an election. That would require a move that has been bantered about but eschewed by Tomasky. If Mrs. Clinton has the courage and good sense to pick up the phone and make the proper overtures to Al Sharpton and show some real sensitivity to the needs of that majority, the Senate seat is hers. There are many voters standing by, wanting to vote against the Giuliani candidacy. It's her move.

Don Sloan
Manhattan

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Fair Game

Your writer Robert Kolker suggests he is interested in fairness when he parenthetically notes that January and February are "the Death Valley of Broadway's calendar" ["Gotham: Stayin' Alive?," November 8]. But then he characterizes Manny Kladitis as "the man who brought us *Man of La Mancha* with Sheena Easton." In fairness, that production of *Man of La Mancha* starred the late Raul Julia, an actor of impeccable credentials who gave a performance well worth seeing. But mentioning that would not have served Mr. Kolker's purpose. In all fairness, let's be fair.

Greg Hirsch
Manhattan

Early Elections

Your suffrage piece ["The Other Sexual Revolution," by Ariel Levy, November 8] perpetuates the widespread but erroneous belief that there was no voting by women before passage of the Nineteenth Amendment. In fact, women already had limited voting rights in the majority of the states by the time it passed.

Alan Whitney
Manhattan

Doggie Bagged

Being a typically busy New Yorker, I have only just read the October 18 issue and the "Smart City" article titled "Trash Talkin' " [by Stephanie Williams]. As a typically overaccumulative New Yorker, I read with avid interest about how to dispose of all that trash, including my pet. It is exactly that idea, expressed in your column, of a pet as a disposable item that has led to thousands of unwanted pets' being killed every year. Choosing to take on a living creature is a lifetime commitment—the lifetime of that pet, not the lifetime of your interest in it. A pet is not a throwaway, to be ditched at the local animal dumping grounds when it is no longer convenient or desirable. In the example you gave of a person becoming allergic to her pet, her first recourse should be a consultation with her physician, and then, if treatment is unsuccessful, she should seek out an allergist rather than immediately planning to dispose of the pet. I should know—I live with two cats to which I am allergic. It is unfortunate that *New York* Magazine chose to couple trash, clunkers, and used clothes with living creatures. There is a difference.

Janice Fenichel
Manhattan

Coulda Skipped Gates

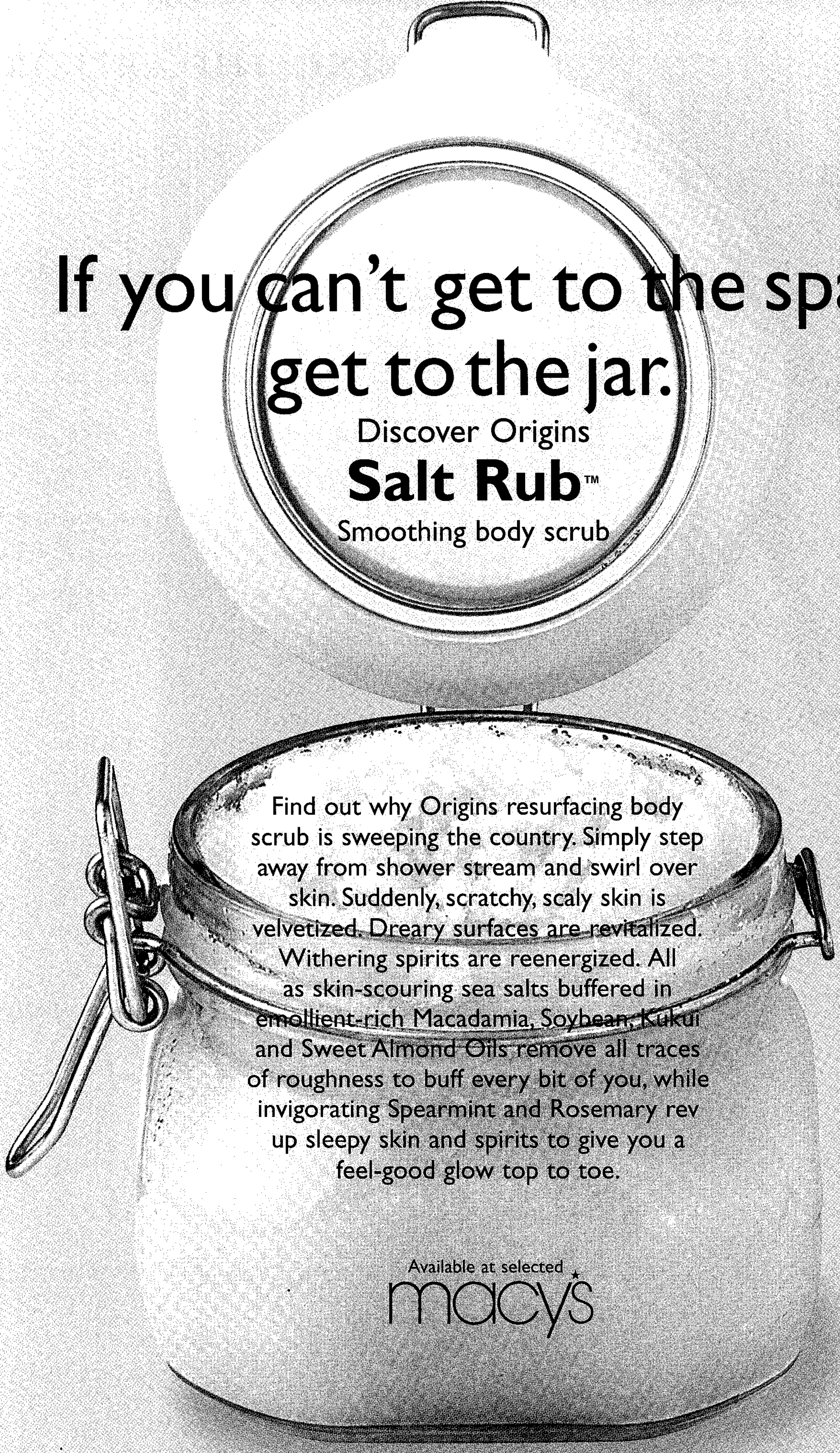
Phooey, I say, to John Leonard's recommendation of *Wonders of the African World* and its pompous host, Henry Louis Gates ["Under African Skies," October 25]. I thoroughly enjoyed the fascinating images and history of the continent until Mr. Gates butted in. Mr. Gates looked ostentatious and out of place in so many instances. For example, when he told the Muslim leader that he'd become a Muslim if he could have many wives, the Africans seemed shocked and embarrassed, as I surely was.

Elizabeth Sereni
Manhattan

Koch Rules

New York, with a close-up cover photo of the greatest mayor in New York City history—Ed Koch—was the big scorer this past Election Day ["Single and Fabulous," November 8]. However, like the Charter Commission proposals, you had too many items on one ballot—as in four different covers! The problem for your newsstand customers was finding a place to buy the Koch cover. I asked one vendor why the *New York* mags were scattered about. His answer: "'Cause everyone's lookin' for Koch." Another dealer declared, "Koch is sold out." I finally found it (and bought two). Next time, skip the pawns and stick with the king—Koch, that is.

Williamson Henderson
Manhattan



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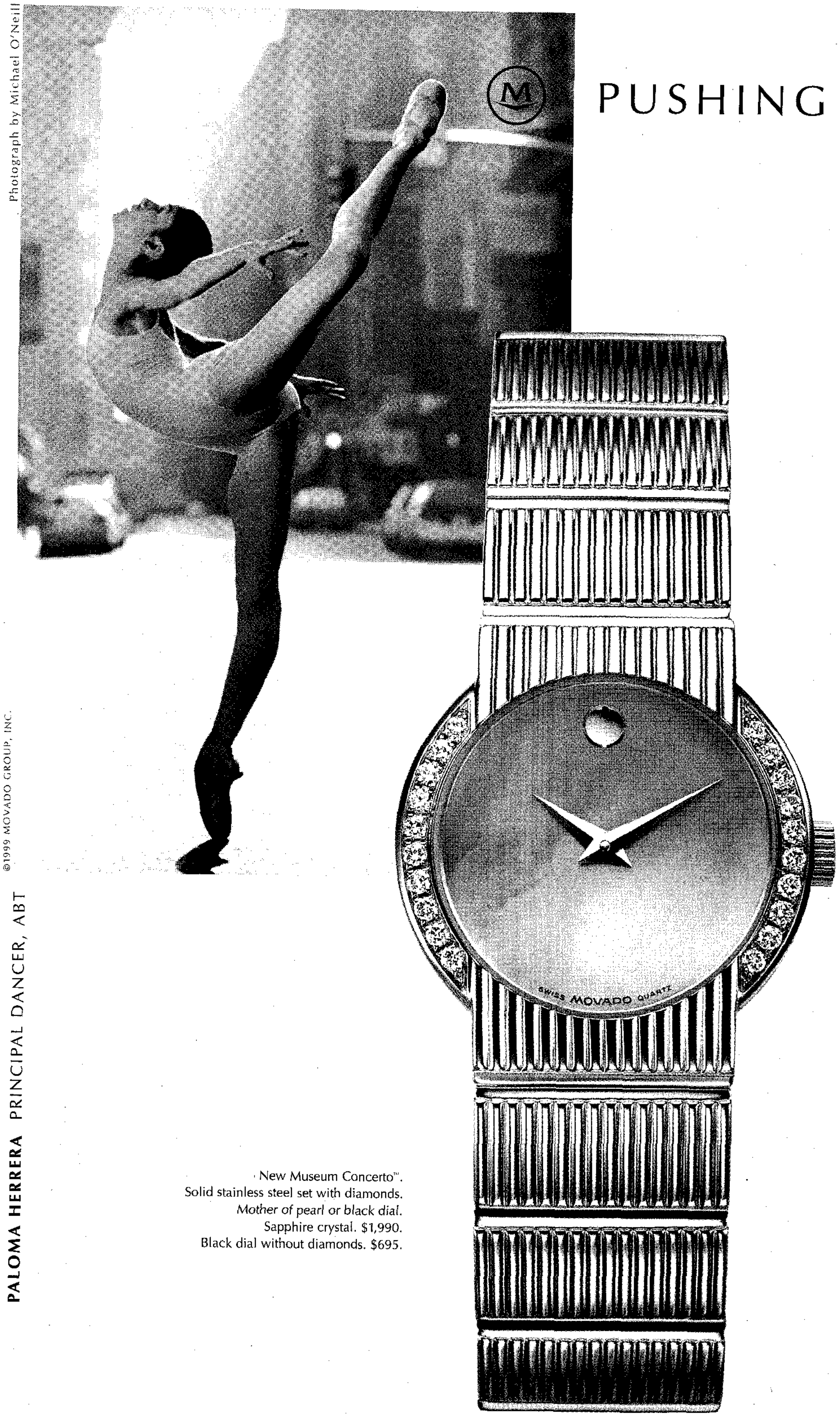

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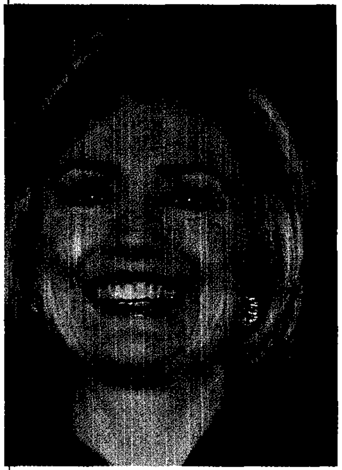

Hillary Clinton: **Divine inspiration?**

THE REEL TRUTH ON HILL AND BILL?

If **Hillary Clinton** finally does toss her Yankees cap into the race for Senate next year, she'll be facing more than just politics as usual. The campaigning First Lady will also be up against *The Ottoman Empire*. That's the name of the outrageous comedy script for which Sony just shelled out $1 million, by writer-director **Andrew** (*The Freshman*) **Bergman**. The screenplay—or at least, the early version that *New York* read—features a philandering husband as president, a humiliated First Lady out for revenge, plus a fictional ex–porn star named Johnny Long, born again as a straitlaced, married furniture salesman on Route 22 in Union, New Jersey. Bergman bristles at the notion that his *Primary Colors*–meets–*Boogie Nights* plot is based on the Clintons. "It's not really them, you know," he says—even though he's got a line ("Desperate times call for desperate measures") that echoes *Salon*'s defense of its scoop about **Henry Hyde**'s 30-year-ago affair ("Ugly times call for ugly measures"). Bergman says he's aiming to shoot next spring—so New Yorkers just might be able to see the movie right after voting next November.

B. SMITH'S NEON BLUES

Now that she's decided to move her namesake restaurant, **Barbara "B" Smith** is realizing just what a hot commodity she has become. According to **Dan Gasby**, Smith's husband and partner, when her landlord and co-owner on West 47th Street, **Michael Weinstein**, learned she was packing up, he decided not to let her go easily. For example, when Smith (pictured) wanted to take down the sign in order to hang it outside her new location on Restaurant Row, which is opening November 22, Weinstein—who owns eateries Lutèce and Bryant Park Grill—said she could take the neon but not the casing. "It's pathetic," fumes Gasby, who has been consulting lawyers. "It's like giving someone water without the cup." And Gasby adds that when Smith inquired about taking out the stainless-steel bar, Weinstein said she could have the bar, but he was keeping the bar rail. "He can't come up with any original ideas," Gasby snipes. "So he's trying to make the space we've vacated look as much like B. Smith's as possible." Weinstein has a different take on the debacle, explaining that he owns the B. Smith trademark until the contract is up on December 5. "I'm happy to give them the sign then," he says. "I'm simply not ready. I live by contracts, and [Gasby] is without question in breach of his. If he chose to negotiate properly, maybe none of this would have happened."

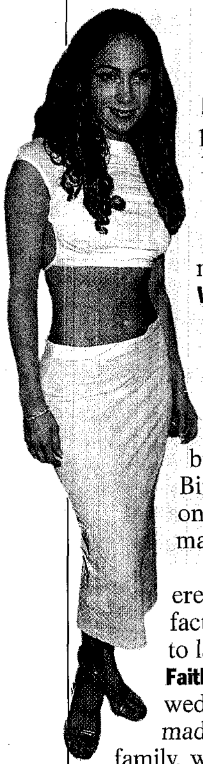
CARRIED AWAY ON THE WEB

Guess who's giving advice to kids these days. **Carrie Fisher**—screenplay fixer, ex-addict, *Star Wars* icon—has just signed on with Digital Entertainment Network, the Website catering to Generation Y. Starting next month, Fisher will be known online as DENMother—sort of a "Dear Abby" for the digital set. DEN president **David A. Neuman** is thrilled, saying, "For these kids, *Star Wars* replaced the Bible. I guess that makes Carrie Moses." Via e-mail, Fisher will give advice about everything from sex and drugs to health and spirituality. Updating the title of her memoir, *Postcards From the Edge*, she will write a regular column called "Postcards From the Net," in which she will reflect on various Internet trends like e-shopping and e-finance. At 43, Fisher is no angsty teen, but that doesn't mean she can't relate. "I pride myself on being incredibly immature, having just recently recovered from drug addiction. I have all the same problems teenagers do with skin, parents, career, dating, or not dating," she said through a spokeswoman. "Of course, when my mother [**Debbie Reynolds**] reads this, she'll ground me." As for her famously bitter father, **Eddie**, Fisher says, "Hopefully, I will not hear [from him] ever again."

ESKEW'S WEDDING SURPRISE

Political insiders weren't the only ones surprised by the news that one of **Al Gore**'s media advisers, **Carter Eskew**, got married on November 6. Even some of his guests were floored to find they had been invited to a wedding. The 45-year-old media guru, long known as one of Washington's happiest bachelors, had summoned a few friends to his farm in Virginia to see him off before he decamped to Nashville for the Gore campaign, according to one Democratic insider. When they got there, they discov-

Photographs: clockwise from top, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Alan Davidson/Globe Photos.



MOGULS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

Puff Daddy's surprise 30th-birthday party at Oriont provided enough pomp and circumstance for the revelers, but the *bigger* surprise came when **Jennifer Lopez**—stuck in Los Angeles shooting her latest movie, *The Cell*, with co-star **Vince Vaughn**—mimicked Marilyn Monroe in a filmed birthday greeting for her man. In the mini-movie, partygoers say, Puff's lady, resplendent in a blonde wig and low-cut, booty-hugging gown, breathlessly sang a sultry "Happy Birthday, Mr. Puff Daddy"—goofing on Monroe's famously flirty performance for President Kennedy. After the **Hype Williams**–directed short was played, a cake decorated with the seal of the commander-in-chief was wheeled out to the Bad Boy Records prez. Sources say Puffy seemed at first amused, then moved, by his girlfriend's tribute, and announced to the crowd that Jennifer was the kind of woman he could spend the rest of his life with. Then he issued a liberal presidential decree: Bad Boy employees would get the next day off. The **Jeffrey Jah** function, hosted by **Andre Harrell** and Lopez manager **Benny Medina**, lured more star power than a **Bill Bradley** fund-raiser, with **Russell Simmons**, **Jay-Z**, **Busta Rhymes**, and **Mary J. Blige** helping the guest of honor celebrate his big day.

ered that he was in fact pledging his troth to landscape architect **Faith Shaffer**. The small wedding party was made up mostly of family, with just about ten or so friends, including political adviser **Mike Donilon**, who's one of **Bob Shrum**'s partners. The bridegroom, who is too busy with the presidential campaign to take a honeymoon now, was evidently also too consumed with matters of electoral importance to return calls.

PRETTY UNKNOWN WOMEN

Having a celebrity mug isn't always an E-ZPass to Manhattan events—as **Julia Roberts** and **Camryn Manheim** learned recently. According to insiders, Roberts had been invited to be an honorary guest at the New York Marathon, but when she arrived with two girlfriends at the Tavern on the Green's race-side event, the doorman had apparently not seen *Notting Hill*. When Roberts's signature smile failed to gain her entry, and she could produce no credentials, she left, vowing never to return. Although Roberts denies the incident, sources claim "she was pretty annoyed, and the Roadrunners Club people were really embarrassed." Days later, *The Practice* star Manheim got a similar cold shoulder at Joe's Pub, where she tried to sneak through a back door at the party for Juicy Jeans, where **Simon Le Bon** and **John Taylor** of the eighties supergroup Duran Duran were performing. "Manheim had been at the Public seeing a play, and she noticed all the activity next door," reveals an insider. "The party was already over the Fire Department limit—but she was pleading to get in. The security guards had no idea who she was, and they turned her away." Maybe she should have been carrying her Emmy.

Julia Roberts: Out of the running

VENICE JAUNT; KENNEY'S HAUNT

VENETIAN BIND: After suffering through the seven-figure payout to **Richard Beckman**'s former ad saleswoman and the sudden departure of **Cathy Vascardi Johnson**, **S. I. Newhouse**'s Condé Nast empire is finally back doing what it does best: promoting the high life. **Jonathan Newhouse** is planning a glittering company retreat in Venice next March. Two years ago, the heir apparent held his "international meeting" (as his spokeswoman designated the biennial event) in Berlin. This year, the managing directors and "a number" of lucky editors will get to ride gondolas. Meanwhile, Johnson, who was reportedly dismissed by S.I. himself, has hired an attorney: **R. Scott Greathead**. Is there a seven-figure payout in *her* future? When called, her attorney had a simple response: "I'm not going to say anything."

NO-NAME PLACE: Though Métrazur's arrival at Grand Central has been delayed, perhaps permanently, restaurateur **Matthew Kenney**'s latest culinary venture is picking up speed. The owner of SoHo hot spot Canteen has just signed a lease on the space formerly occupied by Cena, a recently shuttered Gramercy Park eatery. Kenney is planning a 150-seat wine bar and tavern, slated to open in spring 2000. While he says he loves the space on East 22nd Street, he admits he's stumped for a name. "If you think of a good one, give me a call," he says.

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Sehgal.

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT PARKING HERE

Leonard Stern's impending sale of *The Village Voice* may land him a windfall, but it comes at the expense of one very important perk: the NYPD license plates on his BMW. "When I sell it, they go," admits Stern. Neither New York *Post* owner **Rupert Murdoch** nor New York *Times* publisher **Arthur Sulzberger Jr.** has press plates on his personal car, according to their respective spokespeople, while the New York *Observer*'s **Arthur Carter** did not return calls on the question. The $150 million to $200 million that is expected to go into Stern's coffers for his alternative-press empire should cover a parking space, even at Upper East Side rates. But the Hartz Mountain man has a plan up his sleeve. "Maybe after I sell it, I can write for [the *Voice*]," he muses. "I'm going to call **Don** [**Forst**, the paper's editor] and see if he needs a freelancer. The benefits are great. They don't edit opinions, and God knows, I'm a man of opinions."

Photographs by Robin Platzer/Twin Images (2).

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DECEMBER 31, 1999

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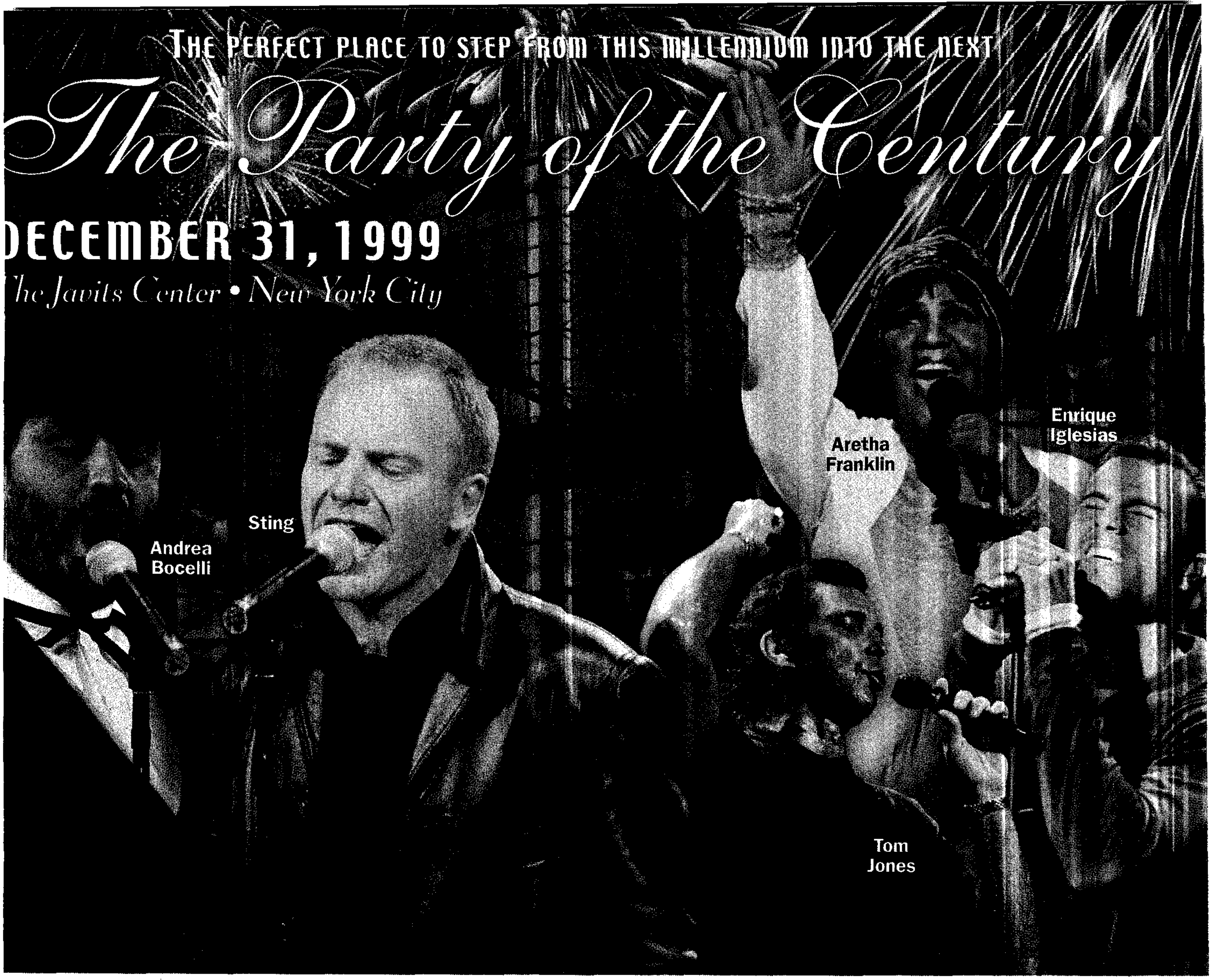

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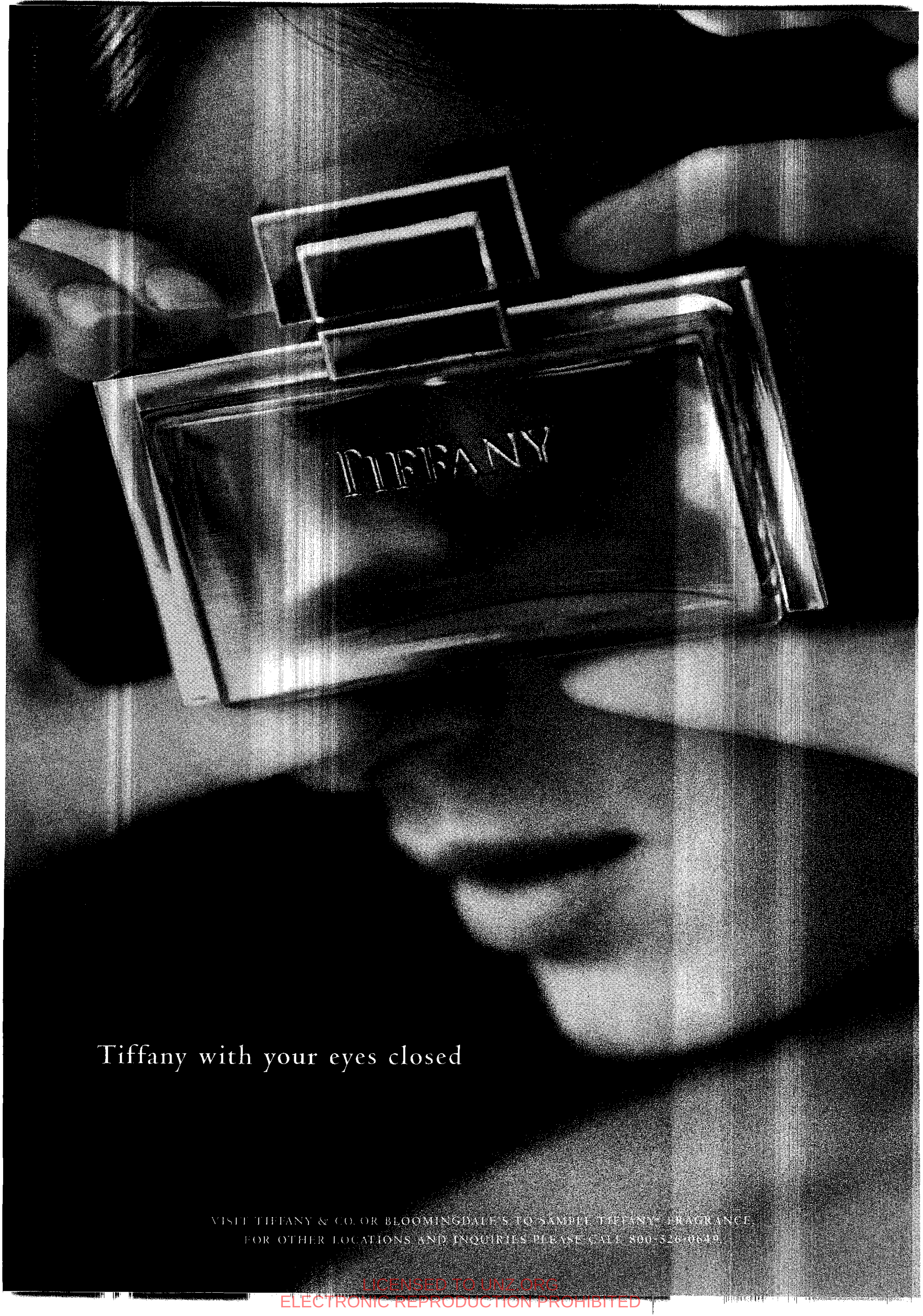
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GOTHAM

Who Wants To Be a Millionaire?

Shopping for get-rich-quick schemes in SoHo.

MOST PEOPLE DON'T BRING THEIR own ice-cube trays to a cocktail party, but Kim Zonca was taking no chances. Last week, a company called Tristar Products, marketer of the ABSculptor, the Hook 'n Hang, the Eurosealer, and other wildly successful contenders for the "As Seen on TV!" hall of fame, threw a lavish pâté-fest at the SoHo Grand to offer inventors a shortcut to Easy Street. Zonca's "ice stix" tray was, she hoped, her ticket.

Displaying an empty Diet Coke bottle, she plopped in a cylindrical "ice stix" prototype. "See, it fits!" she crowed. "The magic thing is," she added, "you can break this in half and drop it in a can too." In another, slower age, Zonca, a 28-year-old industrial-design student at Pratt, might have gone to her grave, or even reached 30, without seeing her invention make it to the shelves of Wal-Mart. But these days, mass television mints millionaires every day—without the help of Regis Philbin—by selling gadgets invented by average Joes via infomercials.

Suspicious types might think this could be a way to defraud naïve creatives of their intellectual riches, but suspicious types might never get a chance at the brass ring. Mark Urgola, inventor of the Outdoor Mate, a beach-carryall-umbrella-stand case, proclaimed his willingness to leave his brainchild in Tristar's lap. "People get rich off 2 percent royalties," he declared. "I've been driving to beaches on the Jersey Shore for years now, and people love this thing. But I need to get it marketed—I need to take that next step." Tristar representatives stood by, smiling noncommittally. Boris Schneider, the 30-year-old inventor of the Hook 'n Hang multi-shirt hanger, was on hand as a flesh-and-blood bona fide—a real, live overnight millionaire. He came to this country from Soviet Georgia eight years ago and got rich after Tristar put his invention on the air last September. "We love to make millionaires," a Tristar representative confided, "but you'd be surprised that a hanger would take off the way it did. We were all shocked." Boris beamed. In the crowded reception room, with its eighteen-foot-ceilings, round wood-framed mirrors, and easy aura of privilege, hopeful designers circulated amid glitter-and-gauze-covered Tristar displays—the Banjo Fishing System, the Contour Cloud Pillow. A card asked the diabolical question COULD YOUR IDEA BE THE NEXT HOOK 'N HANG?

The consensus of the crowd was that only one man in the room could truthfully answer "yes": Brett Stern, a cocky but beleaguered middle-aged medical-product designer. A few years ago, Stern invented a way to make clothing without human workers. "The whole garment is molded, and the pieces are ultrasonically sealed," he explained. The U.S. patent office waved it through, but manufacturers rejected it. "I was the Man in the White Suit," Stern says dejectedly, referring to the Alec Guinness comedy in which the inventor of an indestructible cloth is hated and hunted by industry foes.

But this time, he believed, he had an invention that couldn't miss: a leakproof paper-coffee-cup lid. Stern reached into a paper bag and pulled out two cups of diner coffee, one of them dripping with milky brown pools of liquid. The other, sealed by a clean, white plastic lid with a "hydrophobic" center patch, was dry as a bone. It was not a particularly sexy product, but Stern did not care. "They make," he said suggestively, "*75 billion* coffee-cup lids a year." And suddenly 2 percent began to sound very sexy indeed. LIESL SCHILLINGER

The New School's Curriculum Vinae

Anyone who's ever spent an evening (and then some) with Christopher Hitchens, drinking and talking about books and politics late into the night, knows that his scholarship is as prodigious as his thirst. Is it any wonder, then, that the rabble-rousing *Vanity Fair* and *Nation* writer has now added college professor to his résumé? Hitchens, a visiting professor in the graduate program at the New School, is teaching a class on the American canon and its evolution from the English canon. But it seems the school's fluorescent lights and windowless classrooms offended the senses of the Falstaffian journalist, so he worked out a deal with Borgo Antico, a nearby restaurant-bar. Now his students join him for classes there, where all may indulge in Hitchens's twin passions, books and drinks, together. "Which is how a lot of literature got committed in the first place," says Hitchens, who often starts class by buying a round. A word of warning to Hitchens's students, though, lest they expect him to be a pushover at finals time: "I am," he insists soberly, "a tough grader." MARK BORDEN

lustration by Robert Piersanti.
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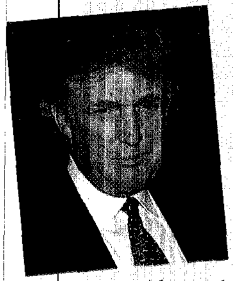
THE SMOKING GUN

Gifts of the Magnate

Donald Trump's not-so-sweet charity.



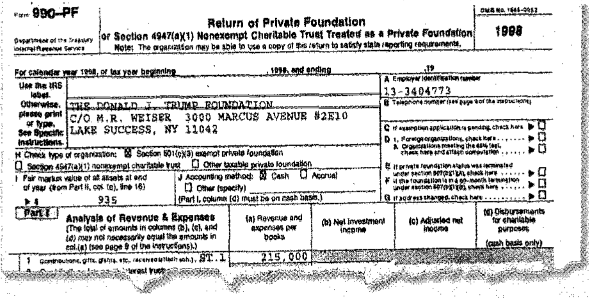
NOW THAT DONALD Trump is purportedly considering a White House bid, voters might wonder about the developer's contributions to society—besides, of course, his garish skyscrapers and Jersey Shore clip joints.

Alas, when it comes to philanthropy, the billionaire looks like a penny-pincher. From 1994 to 1998, the Donald J. Trump Foundation donated a total of just $475,624 to charitable organizations. The foundation's 1998 tax return, filed with the IRS last month, lists $212,403 in donations, up from a 1997 total of $78,183. Trump's 1998 gifts included $35,000 to the Municipal Arts Society, $1,000 to the Metropolitan Golf Association, and $200 to the Queens Child Guidance Center.

Compared with the charitable contributions of generous business barons like Bill Gates, David Geffen, Ted Turner, and Barry Diller, Trump's seem downright puny. Locally, his philanthropy is dwarfed by that of real-estate heavies like Leona Helmsley and Zachary and Larry Fisher, whose foundations each donated about $3 million in the most recent year for which tax returns are available. Former Goldman Sachs boss Jon Corzine—who *isn't* a billionaire—now running for Senate in New Jersey, donated $2.6 million via his foundation in 1998.

Trump is even consistently outperformed by a charitable foundation run by wiseguys Thomas and Joseph Gambino, sons of Mafia legend Carlo Gambino. The Gambino Medical and Science Foundation gives an average of $250,000 annually to Long Island Jewish Medical Center, where a children's bone-marrow-transplant unit has been named for the family.

At Trump's current philanthropic pace, it is unlikely that anyone—besides the Donald himself—will soon be rushing to slap the Trump name on any New York buildings.



Form **990-PF** Department of the Treasury Internal Revenue Service

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H Check type of organization: ☒ Section 501(c)(3) exempt private foundation
☐ Section 4947(a)(1) nonexempt charitable trust ☐ Other taxable private foundation
I Fair market value of all assets at end of year (from Part II, col. (c), line 16) ▶ $ 935
J Accounting method: ☒ Cash ☐ Accrual ☐ Other (specify) (Part I, column (d) must be on cash basis.)

Part I Analysis of Revenue & Expenses (The total of amounts in columns (b), (c), and (d) may not necessarily equal the amounts in col. (a) (see page 9 of the instructions).)	(a) Revenue and expenses per books	(b) Net investment income	(c) Adjusted net income	(d) Disbursements for charitable purposes (cash basis only)
1 Contributions, gifts, grants, etc., received (attach sch.) ST. 1	215,000			

For more intriguing documents, visit 'The Smoking Gun' online at **thesmokinggun.com**.

Costume Jewel

The Met's Richard Martin is remembered by those he worked with and influenced.

'WHEN RICHARD MARTIN TOOK OVER THE COSTUME INSTITUTE from Diana Vreeland," says Tiffany Dubin, fashion director at Sotheby's, "it had been all about 'dahling, dahling, dahling—isn't this just terribly chic,' but Richard came at it from a much more intellectual stance. He'd relate a costume to a Titian painting, display a hip designer dress with one from the eighteenth century. He was a pioneer."

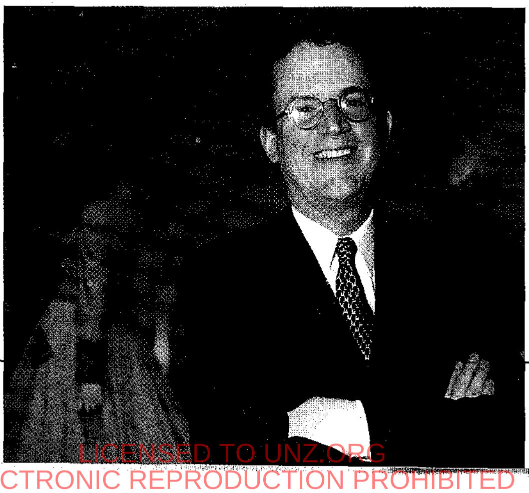
Martin, who died last Monday at the age of 52, was curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute for seven years. While making a case for fashion as fine art and cultural movement, Martin also oversaw a successful capital campaign that, in recent years, made the Institute's annual gala—to be co-hosted this year by Anna Wintour, Aerin Lauder Zinterhoffer, and Tommy Hilfiger—a highlight of the December party season for both the designers who inspired the exhibitions and the society types who backed them.

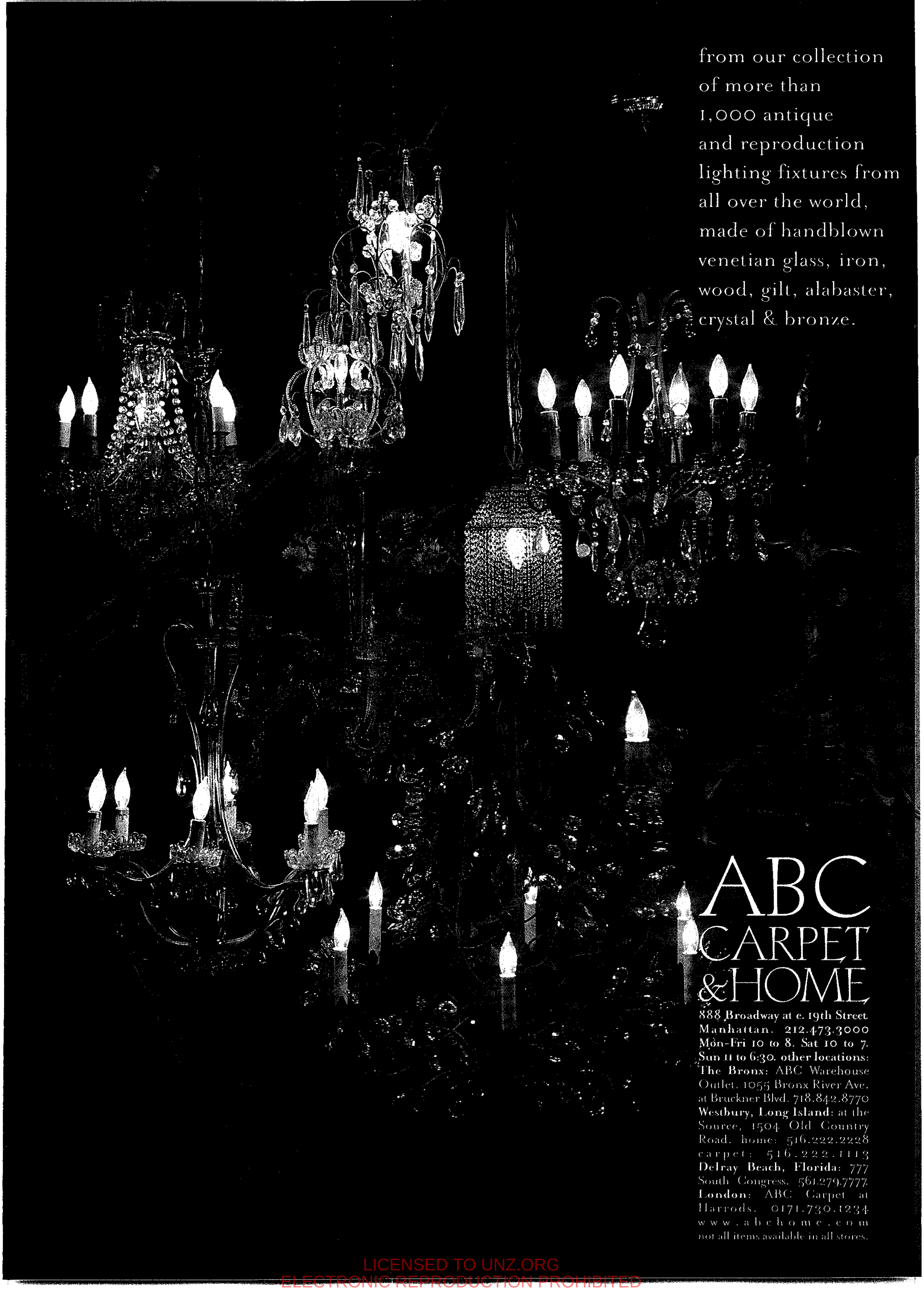
"One thought of him as the quiet curator in the ivory tower, but he was very aware of commercial considerations," says Constance C. R. White, fashion director of *Talk* magazine. "He knew you have to plug into the current Zeitgeist to get the attention, and he operated in the two spheres very smoothly."

"He'd tie everything into a fine-art context," says a Versace spokesperson who worked with him on the Gianni Versace retrospective and prefers not to be named. "When Versace did the hooker thing, Martin would pull out a Toulouse-Lautrec comparison. He could reference everything." "We were at a conference in Texas on the fashions of the 1960s," remembers Valerie Steele, chief curator of the Museum at FIT, whom Martin hired as a teacher when he was the school's dean of graduate studies. "He stood up and started speaking without notes on contemporary art in the sixties. Afterward, Idanna Pucci said she'd never heard a lecture like that."

"I think he understood my clothes better than I did," says Christian Francis Roth, whose highly conceptual designs appeared in many of Martin's Met exhibitions. "I was at Rizzoli once and I found the *Contemporary Fashion* encyclopedia. I was like, 'Oh, I won't be in this,' but there was an essay by him about my work. I had to consult a dictionary to find out what most of it meant." "He approached what could be a flamboyant and flashy world with the mind of a historian," says Stan Herman, president of the Council of Fashion Designers of America, which honored Martin with two special-achievement awards. "It gave us pride in our own work."

"Richard was a merchant of ideas," says Martin's longtime collaborator Harold Koda. "Utopian clothing, an exhibit he never did, was going to be about fashion that is not fashion—classical robes, or sweatpants and a T-shirt. I would love to have seen that show." SHYAMA PATEL





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Streetwise

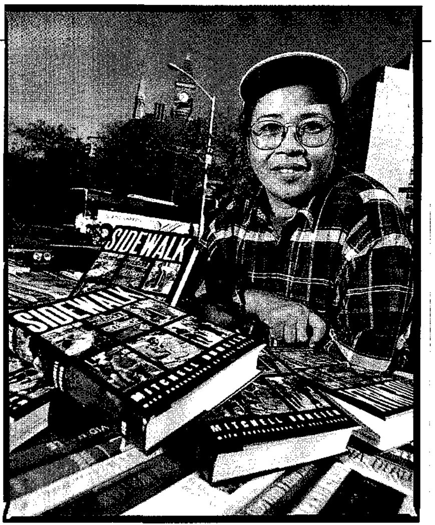
A professor learns his lesson on the 'Sidewalk.'

SITTING ON A SAGGING milk crate at Sixth Avenue and 8th Street, Mitchell Duneier doesn't quite fit in with the homeless used-magazine vendors on either side of him. If his horn-rimmed glasses and purple button-down shirt don't mark him clearly enough as an outsider among these street-corner entrepreneurs, Duneier's academic credentials seal the deal. "I went for two and a half years to Northwestern," he says. "Never got a bachelor's degree, and then I moved on to the University of Chicago to get my Ph.D. . . ."

Further highlights of the 38-year-old's CV include law school at NYU; a first book, *Slim's Table,* optioned by Spike Lee; and simultaneous tenure in the sociology departments at the University of Wisconsin and U.C. Santa Barbara. But before Duneier can elaborate, a gray-haired pedestrian in a denim jacket interrupts. "How much are the *Goldmines*?"

To research his new book, *Sidewalk,* Duneier spent much of the past three years on this corner selling magazines picked from the trash. Today he's just back to visit—distributing copies of the book to the street people he depicts in it—but he's been pressed into temporary service while the table's two proprietors run errands.

"Mitch's book is going to open people's eyes to the fact that we're working hard out here," says Ishmael Walker, whose difficulties with the police make for some of the book's most poignant material. "I hope it does well." With good reason: Duneier is sharing his royalties with its 21 main characters.



Last year, the professor brought three of his subjects to Santa Barbara as guest speakers in his class "The Life of the Street and the Life of the Mind in Black America." "I didn't go to high school or college," says Alice Morin (pictured), who sells used books across Sixth Avenue from Walker's table. "And now I've—what do you call it?—lectured." Nor was Morin, who spent two weeks at Santa Barbara, altogether impressed with what she saw in the classroom. "I said to Mitch, 'I don't know how you deal with these kids.' They were eating chips and talking while he was teaching!"

By contrast, the West Village reading public—housed and homeless alike—is far more polite. "Excuse me, are you the author of *Sidewalk*?" asks a disheveled young woman, flashing Duneier a gap-toothed smile. "I've been reading it."

"Hey, I saw your picture in *Sidewalk*!" calls out a dog walker to Mudrick Hayes, a prominent figure in the book, as he straightens a pile of *Wired* back issues. "Can I get an autograph?"

ETHAN SMITH

Don't Just Sit There. Buy Something.

Armchair athletes get a new kind of workout in the Garden of plenty.

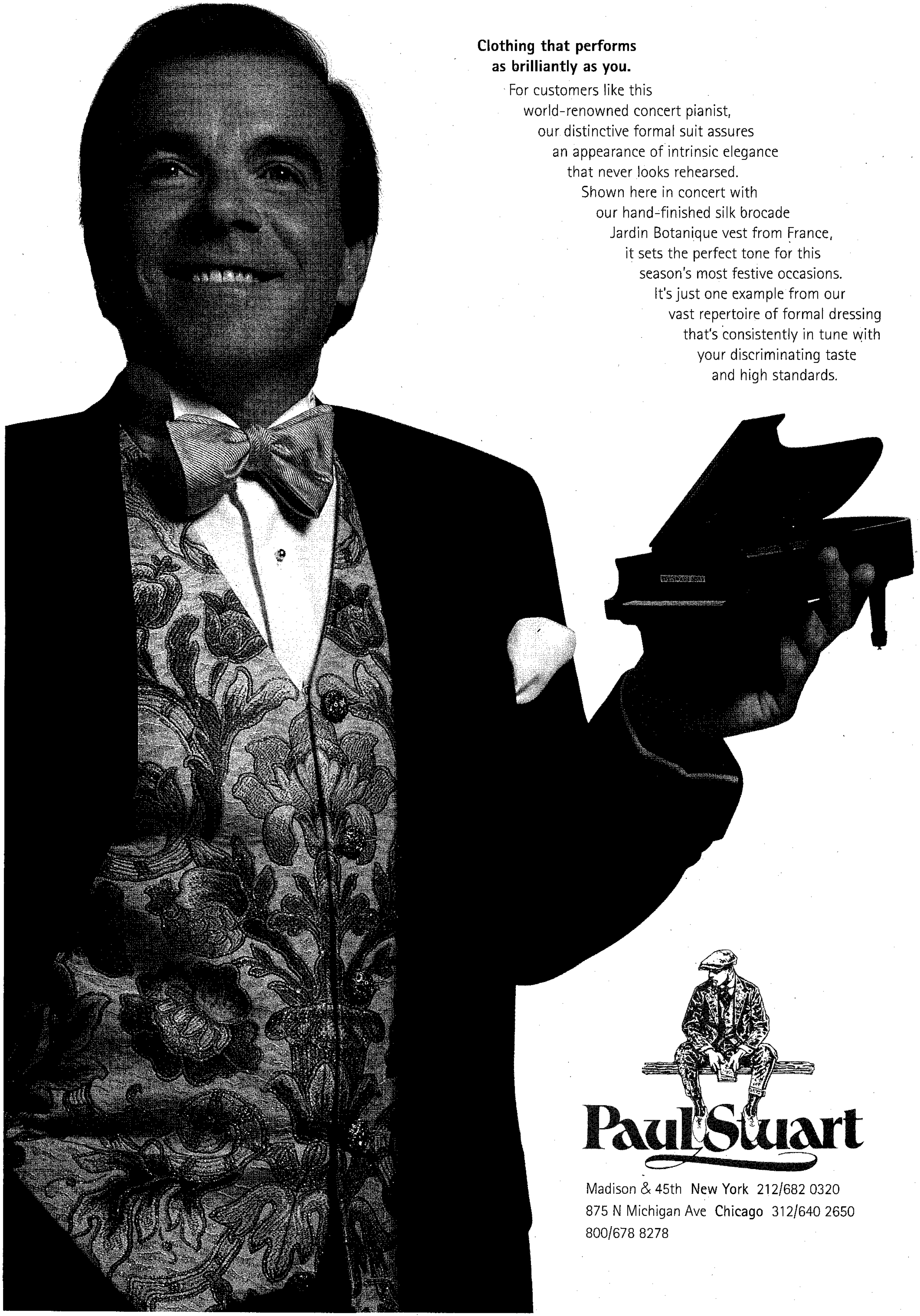
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN MAY HAVE JUST TAPPED INTO THE ultimate fan fantasy—a way to watch a game, drink, watch TV, drink some more, and buy cool stuff you don't need without moving a muscle. Before this season's Knicks and Rangers openers, the Garden picked 557 seats in its club sections and plush suites to test its new Garden Fanlink: computer touch screens, located on seat backs, that offer live game-video feeds from eight camera angles. Touch the replay button to catch that crucial steal you missed. Touch another button to access bios and statistics of every player in the league. Press here to order burgers and a beer—and pay for it with the handy credit-card swiper hitched to the screen. All you need is a catheter, and you'll never have to leave your seat again.

The Garden is spending an undisclosed sum to install Fanlink on the back of every club seat in the arena by next season. Down the road, the Garden plans a link-up with a virtual mall of sports paraphernalia, so fans will be able to order tickets to other games, or bid on a game-winning puck in a benefit auction. By then, perhaps, the game itself will have become just a platform for more and more purchases. After umpteen beers and a thrilling fourth quarter, you might decide to buy everyone in your section a round. Or a car.

Fanlink's real potential may lie beyond the world of sports: at last, a chance to see Billy Joel's bald spot or a Knicks City Dancer's derrière. And naturally, the gadget's ad synergy is a done deal—in a Garden blooming with poster space, these video screens supply new prime real estate, positioned to upstage the game completely. Not that true fans will notice, of course . . . until the Visa bill comes.

ROBERT KOLKER

Photograph by Matthew Salacuse. Illustration by Tracey Woo



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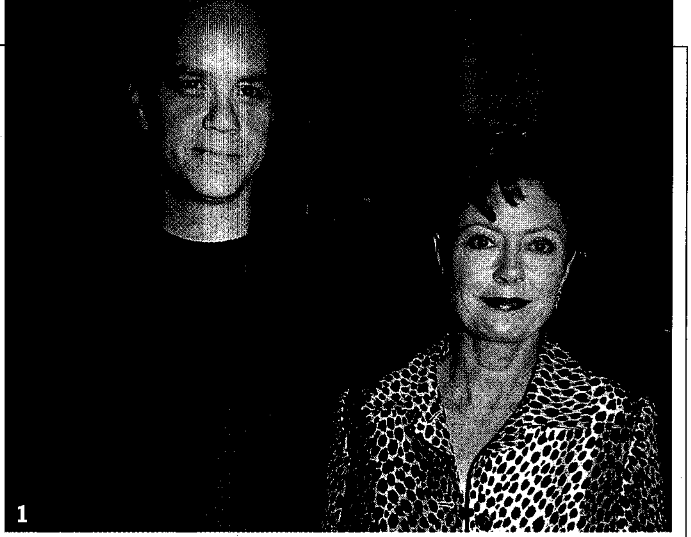
Anywhere, N.Y.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE RESTAURANT POP WAS SNAPPING AND CRACKLING WITH future film heartthrobs and bi-coastal movie agents at the November 8 premiere party for *Anywhere but Here.* Novelist Paul Auster staked out a safe corner far from jittery publicists as Tim Robbins, surrounded by a squadron of security men, ushered Susan Sarandon to a tall booth in the rear. A guest whispered, "Wasn't she arrested last week?" Possibly, but tonight Sarandon's agenda was strictly apolitical, though she certainly had opinions about her role as the film's carefree and often careless mom: "I can relate to only *some* of it as a mother." A dolled-up Natalie Portman, Sarandon's onscreen daughter, giggled with her friends and munched enthusiastically on a plate of greens at the next booth as her dutiful waitress pleaded into her headset: "Miss Portman's table needs a *fresh* plate of crudités!" And Hollywood's young starlet would get whatever she wanted tonight as both fans and movie moguls raved of Oscar-type performances from both actresses. One budding cineast gushed, "The chemistry between the two! It's very *Thelma and Louise.*" The film's executives, however, were more prudent. One producer noted: "You just don't know. *The Insider* tanked at the box office this weekend." Nearby, model turned actress turned rock singer Milla Jovovich appeared equally reserved, perhaps about her own upcoming *The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc.* Instead of discussing *her* Oscar chances with any industry experts or leading ladies, she quietly slipped out the door. MAURA EGAN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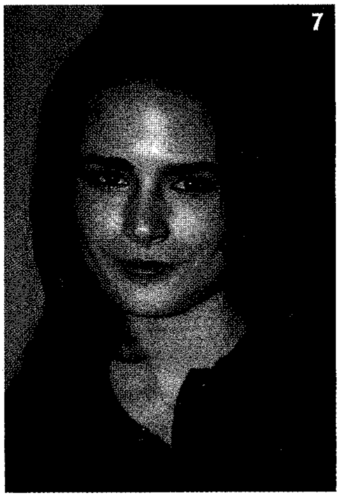
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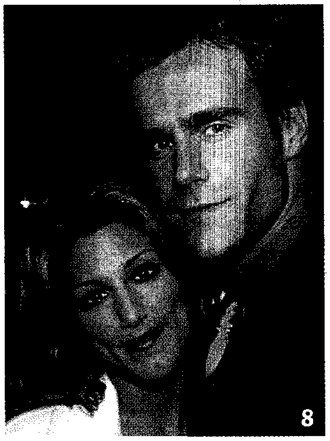
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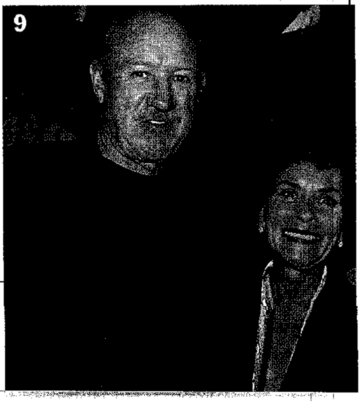
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1. Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon at the *Anywhere but Here* party sponsored by Mercedes-Benz and Dooney & Bourke. 2. Lucile Peyrelongue, Lisette Derouaux, honoree Quincy Jones, and Vanessa Williams at the Alliance Française's Trophée des Arts Gala at the Pierre. 3. Helen Lee Schifter and Alexandra Lind at Memorial Sloan-Kettering's "High Rollers" gambling benefit at the Regent Wall Street. 4. Rufus Albemarle, Isabelle Rattazzi, and James Ogilvy at the fourth-anniversary party for *Luxury Briefing* at Asprey & Garrard. 5. Maggie Kirn, *GQ*'s Art Cooper, and *New York*'s Caroline Miller and Walter Kirn at the Globe restaurant toasting Walter's new book, *Thumbsucker.* 6. Mary J. Blige and Andre Harrell at Sean "Puffy" Combs's surprise birthday party at Oriont. 7. Jordana Brewster at *Jane* magazine and D&G's fall-winter-collection party at the D&G SoHo store. 8. Jennifer Esposito and Cameron Mathison at the tenth-anniversary party for *Soap Opera Weekly* at the Russian Tea Room. 9. Gene Hackman and Judge Judy Sheindlin at the book-release party for the novel *Wake of the Perdido Star* (co-written by Hackman and Daniel Lenihan) at Elaine's.

LIEV SCHREIBER AS ORSON WELLES

JAMES CROMWELL AS WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

MELANIE GRIFFITH AS MARION DAVIES

BRENDA BLETHYN AS LOUELLA PARSONS

ROY SCHEIDER AS GEORGE SCHAEFER

and

JOHN MALKOVICH AS HERMAN MANKIEWICZ

Orson Welles used all his genius to create "Citizen Kane."
William Randolph Hearst used all his power to try and destroy it.

HBO PICTURES PRESENTS

RKO 281

HBO PICTURES PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH WGBH BOSTON A SCOTT FREE PRODUCTION A BENJAMIN ROSS FILM LIEV SCHREIBER JAMES CROMWELL MELANIE GRIFFITH AND JOHN MALKOVICH "RKO 281"
LIAM CUNNINGHAM FIONA SHAW ANASTASIA HILLE WITH BRENDA BLETHYN AND ROY SCHEIDER MUSIC BY JOHN ALTMAN EDITOR ALEX MACKIE PRODUCTION DESIGNER MARIA DJURKOVIC
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIKE SOUTHON BSC PRODUCED BY SU ARMSTRONG CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DIANE MINTER LEWIS, CHRIS ZARPAS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RIDLEY SCOTT, TONY SCOTT WRITTEN BY JOHN LOGAN DIRECTED BY BENJAMIN ROSS

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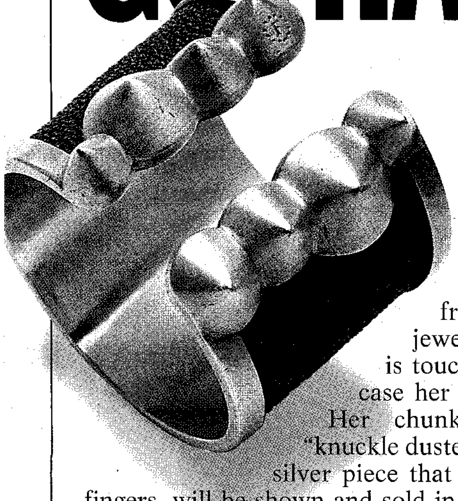
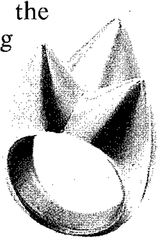
GOTHAMSTYLE



Rock Star

After circling the globe for semiprecious stones like lapis lazuli from Afghanistan and golden "Venus hair" crystals from Madagascar, London-based jewelry designer Francesca Bristol is touching down in NoLIta to showcase her sculptural pieces at Language. Her chunky jewelry, including the "knuckle duster" ring, a sinister-looking silver piece that spreads across several fingers, will be shown and sold in the boutique's gallery for a limited run. The oversize designs may be a bit much for cautious Club Monaco types, but Alanis Morissette, Lenny Kravitz, and Bob Geldof are all bold enough to wear the ornaments.

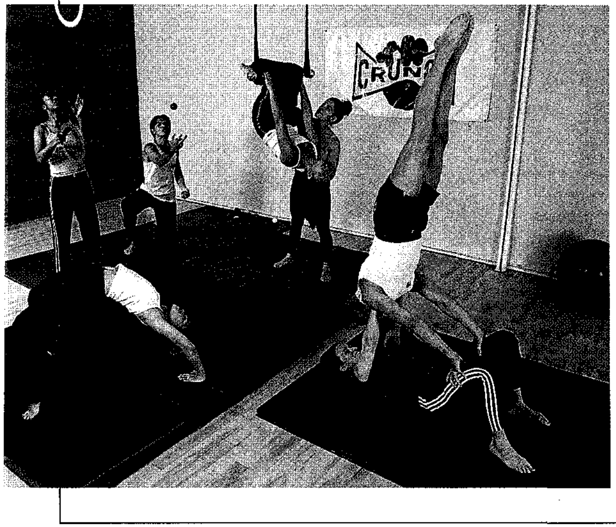
MAURA EGAN

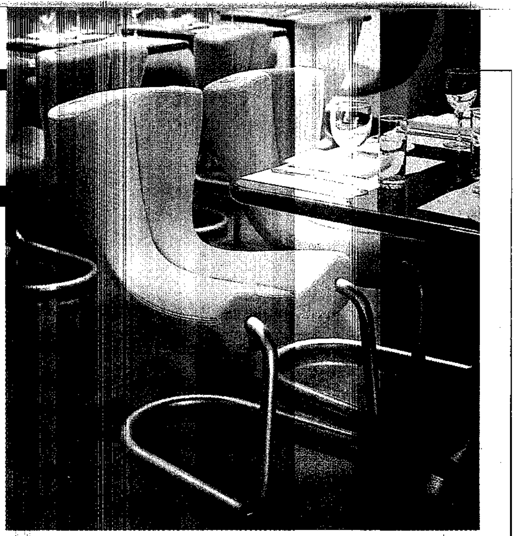


Class Clown

So Krav Maga doesn't provide enough kick for you? Crunch has introduced circus training as the next extreme sport. Choreographer Sarah East Johnson, whose bulging biceps are ample advertisement for the big tent's rigorous training, leads the hourlong acrobatics class, where would-be trapeze artists learn to fly though the air, hula-hoop, and even juggle. After the success of her recent all-woman show *Lava Love* (Sigourney Weaver was so impressed she hosted a fund-raiser for the tumbling troupe), Johnson decided to condition less limber bodies. Advanced students may learn to walk the tightrope, but *really* extreme enthusiasts longing to learn how to eat fire and swallow swords will just have to join the big top.

M.E.





Electric Chair

If weeks of pestering the hostess have failed to land you a table at Canteen, you may just have to settle for one of the chairs. The bright-orange Marc Newsom–designed models have proved so popular that Stuart Parr is now stocking them at his gallery. "They're very futuristic," he says, "and they're a lot more ample than those straw bistro chairs." For $1,300, they'd better be. But Canteen co-owner John McDonald hints that for him, at least, the hot seats pay for themselves: "I didn't know it at the time we picked the chairs, but food books say orange makes people hungry."

BETH LANDMAN KEIL

DPII 147
FUJI RDPII
FOREIGNER
98
STAR RIDER
RDPII ▭ 16
RDPII ▭ 17

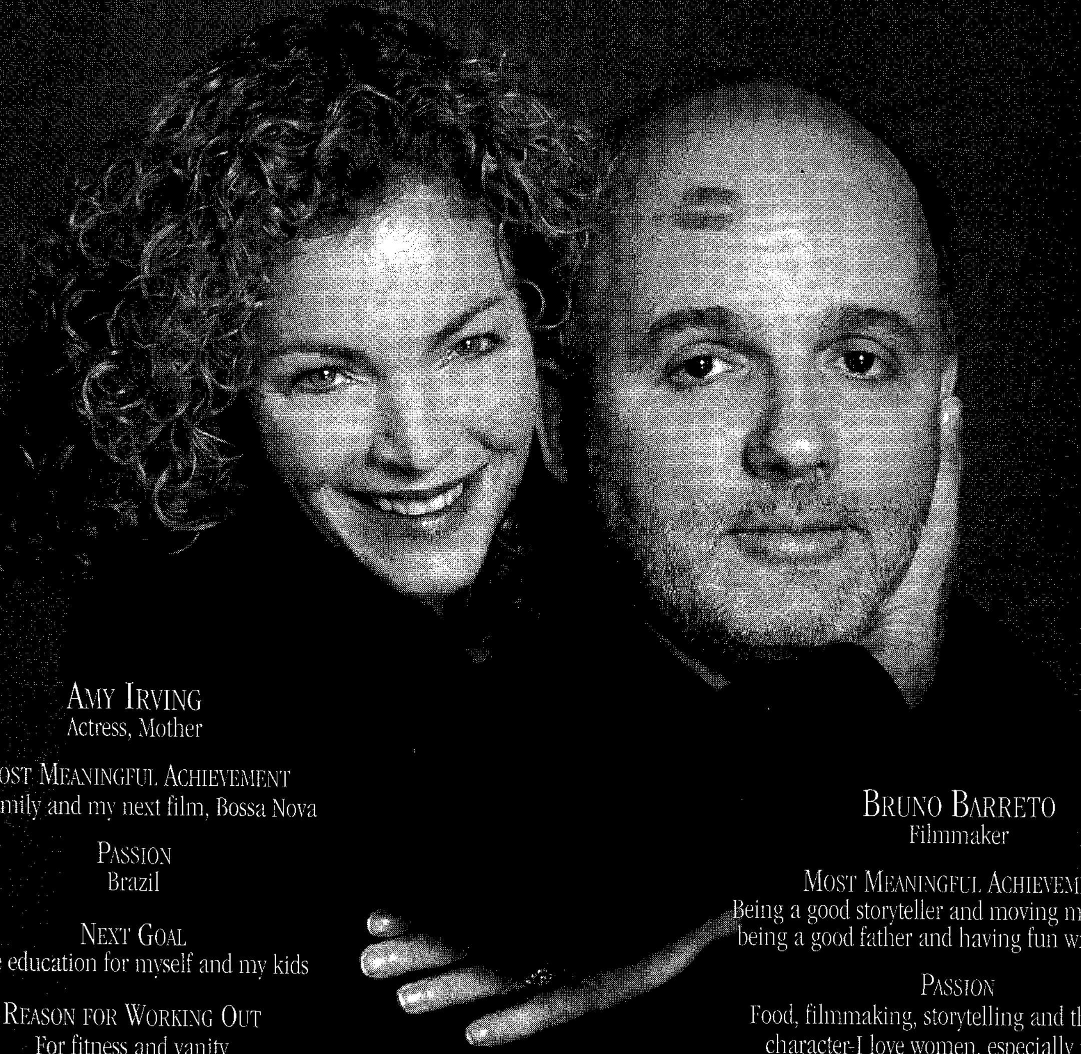
Sister Act II

While brother Mark and sister Samantha spin nightly at Madison Avenue boutique openings and fashion-Website launches, Charlotte Ronson is determined to do something different—she'll outfit all the party girls who attend these events. This Ronson, who has just finished an apprenticeship with Cynthia Rowley, has been snipping away at C. Ronson, a line of vintage muscle tees and tanks embellished with seventies-style leather braiding and turquoise beading along the sides. Kate Moss, as well as Ronson's charity-circuit chums, has been spotted in the form-fitting tops ($65; available at Scoop). Yeah, you could get the real thing for half the price—but that would mean slumming on the Atlantic City boardwalk.

M.E.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Amy Freeth (2); Dasha Wright Ewing; Amy Freeth; Jill Wachter, courtesy of Crunch.

OUR MEMBERS KNOW WHY THEY BELONG.



AMY IRVING
Actress, Mother

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
My family and my next film, Bossa Nova

PASSION
Brazil

NEXT GOAL
More education for myself and my kids

REASON FOR WORKING OUT
For fitness and vanity

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Pilates, weight training, jogging

BRUNO BARRETO
Filmmaker

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
Being a good storyteller and moving my audience; being a good father and having fun with my kids

PASSION
Food, filmmaking, storytelling and the female character-I love women, especially my wife

FAVORITE HOBBY
Exploring and travelling, skiing

NEXT GOAL
To become a great chef and a great dancer

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Swimming, stretching, treadmill, Pilates

timothy white

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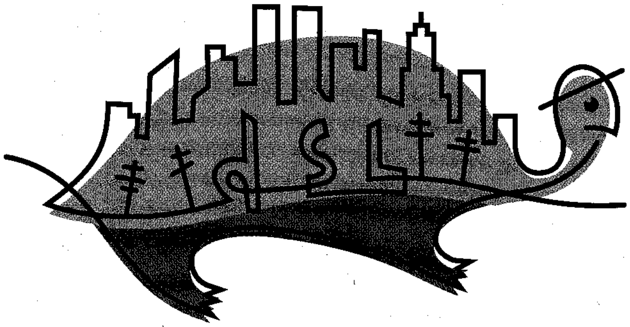
CITYSCAPE CLIVE THOMPSON

Strike Up the Bandwidth

Broadband access offers high-speed surfing. But will patchwork service and a wait for hookups add bandwidth envy to New Yorkers' status woes?



“COME OVER HERE. I WANT to show you our Internet fridge,” says Joe Kraus, co-founder of the Excite half of Excite@Home, as he leads us into the kitchen of its “Home of the Future” demonstration. This apartment off Union Square has been tricked out with high-tech gizmos from wall to wall. Sure enough, in the kitchen there's a fridge with a computer screen embedded in the door.

As Kraus explains, you can use it to surf for food bargains, check your e-mail, or perhaps peek in on the kids' room using a Webcam. “The whole point is to show people the type of stuff that is possible with broadband connections,” Kraus explains. He pats the fridge. “This is just a really cool example of it.”

Cool, but also something of an illusion. “The first problem is that the hype precedes the reality,” Kraus admits. Service companies are plastering the city with high-speed-access ads and TV spots, displaying the typically unsubtle iconography of speed: turtles equipped with rockets (Flashcom); cars traveling at 326 miles an hour (a service whose slogan is “Red means go”).

These ads stoke the excitement surrounding high-speed Net connections, but the service remains strangely difficult to buy. It's a classic Internet irony. The “Home of the Future” is in great shape; it's the home of the present that needs help.

High-speed access to the Net in your home—equal or superior to the T1 access many people have at work—is (theoretically) available in two forms: cable modems that hook up to your regular cable line and digital modems that connect to superfast phone lines, called digital subscriber lines (DSL). Offering a fat data signal, they provide Net connections from 12 to 100 times the speed of your current modem. But since the service has to be installed, it isn't quite as simple as buying a modem for your computer. And from there, things can get very messy indeed.

Consider my friend in Brooklyn. All summer long, he trawled the slew of subway and newspaper ads for cable modems and DSL. He works at home; he figured a superfast connection might actually pay for itself in efficiency, since he was doing research on the Net with a Precambrian 28.8 modem. Time Warner Cable, which has for two years been issuing giddy press releases about its national high-speed cable-modem service, Road Runner, could not help him. “They weren't servicing Park Slope until 2001,” he marvels. In Manhattan, it's currently available only in an odd chunk of the Murray Hill–Gramercy Park neighborhood, from 59th to 67th, and on Roosevelt Island. (Roosevelt Island?)

So he shopped around for a DSL line. DSL travels over normal phone lines, but they need to be upgraded with special switches at the phone-company end to increase the wires' bandwidth. He finally found one company—Flashcom—that was able to hook up his apartment, for $59 a month. The only hitch was that the installation requires the cooperation of Bell Atlantic, which actually owns the phone lines. Bell's technicians failed to show up for a stunning total of eight appointments. When they finally installed the line, it didn't work, and needed further adjustments. It took two entire months to get the service up and running. “At one point, I spent an entire day sitting on my stoop, with my cordless phone and laptop, waiting for them to come,” says my friend. “It was a nightmare. It's like a high-speed wasteland.”

Actually, it's weirder than that. Thanks to technology quirks and internecine turf wars among service providers, New York's map is dotted with seemingly random pockets of service. Your neighbor across the street might be eligible for DSL right now; you, the loser, 40 feet away, will wait till the next millennium, perhaps longer.

Bandwidth may be the latest in a long list of New York status items, after high-end stereos, cool cars, computers that could run a Third World country, and cell-phone service. High-bandwidth folks form an Internet elite. They can download pirate versions of the *Blair Witch Project*—or *Star Wars*—weeks before the public release. “It actually changes the entire way I surf. There's this whole other world of stuff you can get,” brags Jack Mason, editorial director of the Manhattan new-media firm Frankfurt Balkind, who got a DSL connection at home in Weehawken, New Jersey.

High-speed connections are thus one of the few tech toys for which the manufacturers do not have to manufacture desire. “The pent-up demand is huge,” says Amy McIntosh, president of consumer-data services for Bell Atlantic.

Bandwidth envy is perhaps sharpest in New York City, because the city has lagged so far behind other urban centers. There are currently more than 1 million cable-modem subscribers and nearly 300,000 DSL subscribers nationally, but only a wafer-thin portion of these are in New York. Indeed, the high-speed party seems to have started everywhere else. Bell Atlantic wired Washington, Philadelphia, and Boston, among other cities, with DSL. Time Warner long ago rolled out cable modems in smaller cities like Akron, Ohio, and Elmira, New York. Even Cambridge, Massachusetts, has such ready high-speed access that one woman I know had trouble renting her apartment because it didn't have broadband.

Illustration by Felix Sockwell.

Among digital pundits, New York's backwater status is "a running joke," says Zia Daniell Wigder, an analyst for Jupiter Communications. She lives in Boston and may be the only Jupiter consultant who has broadband at home; the rest, in Manhattan, don't. "And we cover the high-bandwidth industry!" she says with a laugh.

The upshot of all this is the sort of hair-pulling frustration that could only be brought to you by the communications industry. Even those inside the companies seem uneasy with it. Joe Kraus adds, "Most people don't like their cable companies to begin with. So it tends to be kind of volatile." Or, as Bell's McIntosh puts it: "We're trying to disappoint as few people as possible."

Why is New York so far behind? The answer depends on whom you believe. The telecommunications and cable behemoths claim they are merely experimenting with smaller burgs to ensure that when they eventually wire Manhattan, they get it right. "We view this like a Broadway show. You take it on the road, you run the show. You add a few songs, you change a few dances. Then you bring it to the Big Apple," says Joe DiGeso, the general manager for Road Runner in New York. Bell Atlantic, which is currently wiring New York for its own DSL service—called InfoSpeed DSL—agrees. Jeff Waldhuter, director of Network Services Strategies for Bell Atlantic in the city, says, "New York is an important market. You want to get it right."

> *"By law, Bell must comply with these companies. But since Bell is also rolling out its own DSL service, the relationship is a roiling stew of* **passive-aggressive behavior.***"*

Telecom and cable companies also face serious logistic challenges. But there's an added irony—that New Yorkers may be last specifically because they were first to get phone service. That was great in the late nineteenth century, but today it means our wiring is the oldest around, frequently buried underground. And adding in the new switches to make DSL possible is taking more time than expected. Our cable isn't so old, but it requires far more upgrading than phone lines—mainly because it wasn't built to handle a two-way signal. Every switch and signal amplifier has to be replaced. "And cable is scattered all over the place," says Bob Hafner, vice-president of research for the Gartner Group. "It's beneath the sidewalk, it's up on poles. You're digging it up everywhere."

Still, it's hard to weep for these leviathans. Wiring New York may be hard, but critics say the companies are also, in their time-honored tradition, dragging their feet. Having a monopoly means never having to say you're sorry.

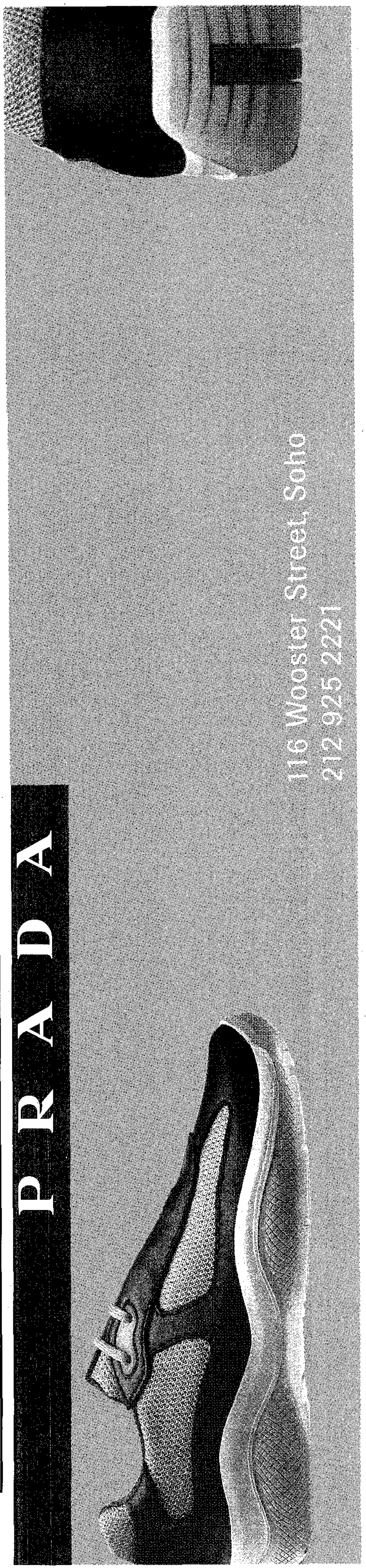
Small, local DSL-service providers, in particular, tend to go nonlinear at the mere mention of Bell Atlantic. When these smaller operations sign up a new customer, they rely on Bell to physically hook up the connection to the house. Bell owns the copper wire leading into your house; the DSL companies merely rent it. By law, Bell must comply with these companies. But since Bell is also rolling out its own DSL service, the relationship is a roiling stew of passive-aggressive behavior.

"Not since Nixon have we seen such incompetence and dirty tricks. It's a mess," gripes Joe Plotkin, director of marketing for Bway.net, the popular Manhattan Internet-service provider that started offering DSL connections in April. He's signed up "several hundred" DSL clients, and Bell Atlantic has messed up too many times for him to count. "All they do is delay, delay, delay," Plotkin says. Bell is even being sued by California-based Covad Communications Company, which is offering DSL in the New York market and claims its business has been harmed by Bell's moving too slowly.

Bell officials insist they are innocent, and many analysts agree. Rewiring New York's system for DSL is just naturally slow-going, they say; you can't blame Bell for technological realities. "I'm sure [our competitors] would like to snap their fingers and get stuff within a matter of hours," says Bell's Waldhuter. "We believe that we've been treating them fairly." Bell plans to have its own DSL service available for all of Manhattan by the end of 1999, with the boroughs to follow in the first half of 2000.

Whatever the outcome of the DSL wars, Joe Kraus's vision of broadband is still a long way off. So, if you want an interactive fridge right now, get one of those magnetic poetry kits. It's going to be a long wait. ■

E-mail: clive@echonyc.com



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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

The Jihad Defense

Everybody laughed at Microsoft during the trial—and now the judge has come down against the zealots in Seattle. Could this have been the plan all along?

THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION *How can Microsoft be so stupid—allowing itself to be brought to the brink of breakup?* is that, not impossibly, it is being incredibly smart.

The company seems stupid, of course—stupid on an epoch-shaping scale, crowned-heads-of-Europe stupid—because it has so stubbornly and arrogantly, with a KICK ME sign, put itself in harm's way. Certainly, it appears to have had no strategic awareness whatsoever that (a) perception figures into the law, (b) what happens in courtrooms is unpredictable, and (c) the evidence has been almost entirely damning.

Throughout the trial, I have taken an informal poll of the people I know who regularly make sorties to Redmond. "Are people at Microsoft prepared for the worst?" I have asked. The answer has been, singularly, that no one in Redmond has ever, even to a spouse, quite likely even to himself—not even as the mountain of e-mails documenting threats and bullying and near extortion and meanness of competitive spirit of all sorts stacked up in the middle of the courtroom (*hello!*)—acknowledged the possibility that Microsoft might not prevail. In Redmond, they scoff.

Even defining what exactly the worst case might be involves a high level of dissonance. The worst-case scenario, in Redmond, is not *over, done with, broken-up, transformed, finis;* it's appeals that go on so many technology generations into the future (when quite possibly there will be a more sympathetic Republican administration) that it's really not worth anyone's time to worry about. ("It's important to remember," said Microsoft president Steve Ballmer last week, both soothingly and obdurately, "that the court's findings are only one step in a long legal process.")

A few months ago, I was matched as a speaker with a Microsoft lawyer at, of all places, a bar-association symposium. I wasn't counting on a sympathetic audience—a hall full of lawyers (anti-trust specialists at that). But they laughed merrily as I insulted and ridiculed Microsoft's legal team (just mentioning Sullivan & Cromwell got a big hoot). I enjoyed myself. Everyone, apparently, is willing to acknowledge the obvious: Microsoft's defense was absurd and hilarious. Still, amid the laughter, the Microsoft lawyer didn't blink. He didn't hear the taunts. He was like a guard at Buckingham Palace. He was in another world.

Microsoft
MH

This stoicism and implacability and sense of way-out-there righteousness suggest either an incredible performance on the part of everyone at Microsoft, along with its outside lawyers, advisers, and consultants (from lawyers to programmers, everyone knows the line: "We must protect our right to innovate"), or a substantial problem with reality—or both.

Indeed, from a distance, this all looks quite mad, actually. But I wonder.

WE NON-MICROSOFT PEOPLE SEE BUSINESS in an old-fashioned way. Most of us are looking (pathetically) from the perspective of the old economy. In the old economy, people are attached to the corporations they work for in more or less formalistic, functional, and tangential ways. I work for such-and-such; it pays me; I show up for *x* number of hours a day; management sucks, but it could be worse. Even to the degree that IBM created a corporate culture—the songs, the country clubs, the white shirts—it never went so far as to suggest there was something beyond job security and the corporate ladder to believe in.

In Microsoft, we began to see something else. In this model (the jihad model, you might say), which has been replicated by hundreds of other successful technology enterprises, the company transforms itself and its employees into "us" and everyone else, competitors, lay people, the casual Luddite, the rest of America, into "them." It's one of Microsoft's key assets (an asset that every technology company now tries to develop): the maniacal loyalty of its staff. It results in round-the-clock work hours, war-footing secrecy (loose lips sink products that haven't shipped), and near-ideological fervor (business-model discussions are the closest I've come to the left-wing hairsplitting of my youth). Such loyalty and devotion hardly come cheap—they cost a hefty part of a company's value in stock options. (Although this turns out to be a self-financing: The more options you issue, the more loyalty you engender, the more devoted your following, the more your stock price goes up.) But even more important, it doesn't end with just the money. To maximize the value of your asset, you have to convert economic devotion into emotional devotion as well.

Microsoft's core business, in other words, is attitude—nationalism on a corporate level. (Propagating an operating system is the equivalent of war.)

Illustration by Marcellus Hall.

These community leaders are at that information age.

"What our community really needs is..."
"Our tax dollars should be used for..."
"If I were elected Mayor, I'd..."

Given the right opportunity, children can help address adult-sized community needs—and develop important leadership skills in the process. And today, the Internet is giving children an unprecedented chance to get interested and involved in the world around them.

Learning Adventures in Citizenship, an exciting new Web site for students, parents, and teachers, is designed to tap the potential of interactive media to help children learn about and participate in their communities.

And as an educational companion to "New York: A Documentary Film" (airing November 14–18th on public television), Learning Adventures is based on the story of the most compelling community ever.

Can interactive technology enhance our children's lives? We think so. That's why we've underwritten and developed this Web site with our partner Thirteen/WNET New York. We encourage you and your children or students to visit **www.thirteen.org/newyork/laic**.

MARKLE FOUNDATION
Improving Life in the Information Age.
www.markle.org

The difference, therefore, between Microsoft and Standard Oil or AT&T or IBM is that in its antitrust battle with the Justice Department, Microsoft has been defending not just stockholder value and executive fiefdoms but a way of life. A philosophy. A reason for being. Even a place—the near-autonomous state of Redmond. Indeed, my guess is that the trial, and Microsoft's puzzling obstinacy, has, in the end, strengthened rather than weakened Microsoft culture (if Microsoft culture has been weakened by anything, it's the attraction of dot-com wealth, which is even greater than Microsoft wealth, and dot-com jihad-ness, which is even more warriorlike, but that is another story).

The point, which Microsoft seems clearly to understand (either strategically or instinctively), is that it would hardly be very smart to settle or compromise when you're running a holy war. Martyrdom, if you analyze the economic benefits of devotion, beats compromise.

Which is part of the continuing disconnect here for the objective, old-world observer. This case could have been settled long ago; this case could have been settled far short of the remedies Microsoft is now facing. Indeed, Microsoft could even have accepted what it has made the Maginot Line of the dispute—the linking or de-linking of browser to operating system—with minimal consequences to its business.

But it held, willfully and blindly risking the farm.

THIS, THEN, IS EITHER ONE SPECTACULAR act of capitalist self-destruction (finally Marx is proved right), or, contrarily, these guys have something really crafty up their sleeves and know exactly what they're doing.

Certainly the stock market, over the course of last week, appeared to think so. If, during the trial, we have seen Microsoft stay resolutely in character—"we are absolutely right, you are absolutely wrong; we represent the future economic health of the nation, you would risk all that"—then why should they be expected to cut and run now? As likely, they will do what Microsoft does.

After all, these guys are not only son-of-a-bitch business guys and technology holy warriors but great (among the greatest) game players. This aspect of the Microsoft character has been hidden by Microsoft's ill temper and sullenness during the trial (who knows if this wasn't by design?). But everyone who has ever done any kind of business with Microsoft knows that its method (Machiavellian, Bismarckian, Nixonian) is to trick the other fellow (a "history of mischief and perfidy," as Ralph Nader put it the other day).

The company is founded on a trick, remember—it persuaded IBM to fill its PCs with an operating system that Microsoft would continue to own (this Trojan-horse move today represents the zenith of business accomplishment; all companies either aspire to it or frantically try to protect against it).

More than anyone else, Microsoft understands, even epitomizes, the most coldhearted business principle: You only make money (real money) off people who are weaker than you or stupider than you. And very often, conveniently, the people who are stronger than you are stupider too.

As we enter into the final settlement period, Microsoft, in many ways, comes into its own. This is what these guys live for. This is the Microsoft sweet spot. If you're weaker, they merely squeeze you harder. If you're stronger, they outwit you.

> *"Microsoft understands, even epitomizes, the most* **coldhearted business principle**: *you only make money off people who are weaker than you or stupider than you."*

It is worth noting that, going into this phase, Gates, the religious figure, the imam, is receding, and Ballmer, the real game player, the negotiator, the politician, is stepping forward.

IN A COLUMN ON THE *WALL STREET JOURNAL*'s editorial page last week, Ballmer reiterated the company's core position: "We cannot compromise on the government's demands. . . . The current lawsuit would have Microsoft ignore the most important recent development in computing—the Internet—by shipping a version of Windows that omits the critical Internet capabilities."

Keep your eye on that ball.

The overwhelming thrust of the government's case is the depiction of Microsoft as a company that will use the lever and the threat of its dominant position to get its own way (effectively making itself into a taxing authority and protection racket). Microsoft, on the other hand, has consistently and dramatically insisted that the trial is about the browser's integral relationship to the operating system. This connection, this integration, represents the freedom to innovate, the freedom to design one's own products, the freedom to develop software without the government specifying features and functionality. And Microsoft has said again and again—and Ballmer is saying once more—that it will never, ever compromise on this point.

Are you following the ball?

What Microsoft has done is to raise the bar—raise it higher and higher. We will never . . . We could never . . . We must never . . . Take this from us and you take the essence of who we are . . .

Now, let's assume everyone wants a settlement. The judge does not want to impose a remedy, because who would want to take responsibility for that? The Justice Department does not want to risk appeals that might push this into a Bush administration. What's more, the Justice Department already has its victory. Microsoft, for its part, is motivated to avoid the brand (the red-hot kind of brand rather than the marketing kind) of monopolist and all the litigation that could invite.

Clearly, though, the government needs that browser de-linked. The link is the most visible symbol of Microsoft's power. So count on it: Over the next several weeks, Microsoft will make linkage the insurmountable stumbling block of its negotiations with the government. It will push the government to the precipice of demanding the breakup of the company (at the same time, we'll see a rash of stories about why a breakup isn't so bad for Microsoft; not punishment but victory; not a Microsoft divided but a Microsoft multiplied; indeed, three dominance-driven companies run by Redmond-inculcated religious warriors).

And then (still following?) Ballmer folds. He comes back into the room from his final call with Gates and agrees to do what the company has said it would rather be broken up than ever bow to: It will de-link. Explorer, which, as it just happens, claims an overwhelming share of the browser market, will no longer be inexorably tied to Windows.

The government will stand proud. Microsoft will accept its martyrdom.The people out in Redmond, playing their roles, will even be properly penitent. Gates will announce he's stepping out of the role of manager and into the role of statesman. You'll even be able to use Netscape if you want.

Let the infidels believe they have won.

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

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WILD, WILD

From luxe lounges to happening house nights

Rudy's town is a buttoned-up, straitlaced, in-bed-by-ten kind of place, right? Actually, no. All over the city—hiding in plain sight—there's a non-stop, multicultural house-rocking party. Better still, in most cases it's a party at which you'd actually be welcome. You're forgiven for not knowing about it, though. Thanks to the mayor's full frontal assault on clubs like the Tunnel, nightlife appears to have died a thousand deaths in the past few years. The downtown celebutocracy took the fact that there are fewer velvet ropes as a sign that Mayor Giuliani had actually won his war. But out past the "Page Six"-athons at Veruka and Lot 61 are dance-purist paradises like "Body & Soul" and Sasha and Digweed's party at Twilo, and a nighttime scene that's more democratic and diverse than at any time in recent memory. New York D.J.'s like Armand Van Helden, Victor Calderone, and "Little" Louie Vega are the city's hottest musical exports and the draw for a new British invasion of nightlife tourists. Prince, it turns out, was right about 1999. Just don't tell the mayor.

>> MONDAY

10:30PM ESPN ZONE

"You know the best thing about this place?" asked a die-hard sports fan about the new ESPN Zone as he watched *Monday Night Football.* "When you're standing up taking a piss, there's a TV—it's incredible!" Lucky for him, ESPN Zone also offers a television just about everywhere else, including the ground-floor Studio Grill, the second-floor banquettes (an extra $20 during football), and even the fourth-floor arcade (complete with air hockey, mini-hoops, and racing games made of replica Formula One cars). The restaurant-bar is even interactive: A few fans looked up from their monitors near the *faux* anchor desk to argue about the World Series. "They'd even watch high-school football," observed a Brooklyn fan. And as ESPN's Chris Berman prepared to broadcast his live halftime report, at least one fan finally noticed the obvious. "There are too many guys here," he said. "But sports is a close second to women." **>> 1472 Broadway, at 42nd Street (212-921-3776)** **Sarah Bernard**

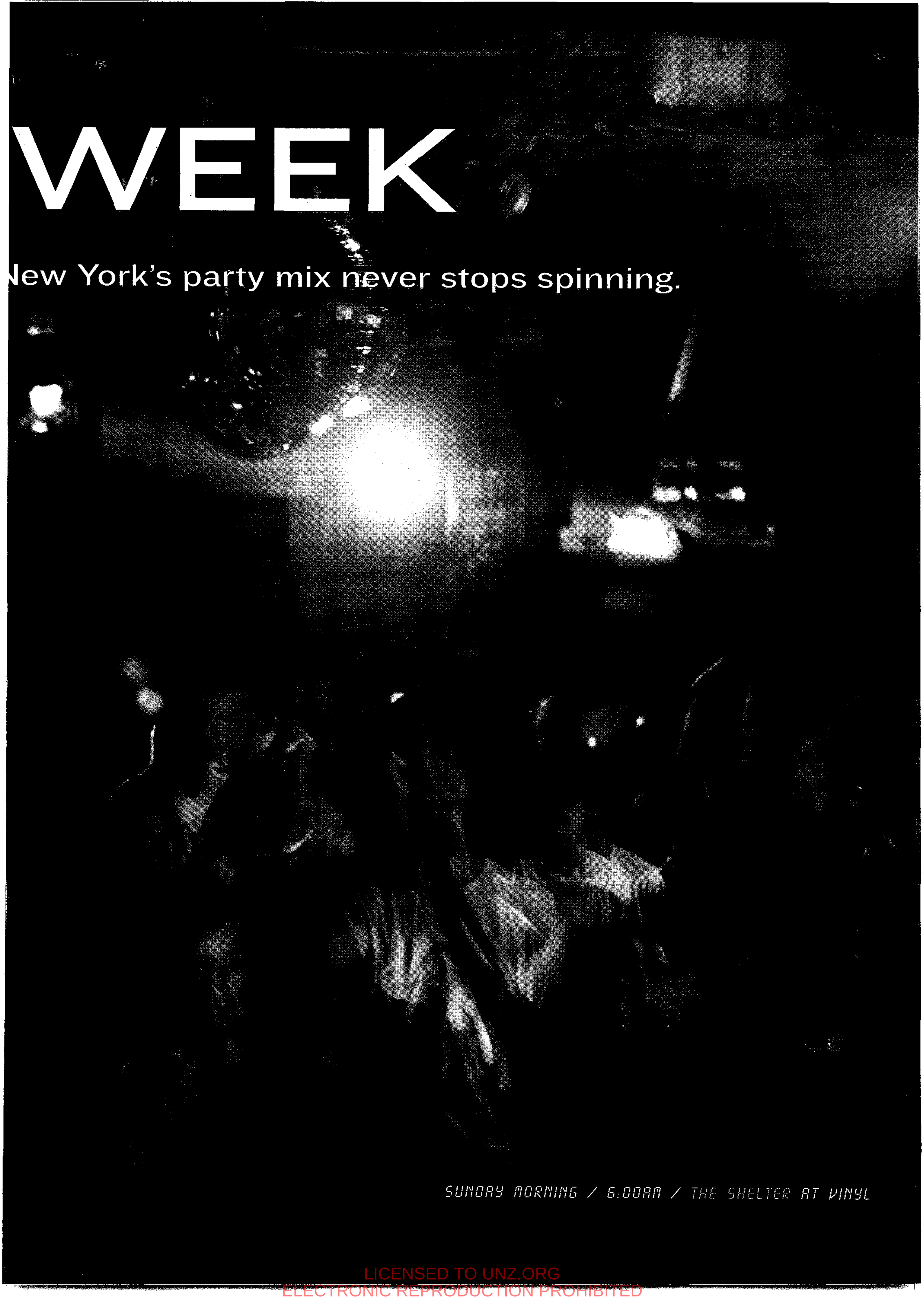
11:45PM LOT 61

How hard is it to get into Lot 61 on Monday nights? Around midnight, the sidewalk outside the restaurant-bar was packed eight deep with beautiful young men standing on the toes of their Gucci loafers, trying to get the attention of the doorwoman and yelling at their girlfriends to stop pulling on their bandeau tops and tiny leopard-print skirts. Their chances of getting in? Next to none. In order to glimpse Lot 61's industrial interior or sip one of its fresh raspberry martinis, potential partygoers have to be recognized by the doorwoman. Who makes the cut? The likes of Shalom Harlow, Busta Rhymes, Leonardo DiCaprio, Mark Messier, and Dr. Dre. But the room is light

Photograph by Mark Peterson

WEEK

ew York’s party mix never stops spinning.



SUNDAY MORNING / 6:00AM / THE SHELTER AT VINYL enough so that the fortunate few who do make it past the velvet rope can see exactly who rates the back banquette while they make their rounds, nonchalantly taking in the scene and trying, ever so politely, to become part of it. **>> 550 West 21st Street (212-243-6555)** **Janna Silverglade**

1:30AM CAFE WHA?

Most of the week, Cafe Wha? is a Bleecker Street standby where North Jersey sales reps drink to the beat of the Wha?, the hokey house group that plays a wedding-band blend of rock, reggae, and R&B. But Monday nights, it's a regular Rio North, where Brazilian expats samba to the percussive rhythms and Portuguese lyrics of the nine-piece band Brazuca. The dance floor—really the aisles between tables—doesn't fill up until around 11:30, but by then it's obvious you're not in North Jersey anymore. On a recent Monday, three off-duty strippers celebrating a co-worker's birthday snaked past the stage, backs bare to their butts. Nearby, two Brazilian women in business suits worked up a sweat with two chinos-clad guys who tried to do twirls and hip-shakes—the kind of moves most straight American guys leave to Tony Manero. But at 1:30 A.M., the ladies explained that they had to work the next day and left the men with double-cheek kisses and broken hearts. **>> 115 Macdougal Street (212-254-3706)** **Michael Steele**

MONDAY NIGHT / 11:45PM / LOT 61

TUESDAY

9:30PM TWELVE WEST @ Cheetah

Tuesday nights, the usually dark marquee outside Cheetah glows hot pink with TWELVE WEST. And that's not the only identity confusion: The new "Twelve West" party begins around 7 P.M. with a happy hour for cubicle-crawlers but quickly morphs into a raucous dance party when former Studio 54 D.J. Nicky Sciano turns drinkers into dancers. The mix—everything from rock to deep house—is just as extreme. "What makes a party work is a wide variety of music and people," says Sciano. "People get stuck playing one kind of music, dancing with one kind of crowd, and that's not what made places like Studio 54 work." Indeed, the crowd recently included paint-splattered Levi's and baggy club-kid pants as well as business suits. Reclining with a Staten Island paralegal, a gorgeous young guy from Hunter College clicked his tongue-piercing against his teeth as he watched a drag queen in a red wig and kabuki-style makeup preen on the dance floor. "*Anything* goes," he cooed. "*Fabulous.*" **>> 12 West 21st Street (212-206-7770)** **Logan Hill**

10:30PM ENID'S

The Greenpoint lounge Enid's looks like "the parents went away for the weekend and the teenagers raided Dad's liquor cabinet," according to one regular, and the house-party vibe matches the pleather-sofa ambience. On a recent Tuesday, a nerdy-looking bartender—primped for a class photo in starched collar, heavy-framed glasses, and cowlick—boasted of his newly created "Backwards Professor," a sinister-sounding Scotch drink with no immediate takers. The Rolling Stones' "She's So Cold" played (on a classic-rock jukebox that might have stood next to Dad's liquor cabinet) as women with peroxide pigtails and Hello Kitty purses poured in to talk post-structuralist theory and temp gigs. A Texan artist squawked about gentrification—"I can't believe they're charging $3.50 for a Presidente!"—but even the most underemployed slackers couldn't complain too much, as the price included a complimentary screening of Robert Altman's cult classic *Brewster McCloud.* By 10:30 P.M., the hipsters were lining up by the pinball machine, and several would-be auteurs were earnestly debating

Photographs by Jeff Mermelstein

the finer points of cinematography over domestic beer. **>> 560 Manhattan Avenue, Brooklyn (718-349-3859)** **Maura Egan**

11:30PM VELVETEEN @ Serena

Just like the Chelsea Hotel that hosts it, the "Velveteen" party is a "comfortable, quirky place where artists, designers, musicians, models, and actors can just relax and have a good time," according to co-promoter Audrey Bernstein. That means the wine-red walls of the new hotel bar have been lit up by the likes of Bijou Phillips, Rufus Wainwright, and Jennifer Posner—who whoop it up to an ironic mix of hip-hop and seventies rock favorites or watch other beautiful people grope each other on comfy couches. The less-famous people who made it past the disdainful bouncers recently blended right in—as long as they were wearing Gucci or looked like they could afford to. "Last night, I came with friends from Paris, London, India, and Rio," gushed an artist from Brazil squeezed into a skirt shorter than her wineglass. "It was a perfect New York evening." **>> 222 West 23rd Street (212-255-4646)** **L.H.**

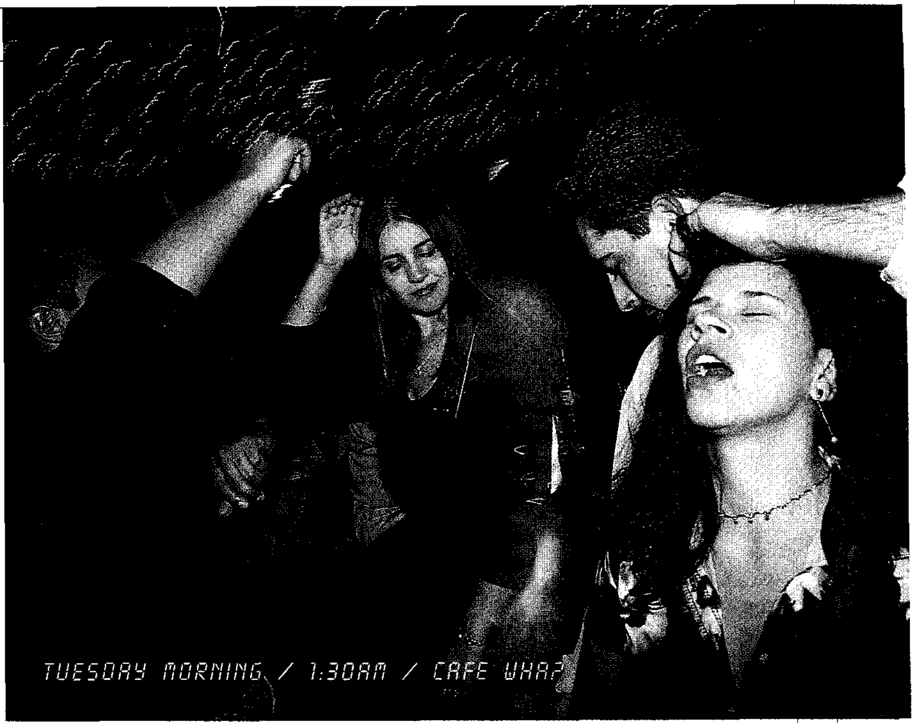
12:00AM BEIGE @ B Bar

"Fashion bottoms," sniffed a black-suited movie executive, scanning the Prada'd masses at "Beige." As the late shift of diners picked over their rigatoni in the main room, "Big Spender" floated out of the speakers by the bar as the velvet mafia and the female models who simply adore them traded air-kisses, swapped business cards, and sipped daiquiris. Sandy Gallin chatted with a smiling Jann Wenner; victorious Eagle Scout James Dale entertained a table of male-model types as nearby revelers tried to look nonchalant. By midnight, the throng was spilling out onto the patio, where a David Spade look-alike was holding court with an entourage that included a David Barton devotee wearing a leather jacket without a shirt underneath. "Dangerous," agreed a handful of Chelsea boys sitting below a mural of a mountain lake. **>> 40 East 4th Street (212-475-2220)** **S.B.**

WEDNESDAY

8:45PM PANTY PARTY @ Baby Jupiter

The easiest way for a musician to get exposure is to perform in women's underwear, which explains why singer-songwriters of both sexes have been stripping off their outer layers at the ASCAP-sponsored "Panty Party" on the third Wednesday of every month. "It's very liberating," said Crown Jewels bassist John Conte, looking fetching in a teal-blue Victoria's Secret slip. "Although it is a bit annoying getting my butt pinched." Maybe so—but if Cyndi Lauper backup vocalist Deborah Marlowe hadn't noticed John was wearing the same slip she owns, they might not have exchanged phone numbers. "You can pretty much say anything to a guy wearing a spaghetti-strap chemise," said Marlowe, who, like most of the creative professionals quietly schmoozing on vintage couches, was dressed in jeans, boots, and a long-sleeved T-shirt. But although the "Panty Party" is a social scene, some people, like management consultant Tom Stabb, actually listen to the music. "I'm much less likely to start talking if the person onstage is nearly naked." **>> 170 Orchard Street (212-982-2229)** **Jennifer Wolff**



TUESDAY MORNING / 1:30AM / CAFE WHA?

10:00PM CANTEEN

Canteen is making a bid to become the new Moomba, the "It" *boîte* for "Page Six" regulars and the celebrity-watchers who live to eat at the same restaurants they do. At 10 P.M. on a recent Wednesday, Kal Ruttenstein air-kissed the hostess while Jeffrey Jah navigated through the banquettes, punching buttons on his cell phone. Spectator seating was at the elevated bar, where expensive cocktails were being spilled on equally expensive tight leather pants. Nearby, a Joe Pesci type in pressed stone-washed denim sipped single-malt Scotch and repeated his winning mantra—"A hundred shares, I tell you, a hundred shares." Near the glass doors, a group of model-actress-whatevers huddled to themselves and cast dirty looks at their would-be suitors. Balancing a Fendi baguette, a Motorola StarTac, and a glass of Merlot, one of the women argued with the goateed manager that she and her friends were VIP enough for preferred placement on the dining-room floor. The manager gave them the standard "fifteen minutes," then thought better of it and barked at the busboy to clear the single empty table in the corner. **>> 42 Mercer Street (212-431-7676)** **M.E.**

12:00AM ICE BAR

Located on Manhattan's final frontier, just a block and a cocktail away from the Hudson River, the Ice Bar could well be the loneliest bar on earth. And on a recent Wednesday evening, the scene inside could well have been taken from a Jim Jarmusch film. The white glass and metal bar was empty save for a young bartender with spiky hair and a willful attitude and a chatty Swedish business executive who later took control of the D.J. booth tucked opposite the bar. In the back of the all-white room, a pair of European ravers and few more gregarious Swedes parked themselves on white vinyl couches, washing down pumpkin seeds with bottles of Bass. Only an American seemed snow-blinded by the igloo effect, laughing out loud that the Ice Bar serves a tepid margarita. Others didn't even seem to notice; a neighborhood woman walked in, perched on a bar stool, and proceeded to sort through her junk mail. **>> 528 Canal Street (212-226-2602)** **M.E.**

TUESDAY MORNING / 12:00AM / BEIGE AT B BAR

1:00AM DANCE RITUAL @ Vinyl

Just how seriously do partygoers at "Dance Ritual" take their moves? Let's put it this way: When a guy in a blue velour track top opened a small package of white powder, everyone knew it was talc to sprinkle on the floor and get more glide in his stride. Nearby, roving circles of Latinos in baggy jeans and Japanese B-boys with hip-hop headbands took turns showing off break-dancing tricks. Such focus is inspired by resident D.J. "Little" Louie Vega, who spins inventive house bursting with samba rhythms and gospel vocals. For the blissed-out regulars who return week after week, his music is transcendent enough to take their minds off booze (Vinyl doesn't have a liquor license)—and even sex. By 1 A.M., a musclebound Chelsea boy was swinging around the pole in the center of the room, but most partyers were too focused on their feet to pay much attention. **>> 6 Hubert Street (212-343-1379)** **Daniel Shumate**

THURSDAY

9:45PM HOGS & HEIFERS

"Normally, I hang out downtown," said Bob Casey, a New York stagehand. Like just about every other patron at the uptown Hogs & Heifers, Casey traveled from another neighborhood to hear live country music just south of Spanish Harlem. The uptown "Hogs Lite" is festooned with a colorful array of brassieres just like its downtown cousin, but the crowd actually displays some maturity. "I like it because people come here to actually listen to music and men don't hit on me," said the very hit-on-able Tania Drinnon, an Upper West Side paralegal in jeans and a midriff-bearing top. Several other patrons were decked out in urban cowgear (Stetson hats, pointy-toed boots, and motorcycle jackets), which only makes sense given the mounted animal heads on the wall. "I'd never know I wasn't in Texas," said Ken Neville, a Website developer who was raised in Austin. "There are 100 bars like this where I grew up." **>> 1843 First Avenue, near 95th Street (212-722-8635) J.W.**

11:00PM BASEMENT BHANGRA @ S.O.B.'s

The monthly "Basement Bhangra" party draws everyone from adventurous NYU students to Indian and Pakistani socialites, but turbaned Sikh men still dominate the dance floor—especially when the traditional *dhol* drumbeats kick in to the Bollywood disco. One recent Thursday, a muscular Sikh in a black turban and a matching Armani T-shirt even stepped onto the stage and leaped onto the broad shoulders of another. "I wear the turban all week," said the man on the bottom, "except when I dance here." Resident D.J.'s Rekha and Joy have cultivated that kind of dedication by spinning tracks from subcontinental stars like Bally Sagoo, who mix traditional Punjabi beats with hip-hop grooves (they also import live bands occasionally). Sometimes, the women, clad in a mix of black leather and bright saris, almost get lost in the whirlwind of break-dancing testosterone, but they never go far. "The boys always try to take over the dance floor," said a woman who's been a "Basement Bhangra" regular for almost two years, "but I just grab another woman and we shove them out of the way." **>> 204 Varick Street (212-243-4940) L.H.**

12:00AM CELEBRITY PERSONALITIES @ Joe's Pub

The "Celebrity Personalities" party puts quasi-famous Manhattanites like Ellen von Unwerth and MTV's Ananda Lewis behind the wheels of steel as D.J.'s, but some drive better than others. "I'm glad he's making it as an artist, because if

Photograph by Bruce Gilden

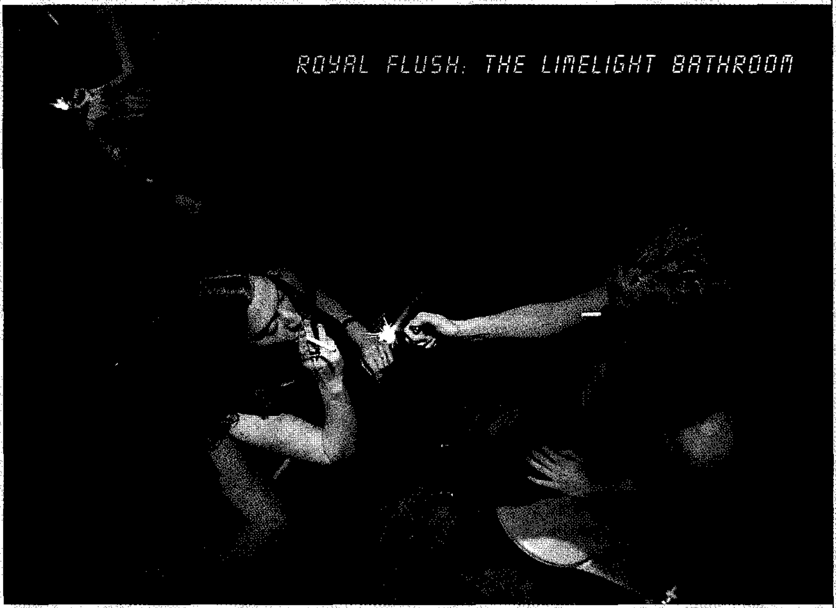
this was my bar mitzvah, my dad would demand money back," said a fellow artist of Tom Sachs's musical skills on a recent night. Sachs struggled through his playlist—Enya, Tchaikovsky, Jonathan Richman's "I'm Straight"—as he took requests from friends and technical tips from the club's sound man. Luckily, not every customer was so picky. Over on the red-lit room's plush banquettes, a group of Wall Street types wondered, "Is there a cocktail waitress or something?" perhaps worried that the beautiful staff would sneer at their ties and briefcases. The tourists crowding three-deep at the bar paid even less attention to the D.J.—their eyes were on the VIP booth. "Hey," said a production assistant from Miami, "isn't that the Victoria's Secret model?" >> 425 Lafayette Street (212-539-8770) M.E.

1:30AM FLASHBACK THURSDAY @ Culture Club

"I like to play to all different types of people," says Grandmaster Flash, hip-hop pioneer and, more recently, D.J. at Culture Club's "Flashback Thursday" party. "I like to see a 21-year-old dancing next to a 42-year-old, a black next to a white next to an Asian." On a recent week, though, he mostly saw white twentysomethings dancing next to other white twentysomethings. (The party did draw three dwarfs, but they were also white and in their twenties.) On the second floor, which hosts the weekly "Trans Am" party, about twenty other partyers were agape at four bleached blondes gyrating, unironically, it seemed, to Lita Ford and the Scorpions. Which isn't to say Culture Club is stuck in 1983: One reveler came dressed as a platform-heeled club kid circa 1989. In a bid for diversity, Flash plans to expand his playlist and let the décor of the eighties-themed club—an actual DeLorean and murals of Madonna and Molly Ringwald—evoke the greed decade. "I refuse," he says, "to play just old-school stuff anymore." >> 179 Varick Street (212-243-1999)

Ethan Smith

WHERE TO GO IN NEW YORK


ROYAL FLUSH: THE LIMELIGHT BATHROOM

A long time ago, in a decade that seems far, far away, New York's club bathrooms were filled with more decadence than the clubs themselves. But Rudolph is no fan of reindeer games, so most of our city's finest dance spots have cracked down on drugs and debauchery in not-so-public places. The Tunnel put in bright lights, Life times bathroom-users with a stopwatch, and Twilo has even added a potty patrol complete with flashlights and radio earpieces. But not every club is closing its stall doors to strangeness.

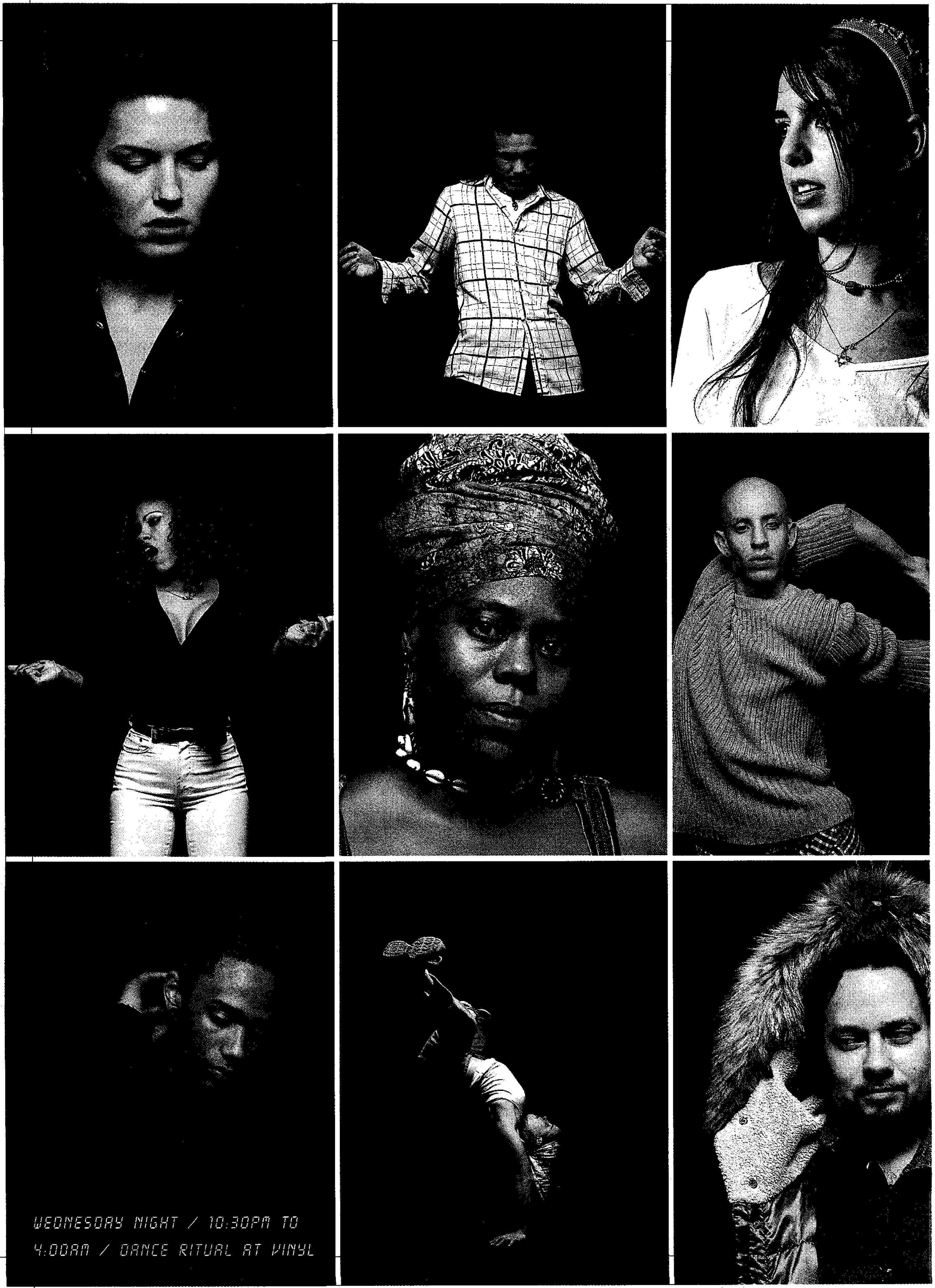
▸ **LIMELIGHT** On the outside, the stalls in the Limelight's unisex johns are covered with elaborate murals. But to make the bridge-and-tunnel crowd feel at home, the view from the inside is like looking through a one-way suburban screen door. Constructed during last year's million-dollar makeover, the new doors are obviously part of Peter Gatien's vision of bringing people together through art, music, and funky toilet fixtures. >> 47 West 20th Street (212-807-7780)

▸ **MOTHER** Mother's Saturday-night "Click + Drag" party is so cyber-chic it sometimes even has a camera in the can. The bathroom broadcasts thrill exhibitionists and voyeurs alike: The queue for the loo is almost as big as the audience. "It gives everyone a chance to show off their fetish," says party producer Rob Roth, who wired the club in 1996 with $200 worth of used bank-security equipment. The bath-cam recently delighted the visiting Spice Girls, although the group themselves stayed out of the stalls. >> 432 West 14th Street (212-366-5680)

▸ **MADAME X** Something funny is going on in the Madame X toilets—and it has nothing to do with the comic-strip wallpaper. (It might have something to do with the club's chocolate martini, Sex in the Bathroom.) "If everything is consensual and it's not too crowded, we usually look the other way," says manager Karen Kramer. Which isn't to say the downtown bar hasn't taken precautions. In one bathroom, two strip-club-style poles brace the toilet. "There's nothing aesthetic about them," says bartender Chris Massiah. "The poles are there to keep people from knocking the bowl around." So far, leaving the seat up hasn't been a problem. >> 94 West Houston Street; (212-539-0808)

▸ **SPLASH** If Splash's bathroom—bigger than most Manhattan one-bedrooms—seems as clean and quiet as a screening room, there's a good reason: Small monitors above the five urinals show man-on-man safe-sex videos in perfect synchronicity. "There's no hard-core sex in the videos," a club staff member says defensively. "Actually, we'd prefer not to be listed in your story. We don't want the type of crowd that reads your magazine coming in to see them." >> 50 West 17th Street (212-691-0073) MICHAEL DOLAN AND DENISE MAHER

Photograph by Mark Jenkinson



WEDNESDAY NIGHT / 10:30PM TO 4:00AM / DANCE RITUAL AT VINYL

Photographs by Joseph Pluchino

1:45AM PHYSICS @ Vanity

Just before midnight at the drum-'n'-bass party "Physics," there was plenty of room for parking on the dance floor: A single thin man with dreadlocks stood motionless, nodding his head to the spastic beats. A sign of the times for the futuristic dance scene? Hardly. By 2 A.M., the disco-ball-illuminated dance floor was packed with agile break-dancers, hipsters waving their rum-and-Cokes to the beat, and a few music geeks craning their necks toward the D.J. booth. "We've got a crowd that really likes to party, but we've still managed to remain on the cutting edge," says "Physics" promoter and D.J. Roy Dank. And if Vanity, with its Persian rugs and $6 gin-and-tonics, seems like an unlikely space to host drum-'n'-bass cyberfunk grooves, no one seemed to mind. The club was packed, the crowd was calling for a "rewind" (dance-floor slang for an encore), and the thin man with dreadlocks was lost amid the dancing throng. **>> 28 East 23rd Street (212-946-1998)** **Ethan Brown**

2:00AM SHAG @ Shine

At Shine's "Shag" party, silk ties get loosened, leather bags get tossed on red velvet couches, and the uptowners make it worth their cab ride by taking full advantage of the dance floor—and one another. To the tune of D.J. Greg Poole's eighties hits, the young, moneyed crowd drops hundreds of dollars on bottles of Ketel One, dances atop the banquettes, and tries to lick Armani his and hers cologne off each other's necks. But that's only until 2 A.M.; then the uptown girls and guys climb back into cabs, and the turntables are turned over to D.J. Mateo DiFontaine of the Fun Lovin' Criminals and JUS-SKE from the Danücht crew for hard-core hip-hop. One week, Demi Moore and D.J. Muggs and Sen Dog of Cypress Hill were even dancing together. "It's a last-destination spot for the downtown crowd on Thursday night," said co-promoter Jason Strauss. "It's a great way to prepare for the weekend." **>> 285 West Broadway (212-741-1700)** **J.S.**

2:00AM PUSSY @ FC29

"Pussy"-party emcee Lora Marie teetered onstage in high heels, an enormous green feather headdress, and a jeweled G-string. "Viva Las Vegas!" she called, waving a milky-white arm at the sparse crowd. "I wanted to have a place to expose women's creativity—hence the name 'Pussy,' " says Mo B. Dick, host of the mostly lesbian party. "There's a female bartender, female D.J.'s, female dancers, a female show." There was also a partly male crowd—two fat, bald guys bouncing to the *Austin Powers* theme song in the corner. But everyone pushed his or her way to the bar to load up on $5 beers (Joan Jett had a Red Stripe and snagged a Heineken for her dark-haired friend). Onstage, a pubescent Liberace confessed, "I remember being sexually attracted to . . . men." *"Eeew!"* shouted a girl from the audience. By 2 A.M., only a handful of hard-core women were left—but they weren't going anywhere soon. "C'mon!" challenged a woman in an electric-blue I EAT 'EM RAW T-shirt. "Dance with the dykes." **>> 29 Second Avenue (212-777-9660)** **Erika Kinetz**

FRIDAY

12:45AM FLOAT

Times Square is now more Disney Store than decadence, but the neighborhood still holds a few clubs where you can get goofy (with a lowercase *g*) without tripping over the Griswolds. Friday nights at Float even offer a way to do so in high style: The club includes two VIP rooms with a $250-per-four-person-table minimum. On a recent night, though, the downstairs dance area evoked nothing so much as the old 42nd Street—only with cosmopolitans filling in for 40-ouncers. Around 1 A.M., three tough-looking guys in polo shirts charged onto the dance floor looking to push someone around—but the crowd was so busy buying one another $6 beers that few even noticed. Indeed, the only things that did take male clubgoers' eyes off their dance partners were the two women doing a *faux*-lesbian grind on a translucent platform—a distinct, if unknowing, nod to the neighborhood's past. **>> 240 West 52nd Street (212-581-0055)** **Jod Kaftan**

1:00AM GBH @ Cheetah

When "GBH"—the name stands for "Great British House"—moved from the cavelike Vanity to the plush Cheetah, it also traded its English and Irish expats for laddish loyalists of an entirely different stripe. Heineken is still the drug of choice, but the shiny-shirted weekend warriors buying drinks for ladies in black miniskirts and go-go boots are now from the West Side instead of from Western Europe. On a recent Friday, three thirtysomething women on an after-work bender danced around a buff accountant type to the house beats of "GBH" resident D.J. Anthony Maccaroni. Downstairs in the lounge, D.J. Frank Delour spun hip-hop as partyers kicked back on crowded banquettes and gave their feet a rest and their livers a workout. Co-promoter Thomas Dunkley says he has a top English D.J. from the cutting-edge Sheffield club Gatecrasher on tap for winter, but the "GBH" crowd may be more interested in what's on tap at the bar. **>> 12 West 21st Street (212-539-3916)** **D.S.**

2:00AM SASHA AND DIGWEED @ Twilo

Most superclubs struggle to keep their cavernous spaces filled, but Twilo has no such problems with its monthly Friday-night party featuring British D.J.'s Sasha and John Digweed. The line stretches across the block and onto Tenth Avenue; several buses come in from Boston and Washington, D.C.; and at least a few Europeans cross the pond just to check out "Sasha and Diggers" in New York. "I've been out here for like two hours now," a Puma-track-suited club kid sighed one recent Friday. The right look helps: "They see the baggy pants, and then turn us away," huffed a raver girl in absurdly wide-legged jeans. It's just as crowded inside, where the corridor leading to the bathroom is so packed that partyers are nearly raised into the air, and the dance floor is so jammed that clubbers are forced to simply pogo in place. Just after 2 A.M., Sasha began spinning emotional, spacious trance. As if on cue, the crowd undulated ecstatically to his ambient breakdowns, too blissed out to remember how long they waited to get in. **>> 530 West 27th Street (212-268-1600)** **E.B.**

2:00AM KRASH

At the labyrinthine Queens club Krash, the considerable crowd drinks and dances with an exuberance usually reserved for low-budget coming-out flicks. Beneath a billboard that shows a red stiletto heel crushing the nightspot's name, a crowd of gay and lesbian Latinos—young and old, big and small, Hilfigered and FUBUed—line up to merengue, salsa, and stagger around. Inside the lobby, $5 gets customers past buff bouncers who provide startlingly thorough pat-downs. The friskiness doesn't stop there: At 2 A.M. on a recent night, a fog machine greeted transsexual chanteuse Jessica Foxx, who lip-synched to Deee-Lite's "What Is Love?"—and the crowd didn't miss a single "ooh-la-la lalalalalalalala." "I love this

Wired Things

For some high-flying New Yorkers, the party doesn't even *begin* until 6 a.m. Tell the bouncer you've come to see the Rabbi.

By Vanessa Grigoriadis

At precisely 4 A.M. on a recent Saturday, a crowd waits outside a black door with a peephole on a brownstone-lined street in Alphabet City. The mostly young group is strapped into Prada Velcro bags and wears expensive orange Nikes; there are a few cowboy hats, and one woman wears a baby-T that reads BOYS SUCK. "Let's wait till these losers get turned away," says my friend Joe, a 30-year-old musician who is considered a "member" of this particular club. "Seriously, I'm warning you that this place is a disgusting pit," he says, puffing on an unfiltered Chesterfield. "You were there till noon twice last week," says his friend, a 28-year-old novelist. "*That's* why you think it's nasty."

"Yeah," Joe admits. "But the coke there is like Ajax, man. You're better off using it to freshen your fridge. I don't know why I even come here."

Twenty minutes later, all the hipsters have given up and dispersed. When the street is empty, a hulking white guy in sneakers and sweats motions us over. "Remember, no swearing!" he warns, opening the door. It's a quaint but strictly enforced rule imposed by the owner, a religious man who often sits at the end of the bar drinking vodka out of what regulars call his "crystal chalice." While he doesn't seem to mind drug use, those prone to profanity are quickly shown the door.

Inside, about four dozen people are crowded around a dimly lit, red-walled room the size of your standard New World Coffee—with a pool table in the center. No one is talking. A hand-lettered poster for a party last spring is taped up near the bar, and Halloween decorations like plastic skeletons and hanging cobwebs are all over—seasonal decorations are put up here year-round, so that if there's a bust the management can claim that everyone's just there for a "party." Billy Joel's "Christie Lee" plays, pianissimo. "This is like your personal Martin Scorsese movie!" says Joe excitedly.

Behind the bar, a plump bartender dispenses $5 Heinekens and $25 half-grams of cocaine to a sullen crowd of men three-deep. "Yo, bro, catch you later," says a white guy in a do-rag to a black man selecting a song by Morrissey. "I couldn't pay the bill for my pager, so I'll see you when I see you."

In most after-hours clubs, as in most high schools, the bathrooms are the social nexus, but here, right on the corner of the bar there's a little ceramic cup with straws cut into thirds—the bottom of the straw is cut on an angle, so lines can easily be snorted off the tallish bar. "I *love* this bartender," says a self-described "model-actress-scenester" with close-cropped hair. "One time I had a couple of rails laid out right here, and she warned me to pick up my drink so the condensation from the bottle wouldn't dilute my drugs. Cool, right?"

It's not for nothing that New York got the reputation as the city that never sleeps, though invariably everyone you see in places like this has a lot of help staying up. While Mayor Giuliani's war on nightlife has turned large nightclubs like the Tunnel into armed camps, the drug scene has moved underground, spread across dozens of of illegal underground clubs that open at 4 A.M., don't close until noon, and cater to every imaginable vice.

There is a lot of lore about after-hours New York, most of it improbable: People say if you stand outside Scores at 4 A.M., a limo will transport you to a gambling den nestled inside a midtown office building; in the West Twenties alone, there are rumored to be several after-hours gambling clubs where you can bet up to $10,000 per hand of blackjack; in Greenpoint, a Polish after-hours place allegedly serves up a gram of coke along with blintzes.

Always hard to find, often unmarked little holes that are just a few steps ahead of the cops, after-hours clubs are the nineties version of speakeasies, where the few people who find their way in immediately feel like they're part of an elite club—indeed, at some you must be accompanied by a "member" (someone who's met the bouncer before). Models talk to mafiosi, bankers sidle up to banji boys: In New York, only AA meetings draw a more diverse crowd. "Getting wired at after-hours focuses the night," says a 27-year-old actor. "Suddenly you have not only a goal but a band of people who are bound to spend the night with you. It's an adventure."

"I'm told that after 2 A.M., I look much prettier if I'm wasted," drawls Katia. "So I get wasted." We're at a bar in the meatpacking district that keeps normal hours but draws its shades after four. A 33-year-old who looks like Sarah Jessica Parker, Katia just moved in with her new boyfriend, Bob, a copywriter at an ad agency. They're intertwined on a couch in the back of the red-walled place.

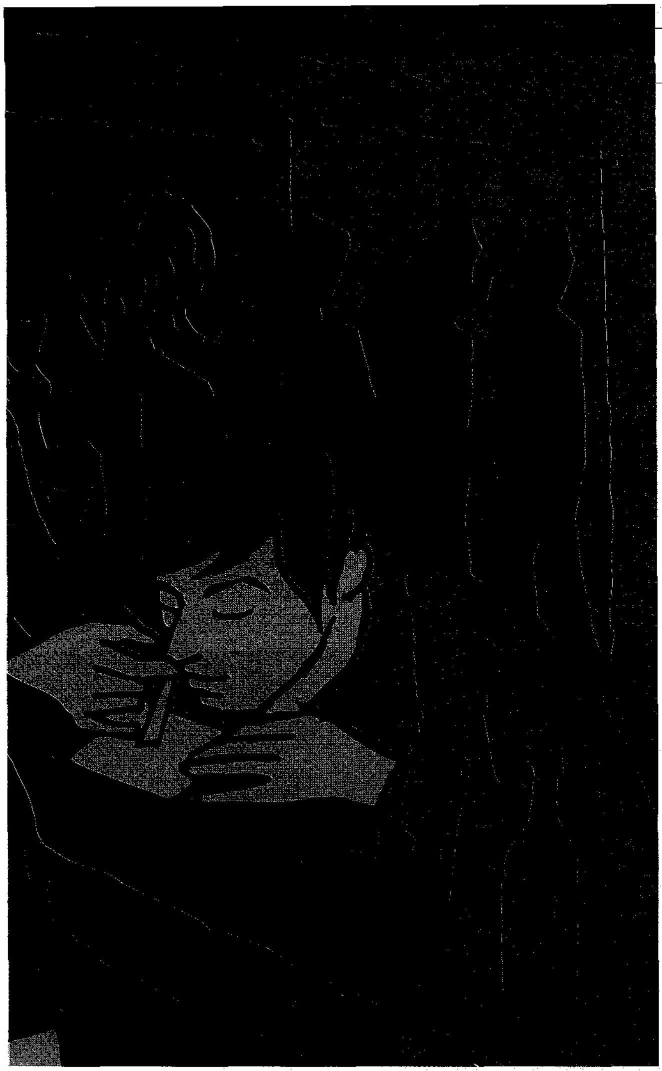
"We like this bar because the coke isn't as stepped-on as it is in other bars," says Bob, leaning over Katia for a passionate kiss. "But the crowd sucks."

"First thing you should know is, every girl who is out at after-hours is a coke whore," chimes in Katia, resting a hand on her white leather pants. "They're all wrecked."

It's true—the crowd is middle-aged and, except for a famous writer or two, distinctly unfabulous. "Usually, we go to this place called Chaos—not the real club, the after-hours place," says Katia. "Last time I was there, the lines out the bathroom were so long! The bouncer came over and yelled, 'The left line is for men and women and the right line is for men and women, too, but if you have any drugs, do them out here 'cause everything's illegal anyway and people got to take a piss.' " They both laugh uproariously and kiss again.

Fifty-odd people are crashed out on couches, chatting animatedly with friends. A dozen more line up for the bathroom as a ponytailed dealer takes Katia to the basement to freebase.

*Some names have been changed.



“He stuck his tongue down my throat,” she complains to a blonde friend, plopping back down on the couch.

“Well, how else do you expect to get it for free?” the blonde harrumphs.

Katia and Bob say they go out four nights a week until dawn—“as long as you get home in the blue light, you’re okay.” The only dinner they ever eat is a goat-cheese salad at 5:30 P.M.

“Food slows you down,” says Bob. “At least cheese is protein.”

Dawn is nearing as a cab stops in a warehouse-heavy section of Williamsburg where gleaming Mack trucks nearly block the narrow streets. On one corner, there’s a shingled bar with the iron gates pulled down, but you can hear salsa music blaring and the neon yellow of the Heineken sign lit up from within. Town Cars are disgorging hipsters—white, black, Japanese, green-haired—heading back to Williamsburg from a night out in the city but unable to resist stopping for just one more drink.

It’s amazing that you can hear the music over the chatter of the vintage-clad twentysomethings scarcely able to raise their pony bottles of Bud to their lips before another thought makes them trip over their words. “I biked here all the way from my friend’s loft in Chinatown,” says a tall photographer’s assistant with a heavy bike chain slung across his chest. “It’s such a cool way to see the city—you feel like Pee-wee in the playhouse.”

He buys a gram from a barrel-chested Dominican dealer and gets on a long line to use the “closet”—what looks like a voting booth, with the same type of heavy curtain. A Dominican guy in a suit comes over and starts yelling: “None of you dancing! You should all be dancing!” He does a little cha-cha. “A couple months ago, I came here and danced until 3 P.M. Now, all these kids here, I don’t know what to do.”

Two nights later, I go to Chaos, another black door with a peephole, this time in the West Twenties, pointed there by an art director who was first introduced to the place by a black transvestite prostitute. He says he was there one night when the cops shut the place down and everyone ran out the back stairs. The place reopened a week later, though their close call seems to have made them paranoid. When I walk up to the door, no one answers for about five minutes. Suddenly, a voice rings out: “Get the fuck away!” I stand there for a few more minutes until a good-looking white guy with a goatee sticks his head out. Shaking his head, he writes down an address on the back of a *Loot* matchbook. “Go here, man,” he says. “It’s not happening here tonight. Just go.”

The West Village club he directs me to has the familiar red walls, but it’s very clean and well lit, with plush banquettes and white tablecloths. Though it is after dawn, the bar is packed with everyone from drunk Jersey guys to bouncers just off their nightclub shifts to potbellied men in turtlenecks and black blazers. “What do I do?” snorts a short man in a pin-striped suit and pinkie ring. “Why don’t you ask me if I water-ski or horseback-ride? That’s a better question.”

“Cocaine retards the aging process,” says a drug dealer with a white comb-back whom we’ll call the Rabbi. He’s sitting at a round table at the back of the bar—seated around him are, he claims, a city judge, a cabaret singer who headlines at an upscale hotel, a bouncer at S.O.B.’s, and a top employee of Versace. Surrounded by acolytes, he’s in a good mood. “There’s a woman in Bulgaria who’s been doing these studies, all about how if you do coke you live till 100 and you never get any diseases.” He takes a sip of vodka. “My coke is good—I can afford not to mess with it. I got a beautiful apartment with a running track and swimming pool. I got no problems.”

A blonde in pink pashmina comes over to hugs and kisses. “Where you been, gorgeous?” the Rabbi syas. “She’s a writer, too. You know, one of the top *machers* at Condé Nast is my best friend. He gets $700,000 per year and a car and a penthouse and whatever else he wants. You ever need a job, I’ll hook you up.”

The blonde laughs. “Oh, I’m just on the junior-varsity team right now,” she giggles. “I’m one of those fashion-editor types.”

“What do you need?” he asks.

“Forty,” she coos. She gets it and is out the door.

“See, you never know who’s going to come in here,” says the Rabbi. A Latino guy in black leather comes over to his table.

“Look at that tan,” says the Rabbi. “Now I know you were happy when the KKK got their permit—you’re a black man yourself.”

“South Beach,” shrugs the guy.

“South Beach, ain’t nothing wrong with that,” rasps the Rabbi. “I got this song I’m doing, want to hear?” He starts singing, Vic Damone–style, with his hand as the mike. “If I were a king, I’d be but a slave to you / If I ruled the world, I’d be but a slave to you / And what would life be then”—here’s the crescendo—“And what would life be then? / If I ruled the world.”

The table claps for him.

“Ah, I’m ruining my voice with the coke,” moans the Rabbi. “But this famous songwriter loved it so much. He said, ‘The melody is okay, but I love the lyrics.’ ”

“The lyrics are great,” says the Latino guy.

“They are, right?” he agrees, with a rheumy smile. “If I ruled the world.” ■

Illustration by David Navascues

song!" cried one Naya-wielding clubber in an undershirt and Dickies jeans. "I love you," the little one beside him cooed. Then they hugged for a solid fifteen minutes, cuddling, snuggling, and gnashing their jaws. **>> 34-48 Steinway Street, Astoria (718-937-2400)** **Derek de Koff**

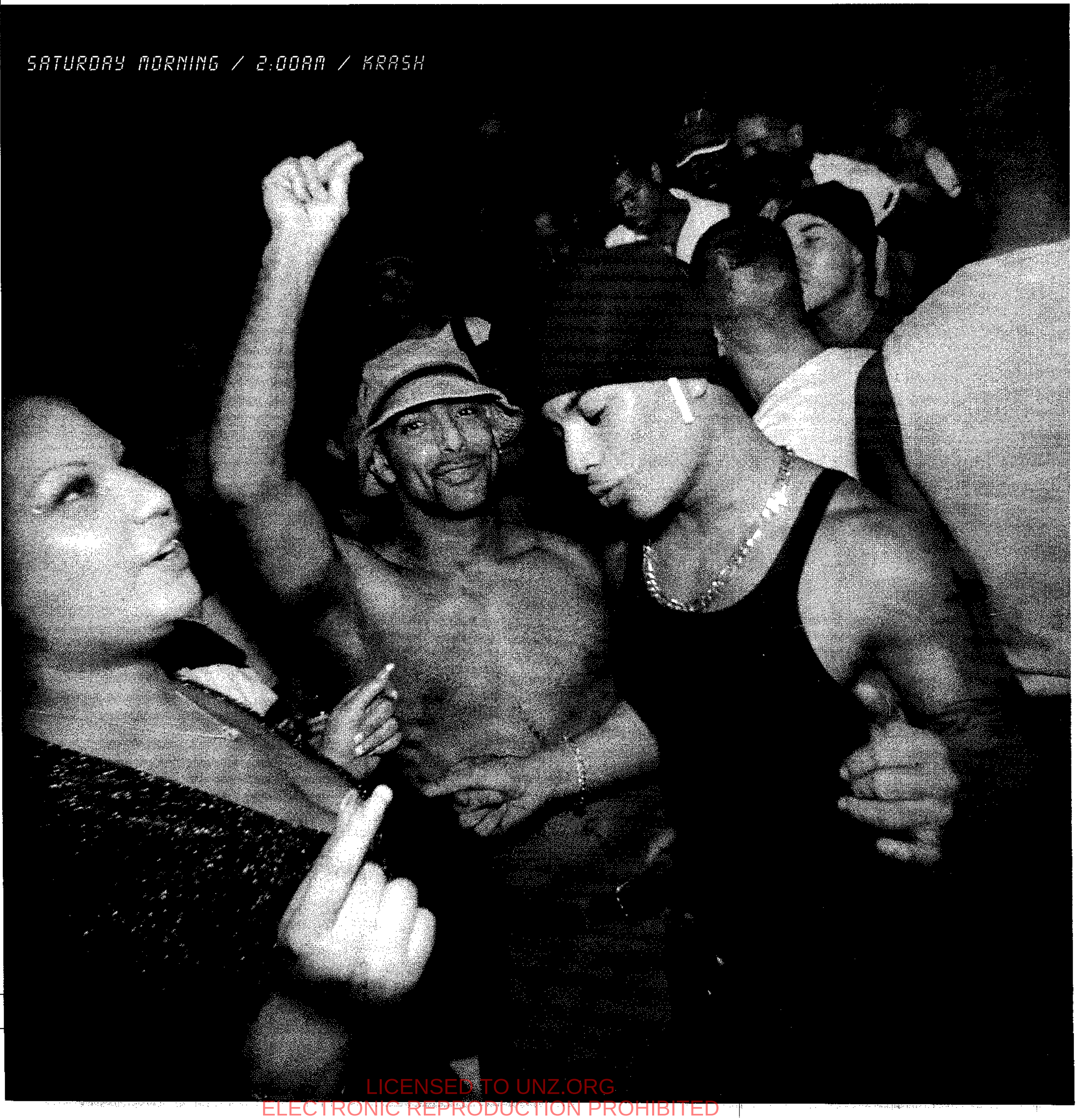
3:00AM N'ICE @ Baktun

"People who listen to electronic music tend to take themselves a little too seriously," says Holmar Filipsson, the D.J. at the monthly house-music party "N'Ice" at Baktun. Who could disagree? But at "N'Ice," taking yourself too seriously is practically a violation of the door policy. Dancers unabashedly shout and bob up and down, Filipsson and partner A. Gram spin crowd-pleasing records that embrace house's disco roots, and dress runs more to colorful tank tops than to black turtlenecks. At first glance, the crowd—spiky-haired Japanese East Villagers, disheveled Brits, and German tourists—seems globally chic, but pretensions (and inhibitions) melt away in Baktun, a narrow, overheated club where the bar is separated from the dance floor by only a film screen. The party always features a guest D.J., and a recent Roger Sanchez set was raucous enough to spill dancers' drinks. The name as well as the atmosphere, according to Filipsson, is meant to make partygoers feel "at ease in the heat." **>> 418 West 14th Street (212-712-7258)** **E.B.**

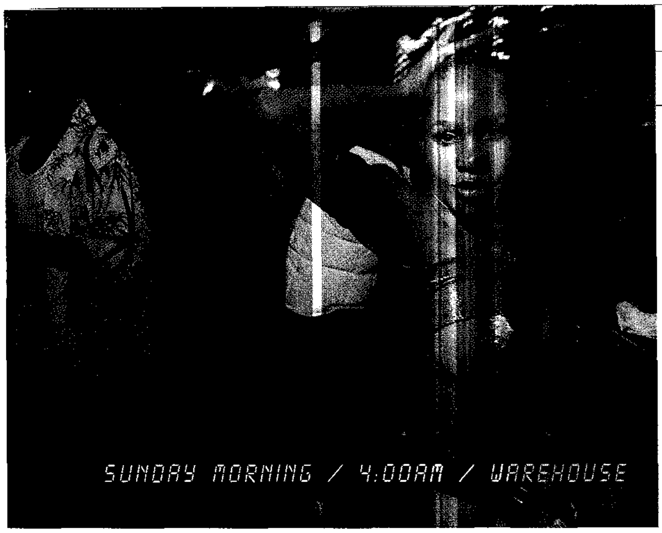
SATURDAY

9:30PM OLD KING COLE BAR

At the Old King Cole bar in the St. Regis Hotel, the bartenders have names like Wolfgang, higher IQs than your tax accountant, and the kind of mixological expertise that led to the invention of the Bloody Mary. The mix of customers is just as eclectic. The dark, clubby bar attracts—along with the expected midtown crowd of account executives and globe-trotting Arabs—a mélange of judges, society babes in stringy slips, and the occasional tab-carrying goodfella (one night, the owner of a waste-management business paid for everyone sitting to the left of the



SATURDAY MORNING / 2:00AM / KRASH



door, whether he knew him or not). Ozzy Osbourne pops in from time to time, and Elton John was seated in the tearoom on a recent Saturday night. Above the bar—and dominating the room—is the famous Maxfield Parrish mural of the court of King Cole. At first, like the bar itself, it seems a bit on the grand side. But a gin-and-tonic or two later, a closer look reveals that the courtiers and servants are all giggling or smirking, while the king himself looks oddly satisfied. And then someone lets you in on the joke: The king just farted. **>> 2 East 55th Street (212-339-6721) M.S.**

11:15PM CLUB EUROPA

With a dance floor teeming with sweaty bodies and a sound system stacked with Whitney Houston, Club Europa seems like an average outer-borough singles joint—only "no one speaks a lick of English in this place," according to one disappointed hipster. But the Greenpoint dance club is the ideal place to drink vodka, dance to cheesy Euro-pop, and generally experience Saturday night "Odessa-style." Tucked in a brick building next to the 86th Precinct, Club Europa is ground zero for the neighborhood's Polish twentysomethings and the Williamsburg hipsters who sport strikingly similar Members Only jackets and shag haircuts. But there are a few easy ways to tell the Eastern European immigrants from the East Village rent refugees: The former have real Odessa style (recently, a bouncer sent a few local artist types home for wearing suede New Balances instead of tasseled loafers), and the latter don't dance to the extended dance mix of "Believe." **>> 98-104 Meserole Avenue, Brooklyn (718-383-5723) M.E.**

1:30AM SCHOOL
@ Alphabet Lounge

Three years ago, the old brick building that houses the intimate Alphabet Lounge was a bodega. The new tenants have replaced the dusty shelves with minimalist red booths and a small stage, but they haven't lost that corner-deli feeling. The "School" party is a neighborhood favorite—partly because it's the only place to hear good house D.J.'s in Alphabet City—and it attracts the East Villagers who collect electronica records as well as those who equate dance music with gallery openings. On a recent Saturday night, young media types in designer T-shirts and elaborate Nikes moved onstage to the soulful beats of D.J.'s Neil Aline and Matthias Heilbronn as French expats sipped Cosmopolitans. The Alphabet Lounge doesn't allow real dancing —it doesn't have a cabaret license—but its combination of high style and low attitude have led to the kind of door lines rarely seen east of Second Avenue. To cut down on crowding, Aline recently began issuing social-club-style I.D. cards that will make even some uptowners feel right at home. **>> 104 Avenue C (212-780-0202) D.S.**

2:30AM FOXY
@ The Cock

At a time when Mayor Giuliani is trying to banish sleaze from New York nightlife, the "Foxy" party hasn't just made debauchery a spectacle—it's made it a contest. In a dark dive barely bigger than a breadbox, the mostly gay male revelers try to outshock one another to win "Foxy dollars" from the crowd; the person with the most Foxy dollars at the end of the night wins $100 and plenty of street cred. It's hardly amateur night: One night a naked boy playing Phil Ochs songs with a guitar covering his privates was on the vanilla side of the spectrum. Meanwhile, lithe male bartenders in bikinis poured with heavy hands, D.J. Adam played the kind of eighties disco that was obscure in the eighties, and boys who just met ducked into the back area for a little privacy. Predictably, Giuliani isn't too popular (the Cock has been raided by police several times in the past year). "Fuck Rudy!" screamed a boy at the bar. "Yeah—fuck Rudy!" screamed another from the long, slow line to the bathroom. **>> 188 Avenue A (no phone) D. de K.**

4:00AM WAREHOUSE

At a time when velvet-rope fascism is on the move into previously ungentrified neighborhoods, the mostly gay, mostly African-American Bronx megaclub warehouse is so hospitable it even serves fried chicken. It's usually quiet until about 2 A.M., when D.J.'s MK and Unknown heat up their mix of mainstream hip-hop on the downstairs dance floor and upstairs D.J. Andre Collins segues from house anthems into harder-hitting techno. As shirtless muscle boys and Latin women in Nikes focused more on their footwork than on their flirting one Saturday, a handful of British tourists in club clothes threw back pints, marveled at the energy of the crowd, and wondered why the club wasn't listed in *Let's Go.* After a few drumsticks and slices of lemon-poppy-seed cake, though, they began bobbing their heads, then pacing back and forth, and then finally moving toward the middle of the dance floor. **>> 141 East 140th Street, Bronx (718-992-5974) D.S.**

6:30AM THE SHELTER
@ Vinyl

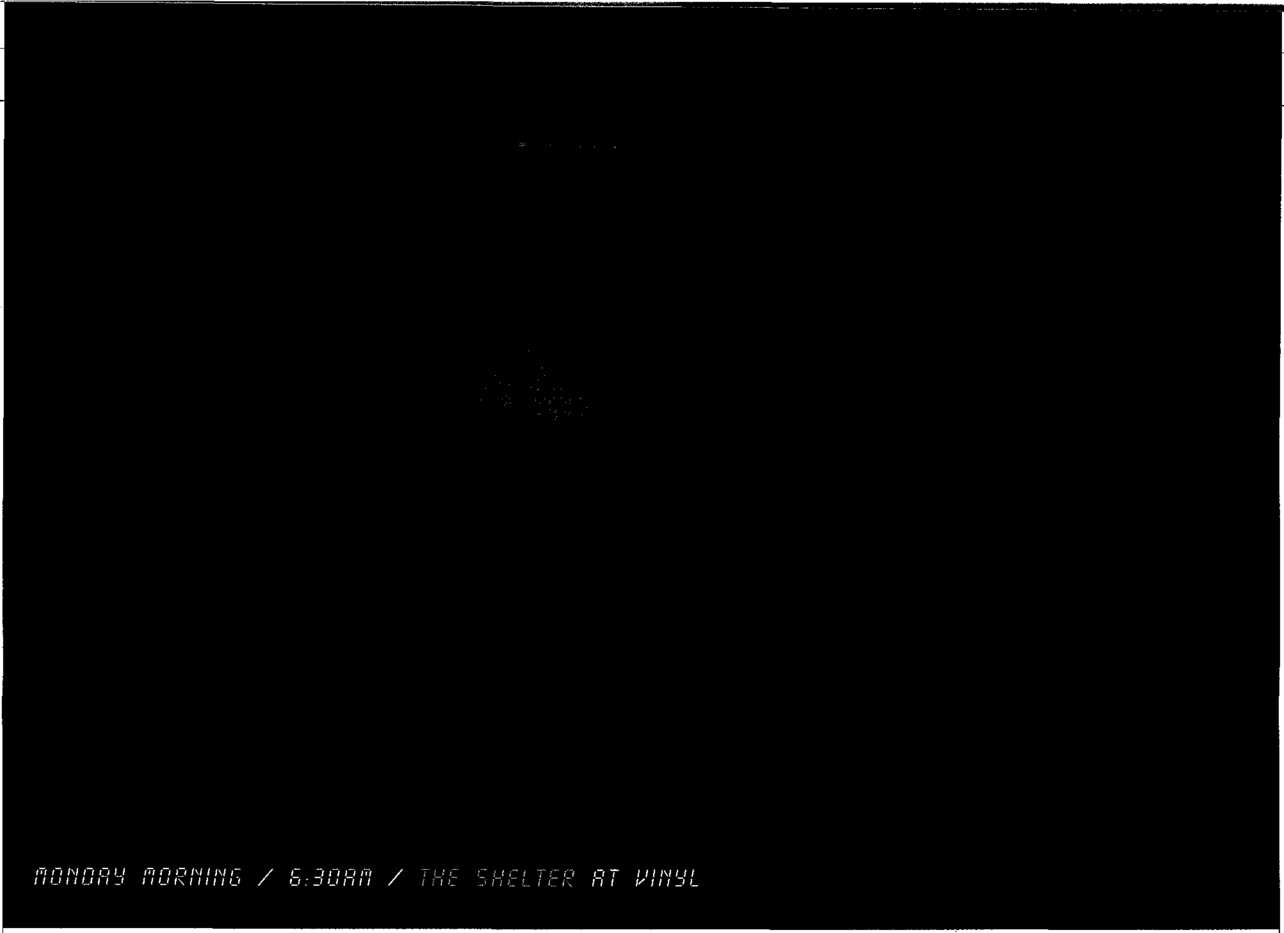
With its multiculti cast of dreadlocked break-dancers in Adidas sweat suits, Japanese club kids in designer street clothes, and Puerto Ricans wearing their flag as headgear, the "Shelter" party at Vinyl is as close as New York City gets to "One Nation Under a Groove." And it's not just the crowd that's diverse: "Shelter" has hosted such performers as Femi Kuti and Mary J. Blige, and resident D.J. Timmy Regisford provides an eclectic mix of music that ranges from house to Afro-beat. "We've got a mosaic crowd here," says Regisford, "but what unites us is that we love music and we love to dance." A recent night drew everyone from dedicated dancers in Lycra to partyers who brought overnight bags to stay until morning, when the club served cake and fruit. "Sometimes people need a break from all this dancing," Regisford said with a wry smile. "And we've got sustenance for them when they're ready." **>> 6 Hubert Street (212-439-4141) E.B.**

SUNDAY

6:00PM BODY & SOUL
@ Vinyl

It may not look like much—a throng of especially hardy weekend warriors packed wall-to-wall in what looks like a high-school gym—but Vinyl's "Body & Soul" party was named best club in the world by the British youth culture magazine *The*

Photographs: this page, Mark Peterson; opposite, Sylvia Plachy



MONDAY MORNING / 6:30AM / THE SHELTER AT VINYL

Face. Why? Whether they're hard-core revelers still working off a Saturday-night buzz or early risers who just love disco-flavored house music, clubgoers at "Body & Soul" concentrate on one thing: dancing. The media attention the party has received has led to overcrowding on the dance floor, but it's still one of the most uninhibited games in town. On a recent Sunday afternoon, break-dancers in eighties track suits and Brits in Stüssy gear grooved to D.J.'s François K and Joe Claussell as other partyers kept the beat with wooden blocks. The audience participation doesn't end there: One regular often waves a pair of toy *Star Wars* light sabers onstage as though he's conducting the action. Other weeks, he just holds aloft two "stone" tablets—the Ten Commandments of "Body & Soul." Everyone obeys at least one: "Thou shalt jack thou body." **>> 6 Hubert Street (212-330-9169)** **D.S.**

12:00AM STICKY MIKE'S
@ 2i's

Outside 2i's "Sticky Mike's" party, you can smell the reggae before you hear it. On a recent Sunday, smoke obscured the visibility on the second floor, but it didn't seem to bother the dreadlocked raggas listening, swaying, and singing to "cultural music"—traditional message-oriented reggae and dub—spun by D.J. DX. When he played Bob Marley standards and new hits from Tony Rebel, he cut the volume to reveal the mostly black, mostly male audience singing along with reverence as well as enthusiasm. Downstairs, you could hear the sappiness before you could see it—a few scattered Polo-clad couples made out on cheap black couches as R&B slow jams by R. Kelly and TLC played in the background. Still, the vibes were all good. "Love is universal," said a reggae musician leaning against the wall upstairs. "I've partied in the Tunnel, in Las Vegas, Los Angeles, Ohio—everywhere. I'm from Belize, but originally I'm from the universe." **>> 248 West 14th Street (212-807-1775)** **L.H.**

12:00AM THE TOWNHOUSE

The Townhouse may be the only bar in Manhattan with wall-to-wall carpeting—and it has the Dewar's-and-disco atmosphere to match. "Nice cigarette case," a goateed young guy remarked to a distinctly pear-shaped older man on a recent Sunday night. "That's nothing," he replied, "Take a look at this watch." In the spacious back lounge, a gregarious maestro tinkled Noël Coward's "I Went to a Marvelous Party" on the grand piano to misty-eyed male onlookers of every age. "This is surely one of Coward's best," proclaimed one devotee. His snarky companion wrinkled his nose. But they both noticed a blond-haired boy across the room. "He's a new one," said the Coward enthusiast. "No, he's not," his friend proclaimed, and they burst into laughter. Beside them hung a painting of a fox scampering away from a pack of snarling hounds. **>> 236 East 58th Street (212-754-4649)** **D. de K.**

1:00AM TESTPRESS
@ Drinkland

"Testpress" is where techno-club flyers go to die. Stacks of Day-Glo postcards are piled on the *faux*-modernist tables, on the bar—even on the floor of the bathroom. The party is home away from home for East Village drum-'n'-bass devotees, but most just use the cards as coasters. On a recent Sunday, drum-'n'-bass D.J.'s Cassien and Seoul mixed sputtering beats as three European expats debated whether "two turntables and a microphone" included one more microphone than was strictly necessary. "Why do you need a mike?" one demanded. His drinking companion averred, "The mike is my fookin' tool—I hold it like a weapon." As the rest of the drinkers nodded to the beats thumping in the background, a thrift-store-chic bartender explained to a newcomer that "this really isn't a drinking crowd. Most people don't dance, either. They just wanna listen." **>> 339 East 10th Street (212-774-7468)** **L.H.**

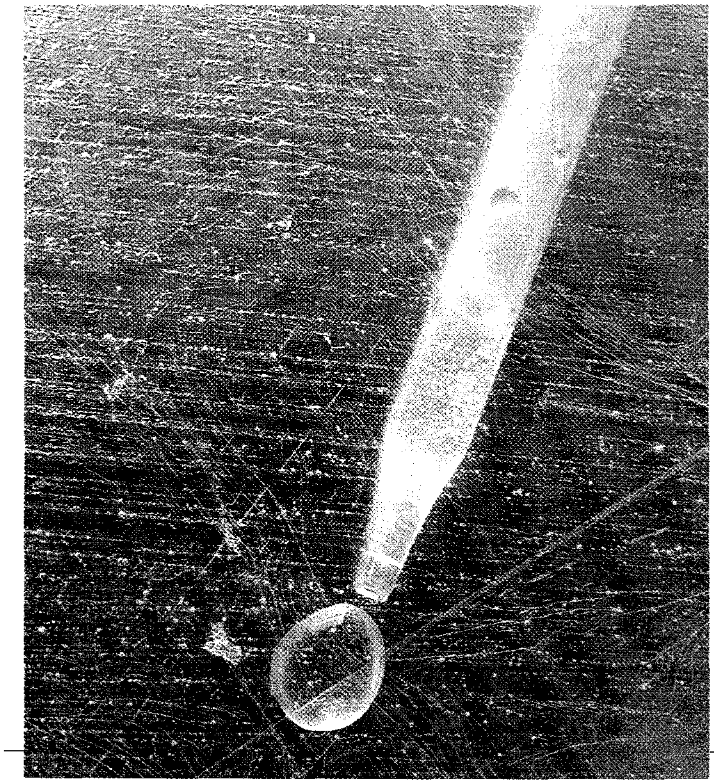
Saba

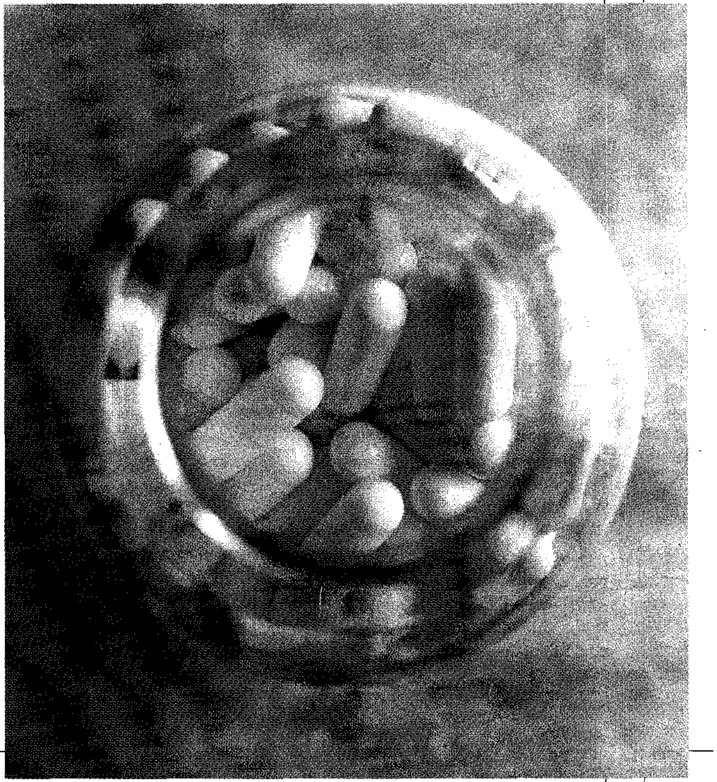
Photograph by Mark Peterson

CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER

The drug now threatening clubland is colorless, odorless, and so dangerous even some dealers won't sell it. But you can buy it with a credit card on the Internet. **By Ethan Brown**

It's a rainy Saturday night in late October, and despite a chilly wind blowing off the Hudson River, hundreds of men in tank tops and denim cutoffs are lining up outside the Roxy. Once inside the cavernous West Chelsea club, they line up again on a long stairway, then pass one by one through a metal detector and a pat search by a security guard. • Then, because of a new "liquid check" the club instituted this summer, another security guard makes them dispose of soda cans, water bottles, even cologne containers. He's not looking for bootleg CK One—he's searching for GBL, a drug usually taken as a colorless, odorless liquid. Inside the body, it me-





Photographs by Sang An

tabolizes into GHB, also known as “liquid ecstasy,” which produces a mild euphoria in moderate doses and complete unconsciousness in larger ones. It is suspected to have killed Splash owner Harry Bartel in September and has sent hundreds of clubbers to local emergency rooms—many unconscious, blue in the face, and even choking on their own vomit. “It’s sad that it’s come to the point where we have to take away cologne and eye drops,” says Roxy general manager Jason McCarthy. But the club is so concerned that it hands out flyers on both gay and straight nights warning of the dangers of GBL and GBL-related products like RenewTrient, Revivarent, and Blue Nitro, which are often sold as muscle-building supplements. Those caught using the drug are photographed and permanently banned from the club. But there’s no point in photographing those who OD, McCarthy says wryly. “When you deal with a GHB overdose, you remember their face anyway.”

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34 FL OZ
GH

GHB—GAMMA-HYDROXYBUTYRATE—FIRST BECAME A FIXTURE AT raves and gay “circuit parties” in the early nineties. The FDA declared the drug unsafe and illegal to market in 1990, and several states have banned it because of its use as a date-rape drug. But neither the FDA nor local law enforcement has paid as much attention to GBL (gamma-butyrolactone). A chemical “precursor” to GHB, it produces identical effects—a depression of the central nervous system that can result in an ecstasylike high or, in the case of an overdose, a complete blackout. And until this January, when the FDA issued a recall of products containing GBL, it was sold in heath-food stores as a dietary supplement.

GHB is still getting all the headlines—especially after the January GHB-related death of Michigan 15-year-old Samantha Reid led Congress to take action—but the GBL problem has quietly been getting worse. It hasn’t received much attention because the drug is indistinguishable from GHB in autopsies and medical examinations. But GBL is openly sold under various names on the Internet, and clubbers who take a packaged GBL product like RenewTrient often don’t know it’s as dangerous as GHB. “You’ll hear people say, ‘I don’t do G; I do RenewTrient,’ ” says Roxy promoter Marc Berkley. “Some of my clients do GBL and have no idea it’s identical to GHB,” says Dr. Ron Winchel, a psychiatrist who’s active in the gay community. “One took RenewTrient, got in the car, started to drive, and was arrested by the police because he was weaving on the road. He had no idea it was an intoxicating substance.” And the easy availability of GBL means the problem is no longer confined to the hard-core club scene. “The straight community has been abusing [GBL] worse,” McCarthy says. “Your average college student doesn’t know how dangerous it is.” Dr. Arlene Curry, an attending physician at St. Vincent’s Hospital’s emergency room, says the drug’s casualties range from “club kids to conventiongoers.” “It’s not unusual to see an overdose a week,” she says. Five years ago, admitting physicians would assume partyers with sudden respiratory problems had overdosed on heroin. Now they just assume they’ve overdosed on GHB or GBL.

A bill that will make GBL and GHB “Schedule 1” drugs subject to criminal penalties similar to those for cocaine and heroin passed the House of Representatives in October and awaits approval in the Senate. But GBL will likely prove difficult to stop. According to the DEA, “tens of thousands of metric tons are produced annually” for use as an industrial solvent that cleans circuit boards and degreases engines. (The bill would not affect those uses.) The FDA has also been slower to react to the spread of GBL. The agency is aware that companies replace “GBL” with its chemical name—2(3H)-furanone dihydro—to avoid the agency’s attention, according to a spokesperson. But when told by *New York* that the drug could be purchased over the Internet with a credit card for overnight delivery, the same spokesperson expressed shock.

JUST HOW EASY IS IT TO BUY GBL over the Internet? A Yahoo! search for “Blue Nitro”—a popular packaged “dietary supplement” that contains GBL but was recalled by the FDA in January—yields at least half a dozen sites that sell GBL under various other product names. Most sell it as a sleep aid, a stress reducer, or a supplement that stimulates muscle growth by releasing human growth hormone. Invigorating.com, the Internet storefront for the Queens-based company Scott Supplies, sells products called ReActive, Eclipse, Jolt, and GHgold—liquids that all list 2(3H)-furanone dihydro as their primary ingredient. Healthyroad.com, owned by the Stamford, Connecticut–based Health Source, openly advertises the GBL product Jolt as “an excellent alternative for Blue Nitro.”

With only a credit-card number, *New York* was able to purchase a two-ounce bottle of GHgold (advertised as “99.99% 2(3H) Furanone Di-hydro”) from Invigorating.com; also purchased were a 180-capsule bottle of RenewTrient, a 2-ounce bottle of liquid Beta-Tech (another GBL product), and a 34-ounce bottle of EnLiven (which contains BD, another chemical precursor that metabolizes into GHB) from Healthyroad.com. Both sites also offer products in bulk. Both sell them online as well as by telephone—an operator at Health Source even promised that Beta-Tech would be “purer, not watered down like Blue Nitro,” and at no point did anyone ask about the age or intent of the purchaser. Both shipments arrived by UPS the next morning.

Until legislation makes GBL and GHB Schedule 1 drugs, both are legal to possess in New York and most states, but the FDA considers them “illegally marketed unapproved drugs.” That means the agency can ask for an injunction against companies marketing GBL, seize their products, and file criminal charges against those responsible. Right now, though, neither GBL nor GHB is on the list of controlled substances in New York. "It takes a while for the legislature to keep up with the trends," explains Bridget Brennan, special narcotics prosecutor for New York City. "For example, both ketamine and ecstasy were only recently added to the state's list of controlled substances."

ECSTASY MADE CLUBBERS LOVE ONE ANOTHER, AND KETAMINE ("special k") made them zone out in the corner, but GBL and GHB are known mostly for causing blackouts—even in experienced drug users. Many people are unafraid to mix them with alcohol because they think of them as designer drugs like ecstasy and not central-nervous-system depressants like quaaludes. Some of what's sold as GBL at clubs is actually "bathtub G" made by basement chemists who buy kits over the Internet and add paint thinner, cleaning agents, and furniture-polish remover, according to the FDA. Even in pure form, it's extremely "dose-sensitive." "The relationship between a 'coma dose' and a 'party dose' can be just two to one," says Winchel. "That's a very narrow range of error, and that's why people are passing out left and right."

Chris*, a raver who deals ecstasy and ketamine out of his West Village studio apartment, once drank a little too much GBL in a New York dance club and remembers "feeling really woozy and then trying to walk up a flight of stairs." Then he blacked out, he says, "and woke up on the floor of the club's security office."

"It's not pretty," says the Roxy's McCarthy of clubbers who overdose on GBL or GHB. "They turn purple; they stop breathing. It's a difficult thing to baby-sit." Curry agrees, noting that GBL- and GHB-overdose cases rushed into St. Vincent's have a particularly horrifying quality. "They come in blue in the face or they've been discovered facedown in vomit," she says. "Sometimes people are so out of it they have to be put on machines so they can breathe."

"The relationship between a 'coma dose' and a 'party dose' can be just two to one . . . that's why people are passing out left and right."

Still, some clubbers remain unrepentant. "Mix it with ecstasy and you're on cloud nine," says Eric*, a twentysomething gay man who frequents the circuit-party scene. He boasts that he "never passes out" from GBL, but he makes a point of measuring it into a bottle to avoid drinking too much. Morris*, another circuit-party regular who uses GBL products like Beta-Tech to enhance his ecstasy high, actually says he's happy about the FDA's recall of Blue Nitro, because "it was too weak anyway."

GHB IS THOUGHT TO OCCUR NATURALLY IN THE BODY, AND BOTH IT and GBL may have legitimate medical uses. First synthesized by Dr. Henri Laborit, a French researcher studying the neurotransmitter GABA, GHB has been used in Europe as an insomnia medication and a childbirth aid. The FDA is currently investigating its use as a narcolepsy treatment.

There is also evidence that GHB helps build body mass. "It induces a longer period of unusually deep sleep called 'slow-wave sleep,' which is sleep you need to feel restored the next day and during which you produce growth hormone," says Winchel. "Deeper sleep may facilitate better exercise and better outcome from exercise."

In the eighties, "steroid queens would do a little to juice themselves up," explains Berkley. "But then they noticed that if they did a little more, they'd get a euphoric buzz." Later in the decade, clubbers caught on because it had one significant advantage over ecstasy, according to Berkley. "It's like ecstasy—but with a hard-on."

Dr. Ward Dean, the medical editor of the newsletter for the Cognitive Enhancement Research Institute, a Menlo Park, California–based organization that researches dietary supplements, argues that "GBL and GHB are the safest, most nontoxic, non-habit-forming sleep-inducing substances known to man." Dean cites studies that prove GHB can effectively treat narcolepsy and accuses the FDA of hypocrisy for experimenting with GHB as a medication while crusading against it as a drug. Dean also blames the FDA for creating the GBL and GHB problem by recalling the drugs and thus putting the trade in the hands of amateur pharmacists. "Who knows what concentration this stuff is?" he says. "When it was made by legitimate manufacturers, it was a very carefully controlled dose."

Since the FDA banned the marketing of GHB in 1990, at least 49 deaths and 5,500 overdoses nationwide have been linked to GHB and GHB-related substances like GBL, according to the DEA. Still, there wasn't a serious move to make the drugs illegal on a federal level until 1998. That bill, introduced by Michigan congressman Bart Stupak, "essentially went nowhere," according to his spokesman, until Reid died this January.

AFTER REID'S DEATH, HER MOTHER, JUDI CLARK, REVIVED THE movement to make the drugs illegal nationwide. "She was slipped GHB and/or GBL," allegedly by three boys at one of her friend's houses, Clark says tearfully. "They didn't know which." (The three now face manslaughter and felony poisoning charges.) She is currently researching grant options to start an anti-GBL-and-GHB foundation named for her daughter. "Every time I talk about it, it just breaks my heart," she says, holding back tears. "But to not fight it would be even worse."

Here in New York, despite efforts to educate clubbers, "it's still the most popular drug on the scene," according to Splash D.J. Julian Marsh. "We've run full-page ads in [the local gay weekly] *HX* warning our readers about Blue Nitro and ReNewTrient," Berkley says. "I honestly don't know what else we can do."

There is at least some evidence the message is getting through—albeit in the most painful way possible. A dealer named Greg* who sells ecstasy and cocaine says he won't sell GBL because of the trouble his customers have had with GHB. "GHB causes so many problems," he explains without a hint of irony, "that I wouldn't even think of carrying another drug like it." ■

**These names have been changed.*

NIGHTCLUB L

These days, nightclub owners have to jump some serious hurdles to get the music pumping. But a new network of fixers-for-hire can help get a club past the hard spots—if their clients don't go bankrupt first.

By Alec Foege

It was 11 P.M. at the opening-night party at Exit, a mammoth new dance club on West 56th Street, and all three stories of industrial-looking girders and sleek orange-neon bars were bathed in prisms of laser light. Young Wall Streeters and buttoned-up Japanese tourists moved together to wall-shaking house music on the gymnasium-size dance floor. Homegirls in backless apron tops locked gazes with bare-chested muscleheads wearing dog collars. Michael Douglas showed up solo. Jennifer Lopez got down with Puffy in the cavernous VIP room, stocked with rustic leather couches and a big-screen TV. The evening had come off perfectly.

Suddenly, a squad of firemen in full gear showed up at the front door. They insisted they needed to inspect the premises immediately—despite the fact that no fire alarm had sounded—and began snaking their way through the tightly packed dance floor. After making a tour of the 45,000-square-foot space, the squad leader grilled Exit's owner, David Marvisi, about his permits and the club's capacity before finally leaving.

But this was just the beginning. "After the firemen, the cops came into the club," Marvisi recounts. "You got six or seven police officers walking around into the crowd, which is not a good thing. It scares people."

When the fire squad returned, only a couple of hours later, Marvisi was looking a little peaked. After the third and fourth times, his deeply tanned complexion had gone pale. Even his most uninhibited guests seemed visibly rattled. At 3:50 A.M., based on a sight check and the number on the doorman's counter, the fire marshal informed Marvisi that he had exceeded the legal capacity of his club—3,471. "What they found was a club that was grossly overcrowded," says Frank McCarton of the FDNY press office, declining to say how many extra bodies were on the premises. Marvisi says he was issued a summons for $5,000, which he later paid.

But this kind of scrutiny is something Marvisi had better get used to. "This is routinely done to every single club in every borough, in every single city public-assembly area," swears McCarton. "This is not out of the ordinary."

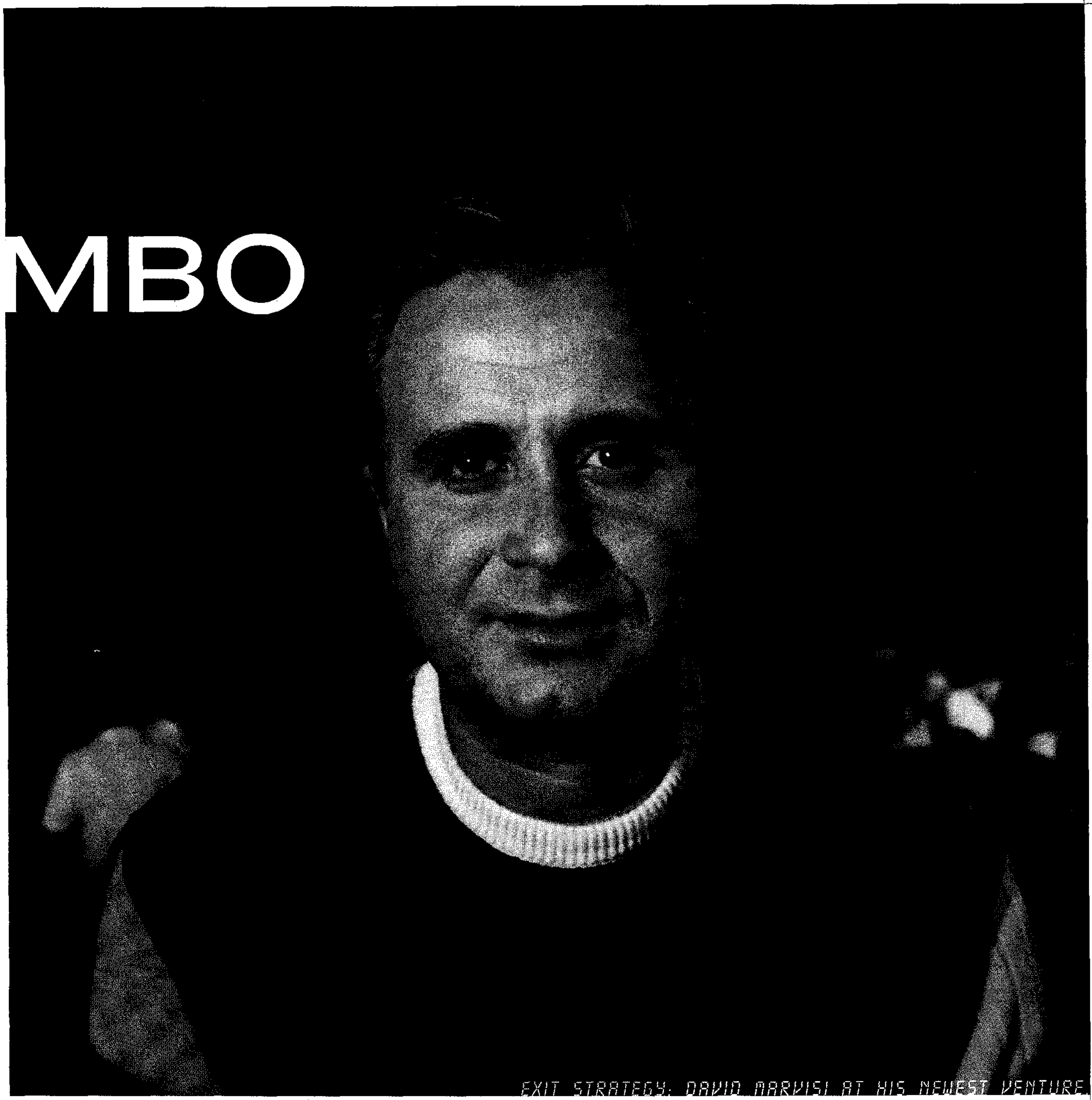
ALL OVER TOWN, SATURDAY-NIGHT FEVER HAS TURNED INTO A HEAD cold. Club owners tell horror stories about unannounced late-night visits from the city's social-club task force, which can include a fire marshal, a police officer, and representatives from the Buildings and Health departments. But as difficult as it is to keep a club alive in the subzero climate imposed by the Giuliani administration, it's even harder to hatch one. While a spate of new dance clubs have managed to open their doors this fall, tales of promising establishments that might have been but never were, such as Ingrid Casares's Liquid, dot the perilous territory like detonated land mines.

The fusillade has only worsened with the ongoing drug-and-tax troubles of Peter Gatien, owner of Limelight and the Tunnel. Industry veterans claim the city used the high-profile case as a cudgel for beating down new applicants. Attorney Robert Bookman, who helps many local club owners file their paperwork, says that new discos must obtain 26 separate credentials

Saba

Photograph by Marc Asnin

MBO



EXIT STRATEGY: DAVID MARVISI AT HIS NEWEST VENTURE.

before opening, including a cabaret license, a certificate of occupancy, and various Health Department receipts. Some of the particularly thorny laws have been on the books since Prohibition. And since owners have to have their clubs almost completely built before going through the approval process—showing they have physically met the city's requirements—it's possible to spend more than $1 million on a nightclub without a guarantee that it's ever going to open.

But Manhattan is a place where anything can get accomplished—for the right price—so it's no surprise that a group of specialist fixers has recently sprouted up around the foundering nightclub industry. Take Steve Salvesen. Working out of a cramped office located in a TriBeCa subbasement, Salvesen offers a full array of services designed for would-be club owners. A general contractor and expediter, he helps take the sting out of whatever bureaucratic ailments might befall them.

"I have two guys whose full-time job it is to wait on lines at the Buildings Department," Salvesen says. "The key is to know which line to wait on." He also employs an architect and an asbestos investigator. Salvesen himself is an expert on how to increase a club's legal capacity, a service he provided to Marvisi, who used to own a club called Carbon on the same site as Exit. "Carbon had an occupancy of about 2,000," he says. "If I could get it up over 3,000, that's obviously a huge revenue boost."

Salvesen won't say exactly how he did it, only that the increase had more to do with manipulating the building codes than with the actual size of the location. "A nightclub takes anywhere from a week to six months to get approved," he says. "You have to file construction permits, plumbing, mechanicals, sprinkler systems, electrical . . . and we don't even get involved with Liquor, Health, or Consumer Affairs."

Had Marvisi needed a new location, he would most likely have called Alex Picken, a commercial-real-estate agent and former D.J. at Red Zone who systematically scouts for possibilities. New establishments generally open only on the site of previous ones, since existing dance clubs already have a cabaret license, the hard-to-qualify-for permit that the city insists upon for every premises with dancing. "In recent years, the only new cabaret license to be granted in midtown that I can think of was for the China Club," says Picken. That's why he keeps a list of all the existing cabaret licenses in the city (there are currently 142 in Manhattan and 697 citywide), as compiled by the Department of Consumer Affairs. In his spare time, he cold-calls preexisting clubs with licenses and asks them how they're doing.

Noise complaints your problem? Give a holler to Al Fierstein, a professional acoustic consultant who makes the bulk of his living telling clubs like the Tunnel and the Roxy how to keep quiet. "Some of the measures I use—and this varies in every case—include putting up extra Sheetrock, lead lining for the walls, baffling on air-conditioning systems, concrete-block walls and sand-filled walls and ceilings, sound locks so noise doesn't travel around doors into the street," he says.

"If you have the right dress code, **if you look good, you get in,"** says Exit's David Marvisi. "We can't afford to be that choosy."

The savviest owners, however, also take their own precautions. The proprietors of Chaos, a trendy nightspot on East Houston Street that opened last month, tout their indestructibility nearly as much as their South Beach vibe. "This is a dance club without a real big dance floor," says co-owner Tony Theodore of a domed room dripping in red velvet. "Every piece of furniture in this space, every table, every couch, is structurally designed to be able to withstand somebody dancing on it. The chandeliers are high enough away. The curtains are bolted into the rods." Adds Theodore's partner Michael Ault: "Everything is puppyproof and fireproof, and we've got guards everywhere."

Back at Exit, David Marvisi, dressed in head-to-toe black, slumps in a banquette at the back of his club and ticks off other hassles with the antenna of his cell phone. Zoning changes, which have empowered residents in commercial and manufacturing neighborhoods to register noise complaints, resulting in fines starting at $4,000. Disorderly-premises violations, issued in any instance that Marvisi has to call in the police. Even his club's name reflects the current compliance mania, especially with egresses. "Every time I look up, I see another exit sign," he says, "so I figured it would be the best name."

ONCE, BEING A PARTNER IN A NIGHTCLUB WAS VIEWED AS THE ultimate ticket to city society, a stylish sideline desired by every swinging young banker with a $500,000 bonus. The hipster cachet is still there, but even for a businessman like Marvisi (who made his fortune in the Uncle Steve electronics empire), being part of the game exacts a steep price. "What it takes," he says with a sigh, "is money and time."

More and more, that money is being diverted from the more glamorous elements like celebrity D.J.'s and posh VIP lounges. Of the $9 million that Marvisi pumped into Exit's renovations, $250,000 went to soundproof the club with triple layers of Sheetrock and a specially designed metal-and-plastic ceiling, and another quarter-million bought a cutting-edge in-house video security system. His 70-man security staff, all of whom must be EMS-certified—including the five guards who patrol the 300-foot perimeter outside the club during operating hours—costs him $9,600 per night.

With start-up costs so high, few establishments go into business solely as dance clubs, anyway. Many live more conventional existences by day, as restaurants and catering halls. One 51, a fledgling establishment on East 50th Street at the site of the old Tatou, also functions as a restaurant and the room-service facility for three neighboring hotels. "When I'm leaving on Friday or Saturday at six in the morning after doing all the reconciling, my crew is here setting up for the breakfast at 6:30," says Chas White, One 51's owner. "We're trying to juggle a lot of things."

Exclusive velvet-rope policies are largely a thing of the past, too, thanks to owners desperate to recoup their overhead. "Here, if you have the right dress code, if you look good, you get in," admits Marvisi, who charges a $25 cover. "We can't afford to be that choosy."

Many in the industry believe they shouldn't have to go to such extremes. After all, according to Andrew Rasiej, president of the New York Nightlife Association, Manhattan nightclubs have a $2.9 billion economic impact on the city. In 1997, his trade organization hired Audience Research and Analysis, the same firm that took Broadway's pulse in 1994, to do a survey, which revealed that nightclubs provide 27,000 jobs to the city and $240 million in state and city taxes, plus higher attendance than all of New York's professional sports teams, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Empire State Building, and Broadway theaters combined. Then there are the other Manhattan mainstays that hinge on nightlife's survival. "The average New Yorker spends $2,500 a year on clothes just to go out at night," Rasiej points out.

So what future does the mirror ball really hold? While big clubs are likely to weather the current storm, smaller homegrown venues may get washed away. Philip Rodrigue, owner-manager of the tiny electronica-oriented club Baktun, says he worked 75-to-80-hour weeks for a period of fifteen months just to sort out the permits for his 200-capacity space after getting a series of $200 tickets for not having a cabaret license. The city wouldn't close his case until he presented every last paper to a judge. By that point, he had more than once contemplated bankruptcy.

Ironically, it is only ultrahuge venues like Exit, the very clubs the city abhors the most, that have the cash and connections to withstand an extended ordeal. Still, David Marvisi isn't taking any chances. Every Friday night, starting this week, before the bacchanalia at 56th Street begins, a Cirque de Soleil–like dance troupe will put on an hourlong performance in the main room—an added benefit included in the price of admission. "I'm hoping to do many more corporate events; we might even do a Broadway show here," he adds optimistically. "The stage is designed to fit an eighteen-piece orchestra." ■

Additional reporting by Ethan Smith.

INNovation

Brain Aneurysms: The Big Picture

Being diagnosed with a cerebral aneurysm was the scariest thing ever to happen to David. Finding the Hyman-Newman Institute for Neurology and Neurosurgery was the most comforting. There, under one roof, world-renowned specialists discussed every option known to medicine, from the minimally invasive coil to the surgical clip. Their collaboration yielded precisely the right answer for David—an answer everyone could live with. If someone you care about needs the best in neurosurgical care, call 1 887 4 THE INN. At the INN, the outcome shines with hope.

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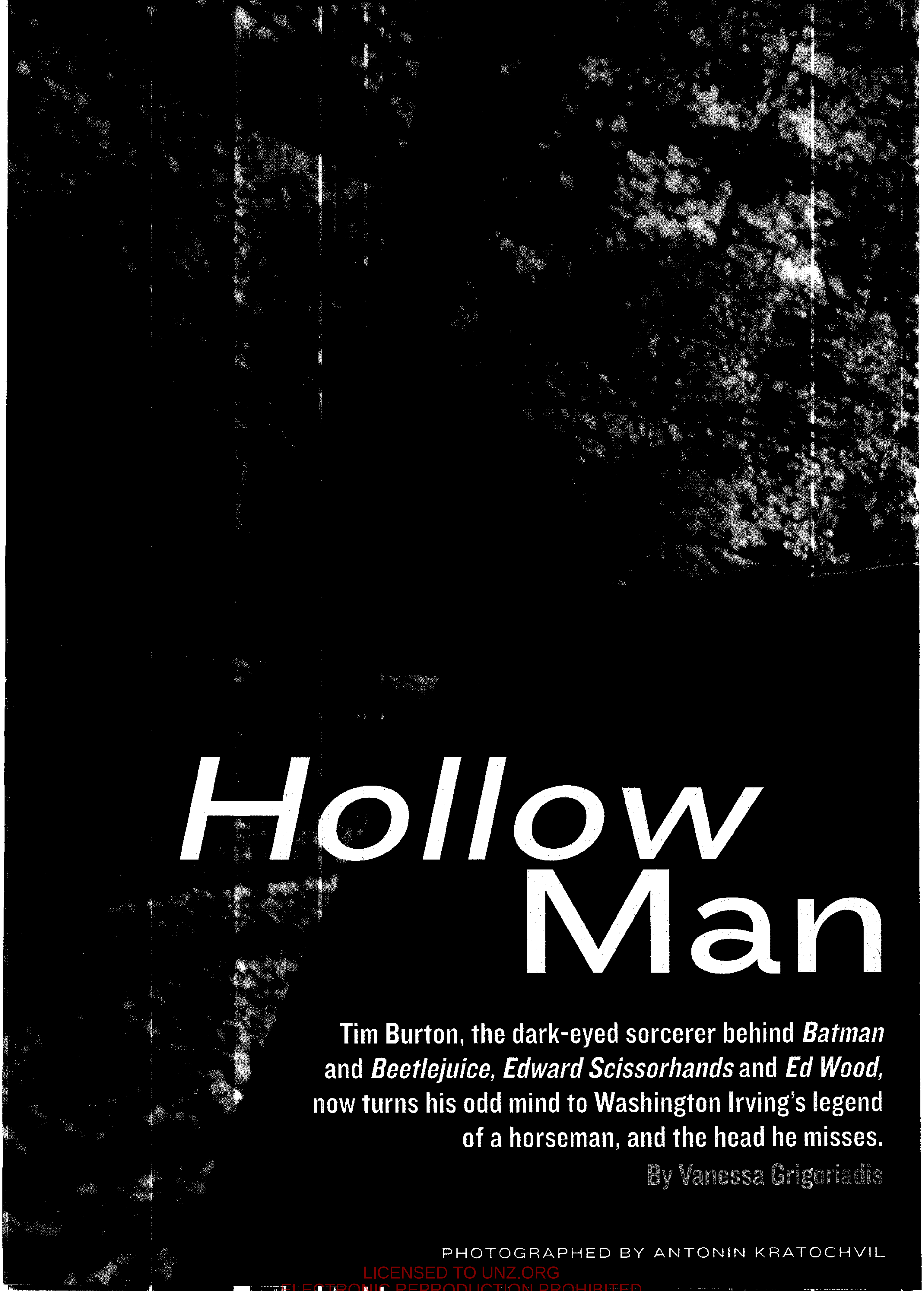

Hollow Man

Tim Burton, the dark-eyed sorcerer behind *Batman* and *Beetlejuice, Edward Scissorhands* and *Ed Wood,* now turns his odd mind to Washington Irving's legend of a horseman, and the head he misses.

By Vanessa Grigoriadis

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

'NOW, YOU KNOW, LIKE, 'LEGEND WEEKEND'—YOU MUST'VE HAD QUITE A TIME up here," says Tim Burton. It's the day after Halloween, and the film director, dressed in gray jeans with holes in the knees and oversize blue sunglasses, has just arrived for a visit to Sleepy Hollow's historic Philipsburg Manor (think Colonial Williamsburg but just outside Tarrytown). "Oh, yes, we had the best time," the curly-haired tour guide exclaims in a nasal upstate accent. • A flock of slushcolored sheep crosses the bridge where, legend has it, Washington Irving set the original tale about Ichabod Crane and the skull-craving Headless Horseman. “We had bonfires and s'mores and pumpkin-roasting; a booth with Captain Kidd; the Headless Horseman riding around in this pasture here; and, for the first time this year, a whole cast of trolls— the trolls were under the bridge, of course,” she says, all in one breath. Burton laughs knowingly. “Of course they were!” he says.

A pair of beige horses gallop by as the Philipsburg staff, abandoning their usual clientele—restless seventh-graders in Champion sweatshirts—to crowd around Burton, offer a Headless Horseman key chain from the gift shop as a keepsake and a taste of pumpkin pancake cooked over a traditional open hearth. “I came down to see Mr. Burton at the set in Yonkers,” says the gray-haired restoration supervisor. “Mr. Burton, if you see three scarecrows around here that look a little like yours, please don't sue me for the copyright!”

“Oh, you guys do whatever you want,” says Burton with a chuckle. “This is just great—the kids must love it—living history and all.”

“Eh, we just make it all up,” jokes an elderly man in a feathered tricorn.

“Now, you know that's not true,” scolds a woman who looks like Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother. “We have an *extensive* training course.”

Burton turns away and stifles a laugh. “This is getting kind of . . . goofy,” he whispers.

“The Warner Bros. people ran their *Batman* franchise into the ground, and I think they don't want to take a chance on my ruining another one. I'm *devastated.*”

Storyteller: Burton (left) directs Depp as Ichabod Crane in Sleepy Hollow.

IT TAKES A LOT FOR BURTON TO THINK something is goofy. The wild-haired, 41-year-old illustrator turned director of *Pee-wee's Big Adventure, Ed Wood, Edward Scissorhands, Batman* and *Batman Returns, Beetlejuice, Mars Attacks!,* and now *Sleepy Hollow* has been telling expressionistic gothic folk tales for twenty years, proving to be as successful at injecting his half-human characters into the popular consciousness as the admen who created the Taco Bell dog. “The second *Batman* was just a joke,” says Burton, shuffling past some noshing brown cows. “I mean, I had to design characters for the Happy Meal before I could design the film.”

As one of Hollywood's most indulged directors, Burton has created whole alternate worlds in his movies, from the polyester suburbia of *Beetlejuice* to the $80 million–plus UFO-movie spoof *Mars Attacks!,* a colossal 1996 flop that makes *Sleepy Hollow* such an important test of his blockbuster power. Hyperdesigned and sepia-toned, starring Burton's favorite actors—Johnny Depp as Ichabod Crane, Christopher Walken as the Headless Horseman, and Christina Ricci as the blond-tressed love interest—*Sleepy Hollow* is a silly-scary gorefest clearly influenced by fifties horror movies. Nearly everyone's head rolls. “I don't know why they didn't release it for Halloween,” says Burton. “They—you know, *they*—probably thought that since people look like George Washington and the Pilgrims in it, it would be a good Thanksgiving movie. Like some sort of Thanksgiving *pageant.*”

A graduate of Cal Arts who directed his first movie at 21, Burton just bought an apartment on lower Fifth—“*They* try to make you think you have to live in L.A., but you don't”—with his girlfriend, actress Lisa Marie, whom he met at the strip club Goldfingers on New Year's Eve 1991 (both were just watching). He's planning to take a little time to travel after *Sleepy Hollow,* since plans to direct Kevin Smith's script for *Superman Lives,* starring Nicolas Cage, were recently canned. “I worked on that movie for a year,” says Burton sadly. “But the Warner Bros. people ran their *Batman* franchise into the ground, and I think they don't want to take a chance on me ruining another one. I'm devastated—I don't know when I'll get over it.” Burton has also published several books, one of them an illustrated collection of mock children's tales called *The Melancholy Death of Oyster Boy & Other Stories.* One poem in it reads:

The Boy with Nails in His Eyes
put up his aluminum tree.
It looked pretty strange
because he really couldn't see.

ON A WARM NOVEMBER DAY, BURTON WAS exhausted when the Town Car came to pick him up for an 8 A.M. photo shoot, but once he reached Sleepy Hollow's bosky Old Dutch Church cemetery, full of early-nineteenth-century family plots with names like McBride, Elder, and Jealous, he could hardly stop twitching, he was so excited. “This is why people think I'm a druggie, even though I hardly touch the stuff,” he says. “Now you're seeing the way I get when I'm on set—I get *so* into things.”

Giddy, he runs back to the car to grab his own Polaroid. The sky is bright blue, the darker blue of a clear late-fall day, and all the trees are in peak fall colors—he crouches under an orange willow, snapping away. His L.A. publicist follows behind with a hair-and-makeup woman in a *Bone Collector* hat, even though Burton insists that he doesn't want makeup. “God, some of these colors I've never seen before,” says the publicist, and she breaks a branch off a flaming-red oak to take home. “It's amazing!” says Burton and gives her a short, excited hug.

Near a huge, dappled-gray cross, Burton puts his camera down on the ground, which is covered with wet yellow leaves. “Oh, it's going to get wet,” says the photographer's assistant, who picks it up. “No, no, don't worry about it,” says Burton. “You really shouldn't have to carry it—you have enough to do.”

“Tim, can't I get just one sec with you?” asks the makeup woman. “No, no, I don't need makeup, I don't want to look like George Hamilton,” he says. “Unless you'll get into trouble or something?”

She shakes her head and gives up—there he is, pale as a ghost, with ridiculously mussed hair, staring into the camera through bloodshot eyes. “He likes to look scary, huh?” she says with a wink. “But he's really a mensch.” ▬

Previous pages: Grooming, Patricia Ana Luongo. This page: Photograph by Clive Coote.

"MY FIGHT AGAINST CANCER INCLUDES CHEMOTHERAPY, SWEDISH MASSAGE, AND RELAXING TO THE MUFFLED RHYTHMS OF TIBETAN DRUMS."

For Barbara Parisi, there's more to fighting lung cancer than the latest chemotherapy treatments. She's focusing on the emotional and spiritual challenge as well. That's why she's coming to Memorial Sloan-Kettering's new Integrative Medicine Center.

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The Old College Try

Blue blood Benno Schmidt shook up Yale and struggled with the Edison Project, the for-profit school venture. CUNY is his third try at reforming American education. Will his tough-love standards save it or destroy it? By Robert Kolker

IT TAKES ABOUT AN HOUR AND A half in the City Council's line of fire for Benno C. Schmidt Jr. to be called a racist—and by then, there's an air of inevitability to it. The confrontation has been building for more than a year: When the mayor first recruited Schmidt in 1998 to look for ways to revamp the long-embattled and much-maligned City University of New York, leaders of the council—many of whom are staunch CUNY supporters—almost immediately pegged Schmidt's mayoral task force as a pro-privatization, anti-open-admissions cabal, bent on perverting CUNY's sacred mission as New York's higher educator of last resort. And so, on this sunny Monday morning in June, at the first public hearing on Schmidt's final report on CUNY, the stocky, broad-shouldered former president of Yale University sits dourly in City Hall's committee chamber with CUNY chairman Herman Badillo by his side, ready for a fight.

Council members take their time chipping away at Schmidt's report: They say it's too negative, starting with the title, *An Institution Adrift*; that it unfairly compares CUNY test scores to more selective schools'; that it soft-pedals the budget cuts that have crippled the university. But the moment finally arrives when Harlem council member Bill Perkins takes the floor. "There are too many things in this report that are offensive for me to ignore," he says. "Perhaps most outrageous are the racist stereotypes and innuendos—"

Badillo—for all his years of bluster about CUNY's shortcomings—remains silent. Schmidt is on his own. "There's none of that in this report," Schmidt says. "What's offensive is for you to suggest . . ."

"Let me read from the report!" Perkins shouts. " 'We've found that being Asian or white was often associated with strong performance, while being black or Hispanic was often associated with weak performance.' And then you go on to characterize the civil-rights movement, which resulted in CUNY's open-admissions policy, as 'policy by riot.' Now, I guess for you that's just *witty*?"

"You're *wrong* about that," Schmidt says.

"It's in the report! Explain why that language is in the report!"

Incredibly, things get worse. Helen Marshall, the higher-education-committee chair, refers to the report as "ethnic cleansing." Schmidt throws up his hands and cries, "Give me a break!"

Time and again, politics upstages pedagogy at CUNY. Ideology—the war over the underclass that CUNY has served for more than a century—invariably keeps the debate away from the students and the way they're educated. A standoff—between those who believe public colleges should raise the bar to compete with private colleges and those who believe the university shouldn't alienate students failed by the public schools—has polarized the place.

But next Monday, only six months into Schmidt's tenure as vice-chair of CUNY's board of trustees, the State Board of Regents is voting on a policy that could change the university forever—a policy sanctified by Benno Schmidt. The immovable object has met the irresistible force.

HE DOESN'T MEAN TO BE INCENDIARY; he never does. But Benno Schmidt is still new to the grave and sensitive identity politics of CUNY—and CUNY is new to the unself-consciously strident Benno Schmidt. When he isn't being called a racist, his voice is tempered by breathy chuckles—a lofty tic that kicks in when he's venting about the people he enrages. "I *was* kind of surprised," he admits a few weeks after the City Hall episode. "But I'm not personally angry about *them*. I'm angry about the issue. There *is* a test-score gap.

Photographs by Kristine Larsen

READIN', WRITIN', AND BENNO SCHMIDT

Restricting access to CUNY, Schmidt believes, would better serve the cause of civil rights.

Black and Hispanic students, on the whole, do score lower than white students. And it's very clear why that's so. Their *schools* are worse."

In the past three decades, a stigma has developed around CUNY: Where the academic culture used to be democratic and triumphant, now it is chaotic and dispirited. Politicians, most notably the mayor and the governor, have called a CUNY degree worthless, strangled the university's funding, and tried to whittle away at open admissions. In this bombed-out landscape, Schmidt positions himself as above the fray: a no-nonsense reformer, untainted by CUNY's troubled past. But he brings his own baggage with him. Since his time at Yale in the late eighties and early nineties—when he seized control of two different schools, declared a budget crisis, and triggered a faculty rebellion—Schmidt has worn his ambition on his sleeve. And as the architect of CUNY's makeover, Schmidt also not insignificantly stands to profit from his new mission. By encouraging such concepts as vouchers and selective excellence, Schmidt could both vindicate his own conservative agenda and indirectly justify the work of the Edison Project, the struggling for-profit education venture he has worked on since 1992.

Schmidt supports the removal of remedial programs from the four-year baccalaureate programs, telling the State Board of Regents—which will deliver the final vote on the controversial policy on November 22—that remediation was a "contributing factor" in CUNY's decline. If the policy is passed, CUNY's 200,000 students will face the biggest change since tuition was first charged in 1976. Unlike the students at close to 80 percent of the colleges in America, prospective CUNY students who fail even one of a series of skills tests won't be able to enroll. Instead, they will be directed to CUNY's community colleges—and, if Schmidt has his way, a selection of publicly subsidized private-education providers.

In pushing this agenda—now also the agenda of chancellor Matt Goldstein, the former president of Baruch College, who was lured back to CUNY based largely on the gospel of *An Institution Adrift*—Schmidt audaciously hangs his hat on the same causes that his opponents accuse him of betraying. "I really think education is the only source of opportunity that's meaningful in our society," Schmidt tells me. "It is *the* critical issue of freedom. This is what the civil-rights issue was to the previous generation."

And yet CUNY's real achievements cannot be easily dismissed. "There's nothing to fix," argues Bill Crain, a psychology professor at City College. "We're accepting students who haven't had the benefit of a good high-school education, we're giving them remediation, and we're helping them succeed. Other universities should be using *us* as a model. You're taking education away from people of color and giving it to middle-class white people. This is a tremendous reversal of civil rights."

IN 1847, A HARLEM SCHOOL CALLED the Free Academy first offered higher education free of charge to the working class, and a faction of politicians immediately moved to close it down. The Free Academy eventually became City College; the rest of the university bloomed early this century, defeating legislative attacks to curb student-body populations with petitions roughly every generation. This ushered in the era when a City College and a Harvard education could be mentioned in the same breath. Titans like Alfred Kazin, Daniel Bell, Irving Kristol, and Nathan Glazer learned how to think great thoughts in Harlem. After World War II, the G.I. Bill and other federal money helped CUNY expand into the nation's largest public urban university. But blacks and recent immigrants saw themselves locked out of what was nominally a public university. And so, in 1969, amid civil-rights demonstrations, CUNY became the first university system in the country to offer open admissions.

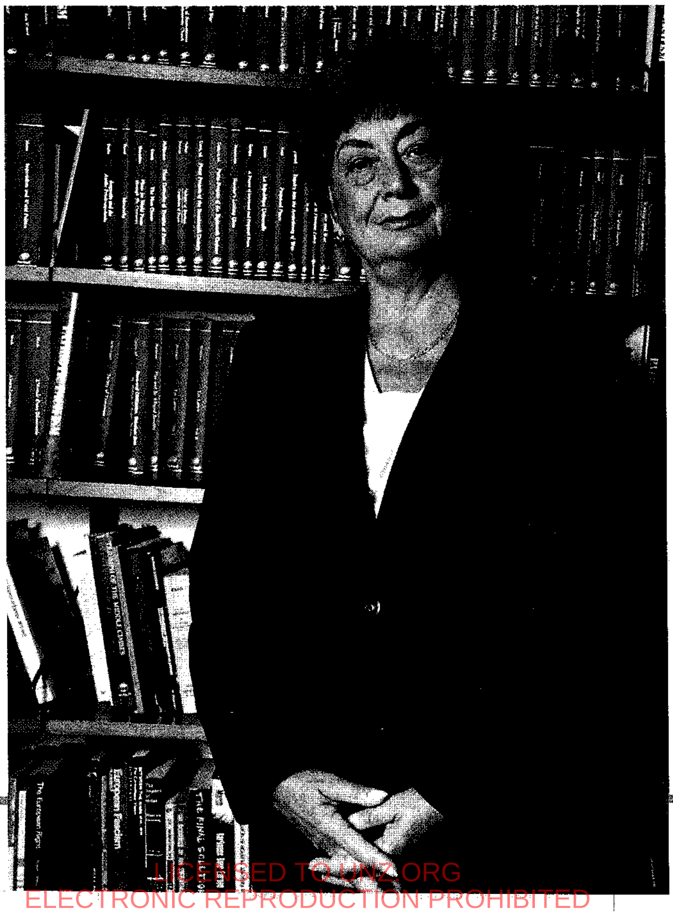
At first, administrators planned a gradual open-admissions phase-in, in which some campuses would be more selective than others. Demonstrations changed all that. Seymour Hyman, the deputy chancellor during the student shutdown of City College's south campus, watched as the school's Great Hall seemed on the verge of incineration. "When I saw that smoke coming out of that building," he said later, "the only question in my mind was 'How can we save City College?' And the only answer was 'Hell, let everybody in.' "

This is what Schmidt's CUNY report calls "policy by riot." Schmidt sees this moment as the university's fatal error—the moment CUNY allowed the quality of its student body to be held hostage by the secondary schools' sinking standards. To a large segment of the city, however, it was a triumph—the only way to open CUNY's doors. "Ivy League colleges were out of the question, we knew that, but the city colleges were cut off to us, too," remembers council member Helen Marshall. "It was just as important to the black community as affirmative action. It was a whole new world for us."

By 1972, CUNY's black and Latino student population had leapt from 9 percent to 35 percent. Enrollment maxed out at 272,000. To handle the influx of students, the state built new community colleges—something Heather Mac Donald, the conservative pundit from the Manhattan Institute who sat on Schmidt's CUNY task force, high-handedly dismisses as "racial pacification."

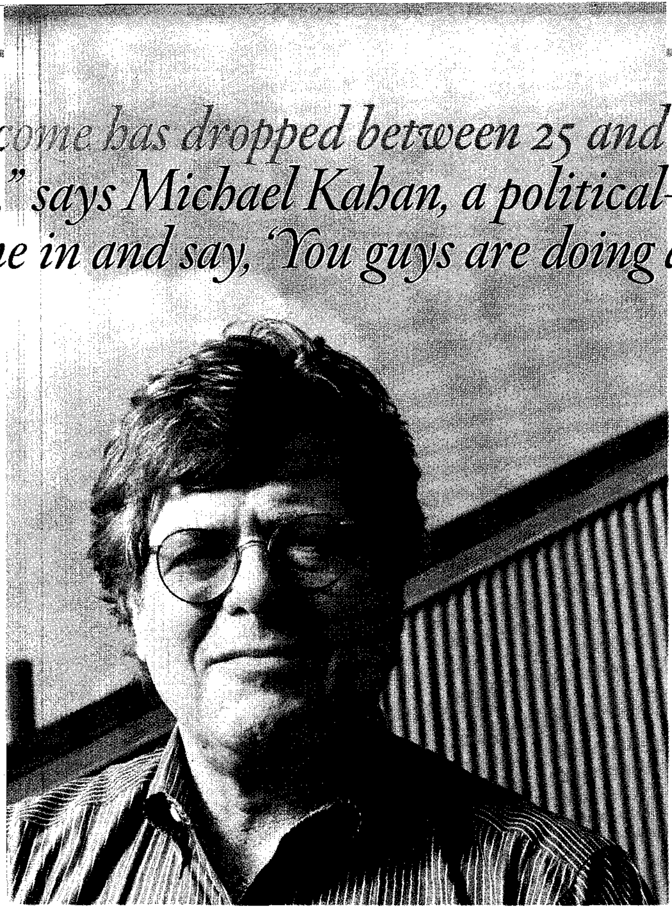
And when some of the newcomers turned out to be unprepared for college, the faculty became pioneers again, coming up with remedial courses in reading, writing, and math. The CUNY system developed a dual mission, offering both colleges and second-chance high schools—a strategy Schmidt says never should have happened. Remediation, he argues, "is an unfortunate necessity, and a distraction from the main business of the university."

WHEN RUDY GIULIANI CALLED Schmidt two winters ago and asked him to investigate CUNY, Schmidt's initial reac-



GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS? **This page, historian Sandi Cooper is suing CUNY; opposite, poli-sci professor and Schmidt-report critic Michael Kahan.**

"Our relative income has dropped between 25 and 40 percent in the last fifteen years," says Michael Kahan, a political-science professor. "Then to come in and say, 'You guys are doing a rotten job'?"



tion was disbelief. "I told him that people are gonna say, 'What does he know about CUNY? He comes from Yale,' " Schmidt recalls.

Today, 70 percent of CUNY's students are nonwhite, and half the first-time freshmen were born outside the U.S. or in Puerto Rico—making CUNY's fate inescapably intertwined with that of the city's minorities. Schmidt, for his part, is the son of privilege: His father, Benno Schmidt Sr., was philanthropist Jock Whitney's venture capitalist. Benno the younger sprung from an Upper East Side youth to Yale, Yale Law School, and then a clerkship with Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren. At Columbia, he became a First Amendment scholar and law-school dean; then, in 1986, he became Yale's twentieth president.

But there the rapid rise halted. Instead of planting roots in New Haven, Schmidt shuttled to and from Manhattan, where his third wife, Helen Whitney (no relation to Jock), worked as a documentary filmmaker. Almost immediately, he put two troubled Yale colleges—the leaderless School of Organization and Management and the critically failing philosophy program—into what he called "receivership." Students, who still barely knew him, started wearing T-shirts with the slogan WHERE'S BENNO? "When you're a university president, a lot of people don't know you—they only learn about you through symbolic interaction," Schmidt now recalls. "I was slow to get that."

The stage was set for what the faculty still calls "the crisis at Yale." Soon after his arrival, Schmidt learned that much of Yale's physical infrastructure was failing: Buildings were sinking into the ground, and entire science facilities needed to be built from scratch. In response, he became a fund-raising powerhouse, building Yale's endowment at record speed even after the '87 market crash—but he refused to dig into the endowment to pay for the capital improvements. Instead, he made national headlines by proposing 15 percent cuts to the arts-and-sciences faculty. After a mass faculty outcry in February 1992, Schmidt's cuts dwindled to about 5 percent. Three months later, he resigned. "If things are so bad," he sniffed on his way out of New Haven, "I wonder why alumni support is up 50 percent this year."

When Schmidt announced he would join forces with Chris Whittle—the man who brought corporate sponsorship inside the classroom with the "Channel One" TV teaching aid—then–American Federation of Teachers president Albert Shanker said, "I think that Chris has gained some credibility here, and that Benno has lost some." Since then, the Edison Project has set up just 79 schools around the country, not nearly as many as Schmidt had planned, and the project has been losing about $20 million a year. But Edison continues to get investment from both J.P. Morgan and Microsoft cofounder Paul Allen—and Schmidt now stands to profit from a planned IPO.

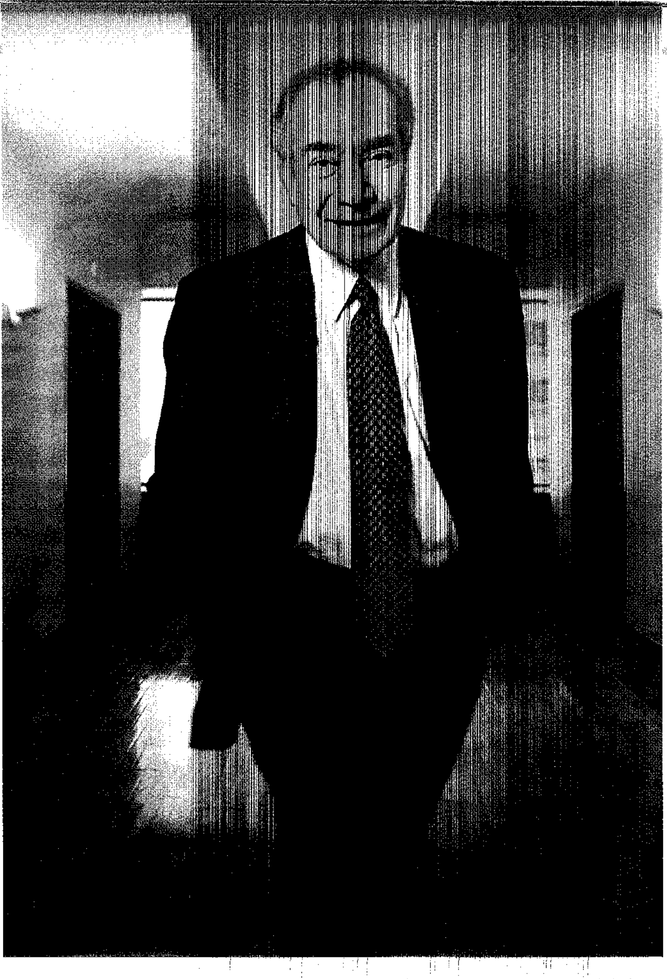
Giuliani's invitation to study CUNY represented an airlift out of the Whittle wilderness. If Schmidt can mutate CUNY into a more competitive university, then perhaps he can set the template for reforming all public higher education.

TOUGH LOVE—OR OUTSIZE ambition, depending on your view of the impasse—radiates from every page of the Schmidt report. It concludes that CUNY is "in a spiral of decline," that "doubts fester about the value of a CUNY degree," and that the university should bring some class into the field by turning a few of its colleges into selective "flagship" schools. Others, however, said CUNY *already* has flagship schools—Hunter, Baruch, and Queens College, which are raising standards and removing remedial classes from their curricula. They noted that CUNY still sends more students to nationally ranked graduate programs than all the Ivies combined. Above all, the faculty reaction was hurt feelings—the sense that Schmidt had deepened the university's wounds more than healed them.

"We've been working under some pretty harsh conditions," says Michael Kahan, a political-science professor from Brooklyn College. "Our relative income has dropped somewhere between 25 and 40 percent comparable to others in the last fifteen years, depending on where you were in the salary scale. In the whole decade of the nineties, we got raises of about 13 percent. Our collegial environment has fallen because of the high ratio of part-time faculty. And then to come in and say, 'You guys are doing a rotten job'?"

Getting a credentialed educator to force change at CUNY without asking for more money took the mayor longer than his campaigns against most other New York institutions. In 1997, chancellor W. Ann Reynolds decamped to the University of Alabama after she unsuccessfully fought the mayor's plan to make all of CUNY's students on public assistance quit school and join his workfare program. "It's no fun to take a subway all the way to Kingsborough Community College and stand in line all day for a class," Reynolds now says from her perch in Birmingham. "These aren't deadbeats. These are students for whom CUNY is the only higher-education option."

Since Reynolds left, Giuliani has made a habit of holding the city's $120 million share of CUNY's budget hostage unless he has his way. In last January's State of the City address, he mentioned that fewer than 8 percent of all CUNY students graduate after four years—a rate that is actually roughly on a par with those of other large urban universities—and



said, “That’s a system we’d blow up, right? If we had the guts.” Like Giuliani, Schmidt likes to use the graduation rate as a straw man. “At every little gathering I’ve gone to in the last year,” he tells me, “I’ve said to people—often business leaders—‘What do you think of the fact that the four-year graduation rate at CUNY senior colleges is about 7 *percent*?’ Their jaws *drop*. Then I say, ‘What do you think of the fact that the six-year graduation rate’s about *30* percent?’ Their jaws drop again. And then I say, ‘Well, you know, if you look at Chicago State or something, it’s about the same.’ And they say, ‘That doesn’t matter! This is CUNY! This is New York City! This should be the *best* public-university system!’ ”

Looks good on paper. But more than half of CUNY’s undergraduates work at least a part-time job. More than 40 percent are over 24 years old. And one out of every four has children to support. “Of the 150 receiving degrees today, you hold only 191 jobs,” Jimmy Breslin cheekily told last spring’s graduating class of CUNY’s baccalaureate program at Borough of Manhattan Community College. “That is less than two jobs per student. What right, then, do you have to take five and six years and more to get a degree?”

IN WHAT MIGHT BE THE MOST FAR-reaching new initiative, CUNY’s trustees are now working to remove remedial classes from all of the four-year baccalaureate programs. Under the plan, students who don’t meet certain SAT scores or pass a second skills test will be barred from the eleven baccalaureate programs until they catch up at the community colleges. If the policy gets past the Regents this month, some CUNY advocates believe it will sound the death knell for open admissions. “Nobody should be denied a right to get an education at any of our CUNY campuses,” said C. Virginia Fields, the Manhattan borough president, at an activist teach-in in July. The policy is being fought in court by several groups, including the Puerto Rican Legal Defense and Education Fund, the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, the Asian American Legal Defense and Educational Fund, the American Jewish Congress, and the New York Civil Liberties Union.

Ideologically, Schmidt equates remediation to social promotion in the grade schools—a cure that’s turned into a disease. He views remediation’s exile from four-year colleges as both a practical and a philosophical imperative: He believes CUNY can speed up remediation for students once it’s separated, and his report also wants to give students “educational vouchers” to seek remediation in the private sector. A foreign-speaking student, for instance, could take English either at CUNY or at, say, Berlitz; a student who needs sharper math skills could take a class at Sylvan Learning Center.

But while Sylvan or Berlitz will certainly make a profit off of this, Schmidt’s report never says who should pay the bill. “We called for there to be a separate source of public funding, but we didn’t think we knew enough about the possible budgetary sources, so we left it at that,” Schmidt admits.

As financing schemes go, it’s fuzzy at best—and it actually contains some echoes of the setup of the Edison Project. At Edison, Schmidt takes the worst-performing school in a given district, reforms it, and makes a profit from funds from local government. If, by chance, the per-pupil government outlay for the school isn’t enough to put Edison in the black, Edison turns to charitable contributions. It’s an astonishing arrangement: Donors *give* money to save their school, but Edison *makes* money from the deal.

Predicting how many students will be left out in the cold by the CUNY policy is as tricky as forecasting how many schoolkids will be held back once social promotion ends (as Rudy Crew so painfully found out over the summer). The projections are all over the place: Early this year, CUNY predicted that a whopping 43 percent of its 13,000 freshmen would be locked out of the senior colleges once remediation is cut out. That figure dropped to 12 percent once Badillo asked CUNY to come up with a “best case” scenario, factoring in rosy expectations for new, tougher high-school Regents requirements. Finally, in the fall, just as the State Board of Regents was looking over the proposal, new chancellor Matt Goldstein presented new data claiming the figure had dropped to 2 percent. “We’re dealing with a very dynamic environment of change, happening month by month,” Goldstein explains.

It sure looks like wishful thinking. More than half of CUNY’s first-year students currently fail more than one remedial exam.

“CUNY will be inundated *with enrollment—not the first year, but as quickly as two to three years,” Schmidt predicts. “If you set clear standards, more people will meet them.”*

Photograph by Karen Kuehn.

Two years ago, only 29 percent of City College freshmen passed all of CUNY's skills-assessment tests. Almost all of City College's students are minorities—making the policy seem almost intentionally targeted to lock out the very students it opened its doors to 30 years ago.

At the community colleges, where remediation will escalate, there's no consensus on the policy. "For more than ten years, a third of my class hasn't passed, and often these are people who are taking it the second time," says Nahma Sandrow, who has taught remedial English at Bronx Community College for 30 years. "The best-prepared and the smartest students I see could be doing better. But we tell them this is college, and they take our word for it."

But Sally Mettler, who has taught English as a second language at La Guardia Community College since 1985, worries that the policy will only alienate students further. "This articulation of standards is actually an anti-intellectual thing to do, because it ignores the diversity of the population," she says. "I see the report as weeding out people who don't fit in, and therefore giving yourself an easier task. To me, it's like a fifties model—a factory model."

"CUNY will be *inundated* with enrollment—not the first year, but as quickly as two to three years," Schmidt predicts. "If you set clear standards, relatively more people will meet them." He trumpets the increased enrollment at Baruch College, where standards were raised and remediation exiled. What's missing from the forecast, though, is how harsh the transition period might be if this strategy is employed system-wide—and what kind of student body will be left once the dust settles.

HERMAN BADILLO, PERHAPS, HAS the most invested in banishing remediation. He has been campaigning for open admissions' downfall ever since it first arrived. And if and when the 70-year-old Republican runs for mayor in 2001, Badillo tells me, "I will be able to point to the establishment of standards at the City University of New York."

Of course, Badillo couldn't have done it alone. The remediation plan would never have gone through without Schmidt to carry the ball. "To get an Ivy League president involved was a real coup," Badillo admits. "To have me head up the task force would be seen as biased. But since he was president of Yale, no one can say he doesn't know what he's talking about."

WHETHER CUNY'S REPUTATION paled over the years because its budget shrank, or its budget shrank because its reputation declined, is the essential chicken-or-egg question of the impasse. Democratic and Republican administrations alike have seen fit to slash CUNY's budget: In the past twenty years, government funding dropped by 40 percent, and the proportion of CUNY's budget funded by the government decreased 24 percent. While other big states like Texas, Georgia, and Illinois spent the nineties raising higher-education funding by 10 percent or more, Albany (still CUNY's principal funding source, other than tuition) cut its per-student higher-education appropriations by more than a third.

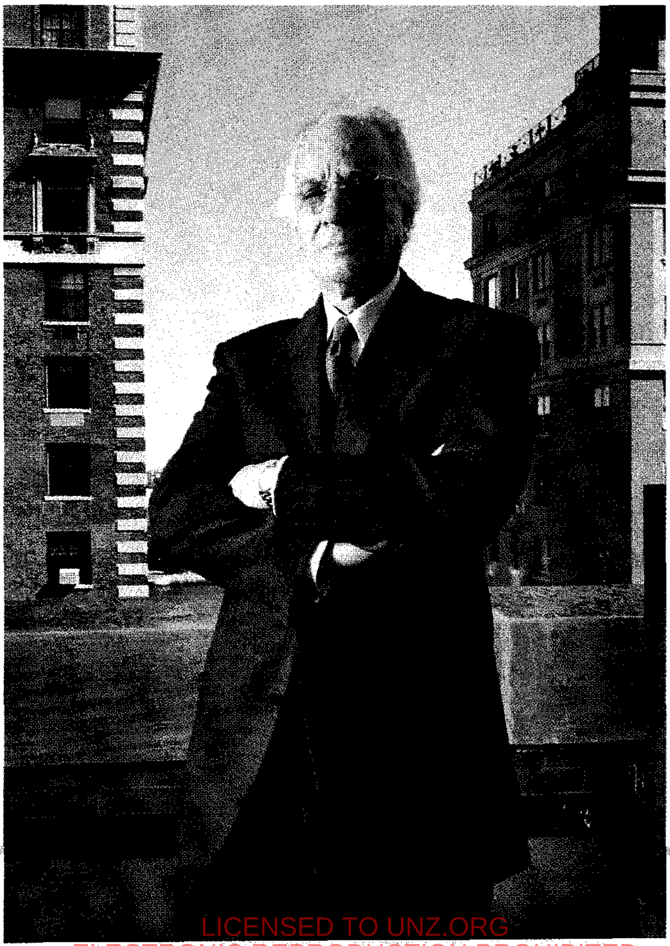
By now, the damage is obvious. Between 1974 and 1998, full-time faculty dropped more than 50 percent, from 11,268 to 5,211, while enrollment decreased just 22 percent. And while half the student body is currently at or below the poverty line, the past decade of tuition increases has increased the student contribution to CUNY's budget by more than 150 percent—more than anywhere else in the country. Even conservative thinkers like City College alum Nathan Glazer have cried out for more funding. "We are 'adrift' because the politicians haven't given us the budget we need *not* to be adrift," says Irwin Polishook, head of CUNY's faculty union.

Faced with all this evidence, the Schmidt task force still downplayed the budget issue—so much so that some people concluded that Schmidt's CUNY agenda is really about downsizing. Since the report, the most significant budget-request increases have been for new faculty in just four CUNY academic programs—Schmidt's selective excellence in action. "We know that the agenda of their political masters is privatization," says College of Staten Island history professor Sandi Cooper, a plaintiff in the remediation lawsuit. "I suspect that by shrinking enrollment by refusing to let students in who need remedial work, they're going to try to close a couple colleges. Then they'll have war on their hands."

Schmidt, however, turns the equation on its head. "I am a pretty easy person to persuade about investing in education as a taxpayer," he says with that breathy chuckle. "But would I invest in CUNY when it's not a true system? That just strikes me as a nonstarter. How could anybody not say, 'Come on! Get your act together!'? I mean, some people may argue that CUNY is about the same as Jersey City State or San Francisco State. That is *total denial.* They will *never* persuade political leaders or the business community—a major, major segment of the public from which they derive their support."

This is Benno Schmidt's real crusade. From Yale to Edison to CUNY, he's yearned to be education's agent of change. If CUNY follows just a few simple instructions, he may fully change the identity of the place—and, by extension, the whole world of public higher-education. In return, Schmidt may finally get the kind of pedagogical and social influence he has always wanted. And with for-profit players along for the ride, of course, he'll be doing well by doing good.

"You know, it was the *Harvard* of the poor," he tells me, leaning forward in his chair. "It wasn't the Jersey City State of the poor." ■



STAND AND DELIVER
Opposite, perennial mayoral candidate Herman Badillo; this page, new CUNY chancellor Matt Goldstein.

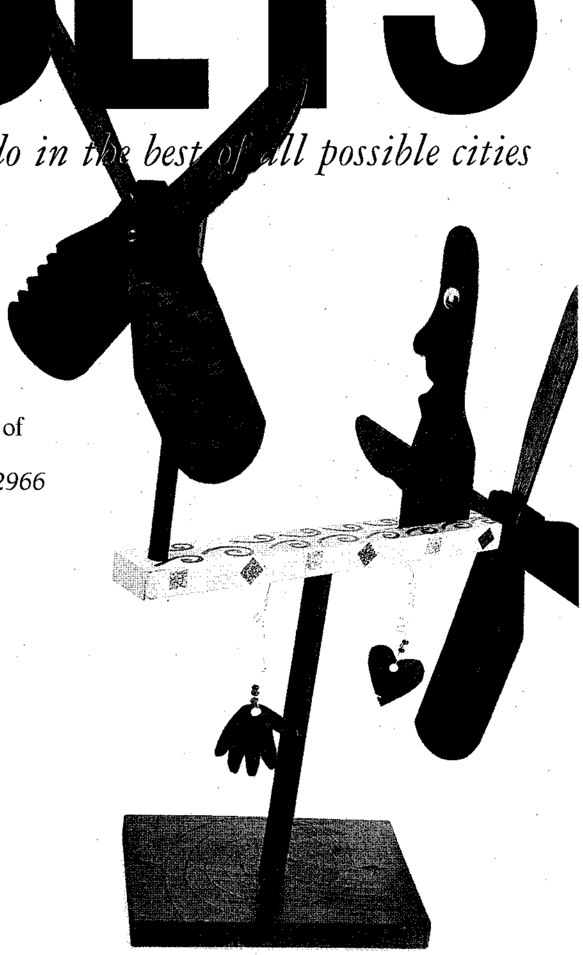
BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

A Fan's Notes

Curiosity Kits Wind Machine is as much an art activity as it is a science project. The kit comes with paints, brushes, bright glass beads, mini-pinwheels, and precut wood pieces. Youngsters get to paint and decorate the assorted parts before assembling them into a whirligig. And in the process of assembly, they learn a lot about how wind works ($28; for ages 8 and up).
MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART*/2 Lincoln Square, at 66th Street/212-496-2966*

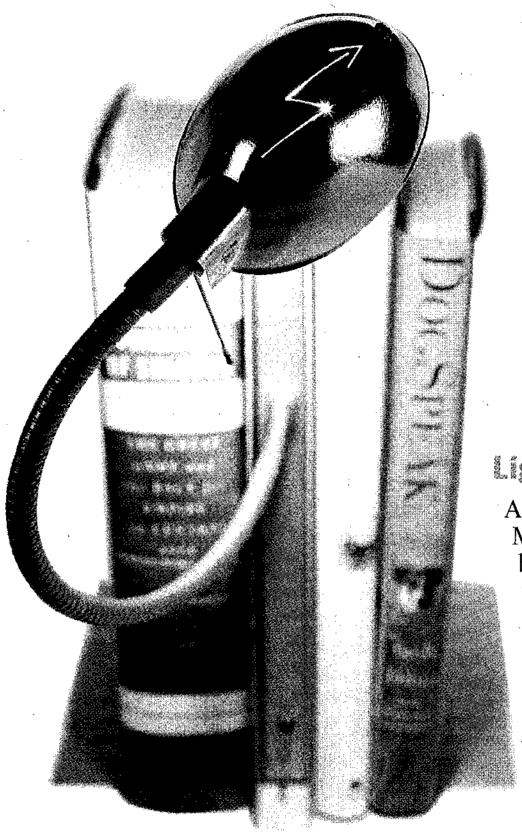


Second Hand

Deco Deluxe, Sandi Berman's shoebox of a boutique, offers Art Deco furniture and *objets* from the thirties, but Berman's love for vintage embraces more recent decades too. She's amassed a personal collection of fun watches that were produced in the sixties, and (good news for timepiece fanciers) she's recently decided to part with quite a few. Mostly, they're plastics—acrylic, Lucite, Bakelite, *faux* tortoise—but many have chrome bands, and the cases cover the full range of geometric shapes. What Berman considers "fun" looks rather high-style today (from $150 to $450).
DECO DELUXE*/993 Lexington Avenue, near 71st Street/212-472-7222*

Blanket Endorsement

Hobowear's polarfleece bed throw is so cozy you may wind up praying for a snowstorm or a touch of the flu so you can stay home and cuddle up. But for those on the go, the rainbow fringe comes on neck scarves too, which are equally snuggly. The wool-blend fringe is felted, twisted, dyed, and tied by hand, and though it's a riotous tangle of color, the throws and scarves are machine-washable ($125 and $35; they also come in sea green, burgundy, pea green, and navy). POPOVER'S PLUMS/*555 Amsterdam Avenue, at 87th Street/212-496-9648*



Light Weight

A whole store filled with Ingo Maurer designs is every lighting faddist's dream. Maurer is a wizard of lumens whose playful creations range from Pop Art blowups of lightbulbs to free-floating concoctions of bulbs, mirrors, and weights to his newest series, which marries Japanese paper with advanced lighting technology. A tad more quotidian, "Oskar" is Maurer's anodized-aluminum gooseneck library light: It has a 50-watt halogen bulb for spotlighting books and a metal frame that cleverly doubles as a bookend ($450). INGO MAURER MAKING LIGHT/*89 Grand Street/212-965-8817*

Photographed by Ted Morrison

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SMARTCITY

Bend Into Shape

Exercise trends come and go, but after 2,200 years, yoga is more popular than ever. Pick a class and liberate yourself from the illusion of fitness. By Vanessa Grigoriadis

YOGA CLASSES, LIKE RESTAURANTS ON East 6th Street, work by word of mouth. A friend swears by Yoga Zone, so one day, when you simply can’t bear the thought of another session on the Power Glider, you decide to see what all the fuss is about. But if you don’t like it, you may never try yoga again—which is a shame. There’s a wide range of yoga training available throughout the city, for all ages and physical abilities. You just took the wrong class.

After a year of going to Integral Yoga Institute twice a month, I became curious about other types of yoga. So I tried six of the major disciplines: Hatha, Bikram, Vinyasa Hatha, Sivananda, Iyengar, and Kundalini, over the course of a month to compare. My posture and flexibility have never better—though I still lose my mind when the subway gets stuck.

Whatever your motivation may be—to reduce stress, burn calories, tone the body, ward off evil spirits—I promise, as Ganesh is my witness, that there is a discipline of yoga out there that will meet at least some of these needs. Sessions range from $10 to $17, plus a $1 towel rental, and usually consist of an hour-long series of asanas (poses); you may also chant, meditate, and listen to the teacher’s thoughts on reincarnation. But often the most immediate difference between disciplines, particularly for neophytes, is how long the asanas are held—in other words, will you be standing on your head for ten seconds or ten minutes?

Hatha. Confusingly, “Hatha” is both an umbrella term that covers a number of disciplines (including the ones mentioned below) and a discipline of its own. Expect a reasonable amount of chanting and a moderately quick series of asanas—as well as a long relaxation period at the end of class. Beginning to advanced levels of Hatha, as well as specialized workshops like prenatal and Hatha for Spanish speakers, are taught in the pastel-colored, plushly carpeted rooms of **Integral Yoga Institute** (227 West 13th Street; 929-0586), where the emphasis is on correct postures rather than working up a sweat and teachers tuck you in with a blankie afterward. The clientele is co-ed and fit (but refreshingly unfabulous).

Bikram. Developed by former yoga champion Bikram Choudhury, Bikram relies on a set series of 26 asanas, mostly forward bends and spinal twists, per 90-minute class. There’s no chanting or meditation, but the teachers maintain a constant, Alpha-wave-inducing patter on topics like inner-thigh stretching and inner-eye gazing. In Bikram, the classroom temp is set at a minimum of 100 degrees in order to warm the muscles for easier stretching (afterwards, you experience a pleasant, lightheaded buzz). This was the most physically taxing form I tried, but I was pleased to find that I was able to hold poses longer and more correctly with Bikram than with other types of yoga. Manhattan’s first center devoted entirely to Bikram yoga just opened in Hell’s Kitchen: **Bikram Yoga College of India** (797 Eighth Avenue, near 48th Street; 245-2525). The place is bright and spotless and—thank Shiva—offers cold and hot showers.

Sivananda. This one adheres strictly to yoga’s five fundamental tenets: proper exercise (*asanas*), proper breathing (*pranayama*), relaxation (*sarvasana*), meditation (*vedanta*), and proper diet (vegetarian). A class begins with ten minutes of chanting and ends with a fifteen-minute relaxation period, but the middle is a vigorous physical work-

EXPERT TESTIMONY

The Wet Look

Wet weather can put a serious damper on your style (unless you’re the type who looks good in neon yellow). Of course, this isn’t news to ABC weatherman Sam Champion: “C’mon, I’m on TV!” he groans. “I can’t just wear my dime-store slicker.” To stay dry and make a splash, Champion wears the Sanyo Excellent, made by Japanese designer Sanyo. “You can zip cashmere linings into them, and the cut doesn’t scream ‘raincoat.’ ” Bergdorf’s associate buyer Michael Isaac agrees. “We’ve carried the label for five years—the black full-length version is our No. 1 seller.” Sanyo coats are available in cashmere, cotton, silk, and wool gabardine at Bergdorf Goodman (212-753-7500). Prices range from $1,200 to $1,650. **SUZANNE D’AMATO**

Photographs by Bernd Auers.

Assume the position: Performing asanas at Sivananda Yoga Vedanta Center (left), and at Kundalini Yoga East (below).

out—twelve sun salutations in a row will kick-start your heart rate, no matter how fit you are. Chelsea's **Sivananda Yoga Vedanta Center** (243 West 24th Street; 255-4560), a narrow brownstone with cute, if slightly cramped, quarters, offers a free introductory class for beginners.

Vinyasa Hatha. This is the house style at **Jivamukti Yoga Center** (404 Lafayette Street; 212-353-0214), a 9,000-square-foot space that is the city's largest yoga studio. It's extremely challenging: a long, fast series of asanas with lots of shouted chanting, headstands, forearm stands, and handstands, all of which were held a little too long for me, an advanced beginner. Don't come here hoping for a serene city respite—the subway rumbles beneath the building, motorcycles blare by on Lafayette Street, and you're checked in at a bank of computers by women who buzz around like Starbucks *baristas*. The clientele includes stars like Uma Thurman and Sting—along with more than a few scantily clad babes who are celebrities in their own minds. Vinyasa Hatha is also taught at the new **OM Yoga Center** (135 West 14th Street; 212-229-0267), a shabby-chic studio where the jovial teacher offers this gem one morning: "Try to let go of your stressful life. But if you can't let go, that's okay," she sighs. "At least try to relax a little."

Iyengar. Like Bikram, this form is named for its creator, B. K. S. Iyengar, who has taught yoga since the age of 19. The instructors make an effort to impart the fundamentals of anatomical alignment to their students, many of whom are elderly or have sports injuries. Taught six to ten times a day at the **Iyengar Yoga Institute of New York** (27 West 24th Street; 212-691-9642), Iyengar is as interval-oriented as Vinyasa Hatha is fluid: The focus is on alignment through held postures. At times, while holding triangle posture for half an hour, you feel like a statue. But afterward, you'll feel like a god.

Kundalini. Kundalini, which refers to the energy force that exists at the base of the spine, is the most overtly spiritual discipline. To the plink-plink of Indian music and the scent of pungent incense, Kundalini classes move slowly through gentle stretches, prolonged chants, and lots of breathing (or not-breathing) exercises. On each breath, the student is told to repeat, inwardly, "sat, nam," which translates as "truth is my name"—truth be told, it has a strangely calming effect. **Kundalini Yoga East** (873 Broadway, near 19th Street; 212-982-5959), a quiet, green-carpeted studio near Union Square, is one of the city's few Kundalini centers. Classes are small, and the turbaned teachers will happily answer inquiries about a possible pilgrimage to India. Sutra of the day: "Recognize that the other person is you." ▬

NAVIGATOR

Q: My dog and I do not like cold weather. Is there someplace where I can exercise him this winter?

A: Your dog can enjoy all the creature comforts while getting a great cardio workout swimming at Bonnie's K9 Swim Center (133 East 39th Street; 212-414-2500). In her 92-degree pool, animal therapist Jodi Richard treats dogs recovering from surgery or suffering from arthritis. Sessions are done one dog at a time, last 30 minutes to an hour, and may include massage and acupressure. Even healthy dogs can get into the swim of things with half-hour supervised dips for $35. Therapeutic treatments cost $95 an hour.

If you really want to pump up your pooch, take him to a dog gym. At Biscuits & Bath Doggy Gym (1535 First Avenue, near 80th Street; 212-794-3600), the staff will give your dog a workout on the 1,000-square-foot Astro-Turf track. Membership costs $100 a year, plus a day-care rate of $30 for small dogs, $35 for large ones. Members can also drop in for a quickie workout for $8 an hour (two-hour minimum).

Canines who prefer luxury to lather should be checked into the New York Dog Spa & Hotel (145 West 18th Street; 212-243-1199), where guests romp in a bright indoor playroom. Day-care rates range from $23 to $25 a day. The dogs are sectioned into groups by size and temperament, and accommodations are made for animals in need of special attention. Fido won't have to brave bad weather to heed nature's call, as the fiber-reinforced concrete floors in the day-care room have built-in drains—the ultimate dog indulgence. RACHEL ORVINO

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Bloomin' Miracle

A rose by any other florist: *How to find a chic little arrangement that will brighten your holiday table—and won't* **wilt your checkbook.**

Small wonders: From left, Elizabeth Ryan, Wild Poppy, and Bois de la Vie keep it under $40.

WE'VE ALL SEEN (AND HOPED TO receive) those tight floral arrangements that are the style of the moment—the ones that make deli daisies look leggy and wan by comparison. With many designers' prices starting at $75 (including delivery), few of us actually order these for friends (as usual, corporate gifts are another story). If you covet the look, and are prepared to forgo that Takashimaya label, know that small sizes are just as nice. Find a small shop that will make them, and pay a lot less.

Wild Poppy will, for as little as $35. You get a teeny metallic-finish pot stuffed with seasonal stems. For fall, it might include decorative kale, roses, tweetia, and amaranthus. Delivery is $5–$10. For $40, East Village floral designer **Elizabeth Ryan** fills four-inch-tall terra-cotta pots with unusual mixes of bright flowers and berries. She uses top-quality blooms, but the results have sweet, homespun freshness. This time of year, small arrangements are likely to contain dahlias, anemones, sweet pea, and branches of tiny berries. Delivery is $10.

Bois de la Vie is for those who like flowers looser and more country than Madison Avenue. Arrangements start at $35, often with baby fruits as well as flowers in baskets or simple plastic vases (with raffia trim on request). Dahlias, gerber daisies, and lilies are favorite ingredients. Delivery is $5 to $10.

For occasions when a single small arrangement *won't* do, try **Chelsea Wholesale Flower Market** for blooms from California, France, Holland, and Thailand at the lowest rates around (unless you can convince flower-district wholesalers to do a little cash-and-carry on the sly). Bring your own vases and, for $10 each, the staff will arrange stems you purchase by the bunch.

Wild Poppy, 265 E. 78th St. (212-717-5757); Elizabeth Ryan, 411 E. 9th St. (212-995-1111); Bois de la Vie, 949 Columbus Ave., near 106th St. (212-932-2919); Chelsea Wholesale Flower Market, 75 Ninth Ave., near 15th St. (212-620-7500).

Picks of the Week

Max Mara and Marina Rinaldi clothes are half price at the sample sale, from $89 to $929. Sizes 4–16. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St. (212-741-2660); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 9–6:30, Fri. till 5; 11/15–11/19.*

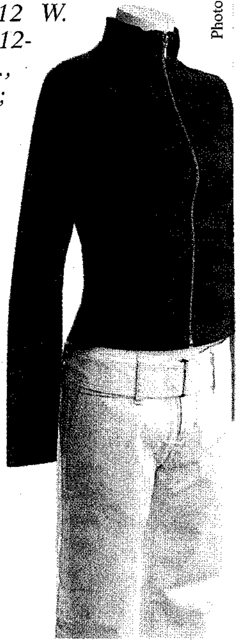
TSE Cashmere for men, women, kids, and the home is 50 to 75 percent off, from $50 for a tank to $800 for a coat. *Chelsea Market, 425 W. 15th St. (for info, call 212-319-8284); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.–Sat. 11–6:30, Sun. noon–4; 11/17–11/21.*

Staff USA has men's and women's Martin Margiela, Costume National, Clements Ribeiro, and Bella Freud at half price ($25–$500). *495 Broadway, near Broome St., eighth floor (212-925-9700); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.–Sat. 11–7; 11/18–11/20.*

Tufi Duek's bright urban basics (pictured) are about 60 percent off, from $45 for pants to $250 for a leather jacket. Sizes 2–10. *530 Broadway, near Spring St., tenth floor (212-925-8277); A.E., M.C., V; Wed.–Fri. 10–6; 11/17–11/19.*

Tardini's accessories (that sell at stores like Saks) are at least half off at the sale. Bags are $120–$300 in leather, $700–$2,500 in alligator. Small stuff is $80–$200. *12 W. 57th St., Suite 1005 (212-664-1965); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6; 11/15–11/19.*

Beth Bowley's sweet knits, plaids, and pretty silk party dresses are more than half off. Dresses are $50–$100, skirts and knits are $25–$70. *611 Broadway, near Bleecker St., Suite 828 (212-674-2664); cash only; Fri. noon–8, Sat. 11–5; 11/19–11/20.* ▬

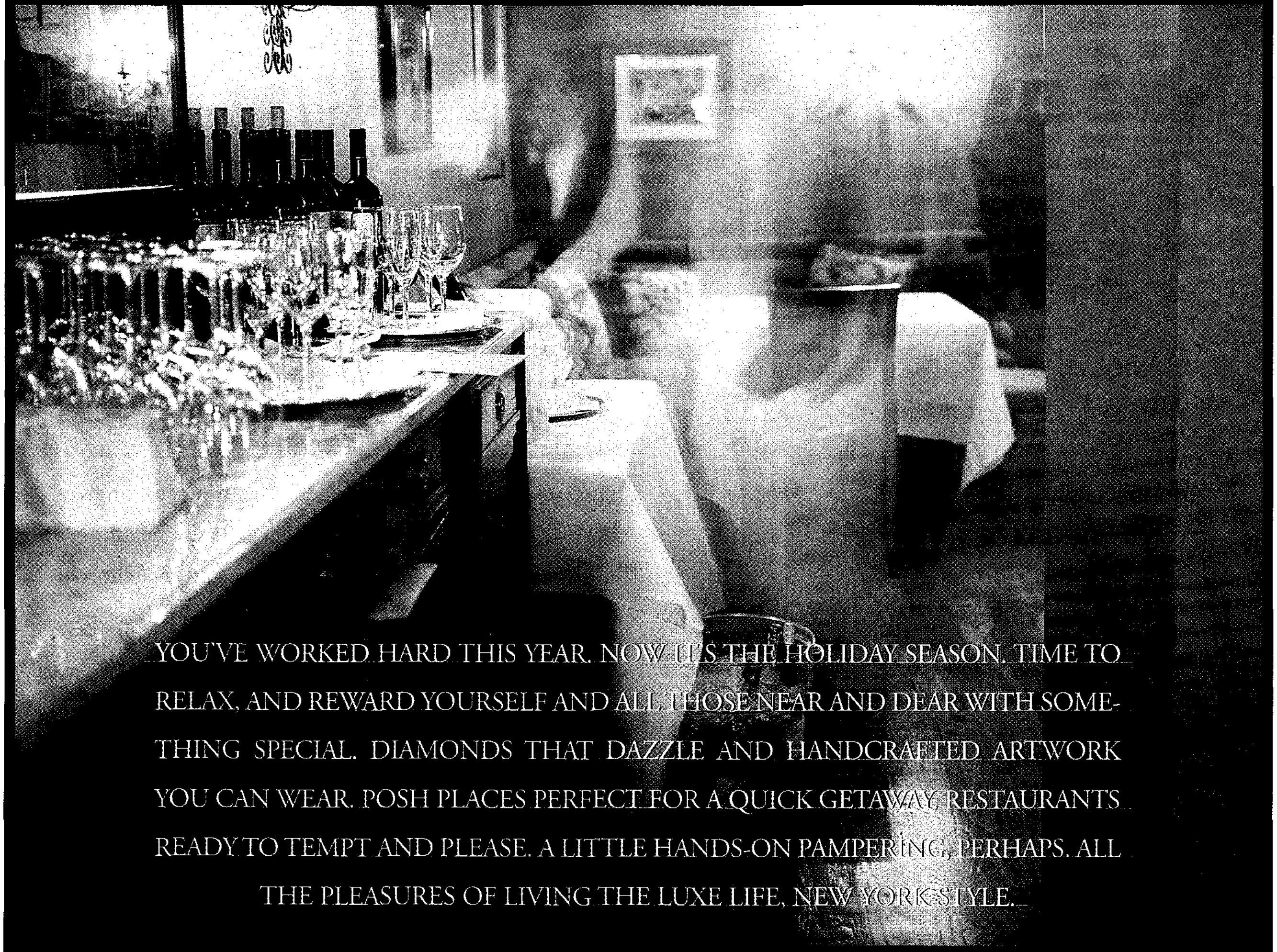


DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

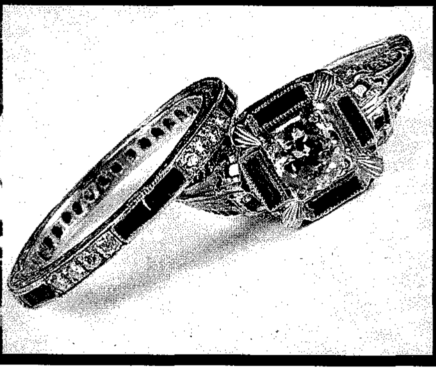
Photographs: top, Kenneth Chen (3); bottom, Vicente De Paulo.

LUXE LIFE

TREAT YOURSELF TO A HOLIDAY INDULGENCE



YOU'VE WORKED HARD THIS YEAR. NOW IT'S THE HOLIDAY SEASON. TIME TO RELAX, AND REWARD YOURSELF AND ALL THOSE NEAR AND DEAR WITH SOMETHING SPECIAL. DIAMONDS THAT DAZZLE AND HANDCRAFTED ARTWORK YOU CAN WEAR. POSH PLACES PERFECT FOR A QUICK GETAWAY. RESTAURANTS READY TO TEMPT AND PLEASE. A LITTLE HANDS-ON PAMPERING, PERHAPS. ALL THE PLEASURES OF LIVING THE LUXE LIFE, NEW YORK STYLE.



Photos Left: The Wyndham El San Juan Hotel & Casino, Center: Stardust Antiques, Right: Kenneth Chen

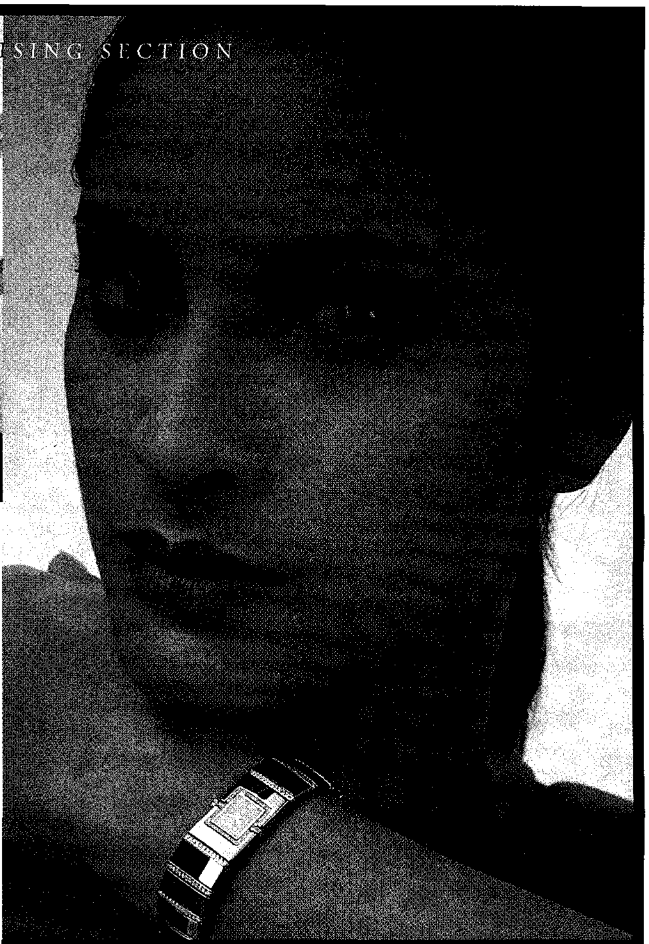
RADO

IN TIME FOR THE MILLENNIUM

Celebrated for its combination of space-age materials and eternal beauty of design, the stellar Swiss watch manufacturer **Rado** (1-800-283-7236 or www.rado.com) recently expanded its collection with the introduction of the Cerix, which makes a distinctive statement from its spiraling bracelet to the high-tech ceramics that form the case and bracelet, and the scratchproof sapphire crystal that protects the face from edge to edge. The Chicago Athenaeum Museum of Architecture and Design distinguished Cerix with the very prestigious Good Design '99 Award.

Founded in 1917, Rado introduced its first scratchproof watch in 1962, when the company developed a watch case made of a titanium- or tungsten carbide-based hard metal, and a crystal made of ultra-pure aluminum-oxide powder that is superheated to form an optically pure sapphire nugget from which each crystal is sliced and polished to sheer, indestructible brilliance.

The Rado collection combines eye-catching beauty, anatomically balanced form and weightless comfort in designs that provide expression for an individual's personal style. Everything from a purist's sense of reduction to essentials, to the luxury of watches decorated with 18-karat gold and diamonds. The "Ceramica" line boasts a supple bracelet and a lustrous case that forms a harmonious whole. The "DiaStar Anatom" models blend a rectangular, anatomically shaped case with a one- or two-colored bracelet. The "DiaMaster" family features a sportier design with the same brilliance and scratchproof materials. Rado watches are available at Kenjo, Tourneau, Fortunoff, and other fine watch retailers.



RADO

EVERYTHING THAT GLITTERS

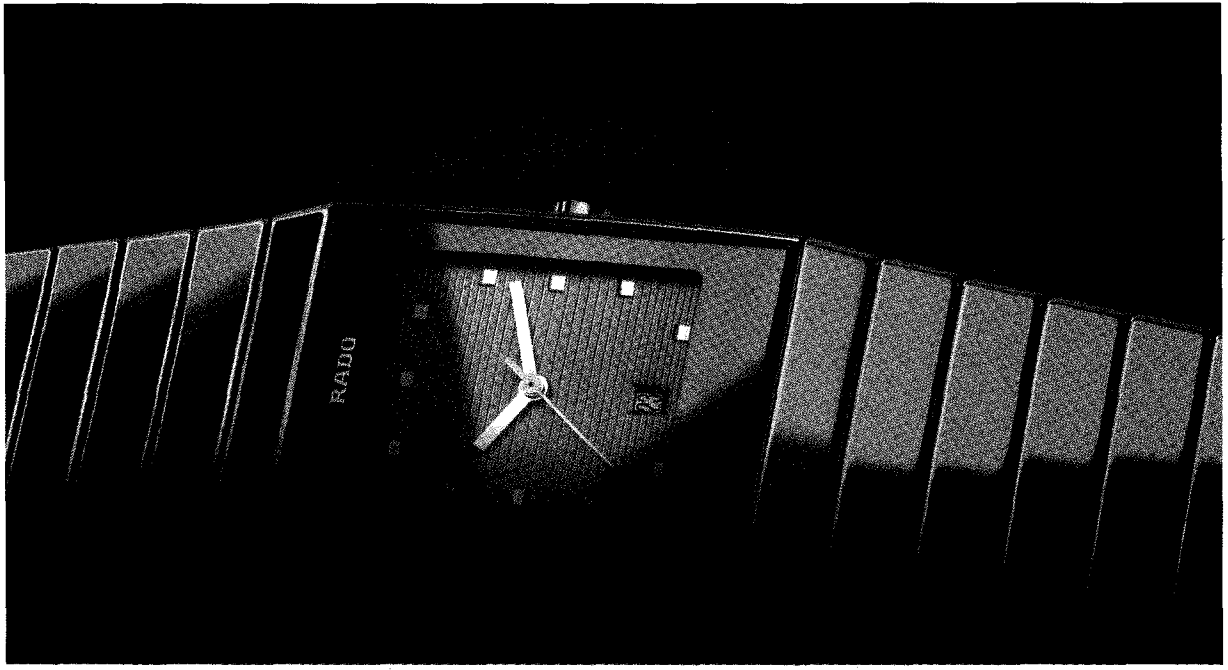
There's nothing more purely luxurious than jewelry. This season's fashion hot list includes one-of-a-kind antique pieces, Native American "artwear," and innovative contemporary designs.

Ken and Esther Gold "shop the world" to find the distinctive, and eclectic, collection that fills the display cases at **Stardust Antiques** (38 Gramercy Park; 677-2590), and they've come back recently with fresh discoveries to augment their fine Art Deco, Art Nouveau and Victorian pieces, and a large selection of antique diamond engage-

All watches show the time.

Some show fashion.

Rado shows the future.



Rado 'Ceramica'. Eternal beauty due to scratchproof materials: high-tech ceramics and sapphire crystal. Available in black or platinum color. In ladies and gent's sizes. MSRP starting at $1,390.

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For information please call toll free (800) 283-7236 or visit us at www.rado.com

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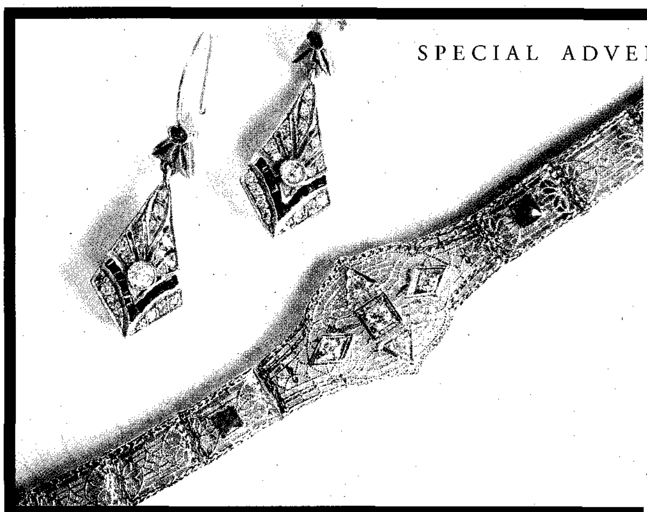
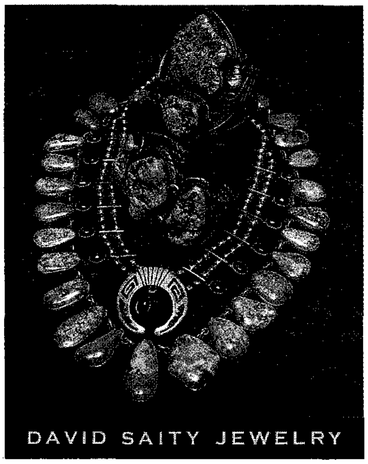


STARDUST ANTIQUES

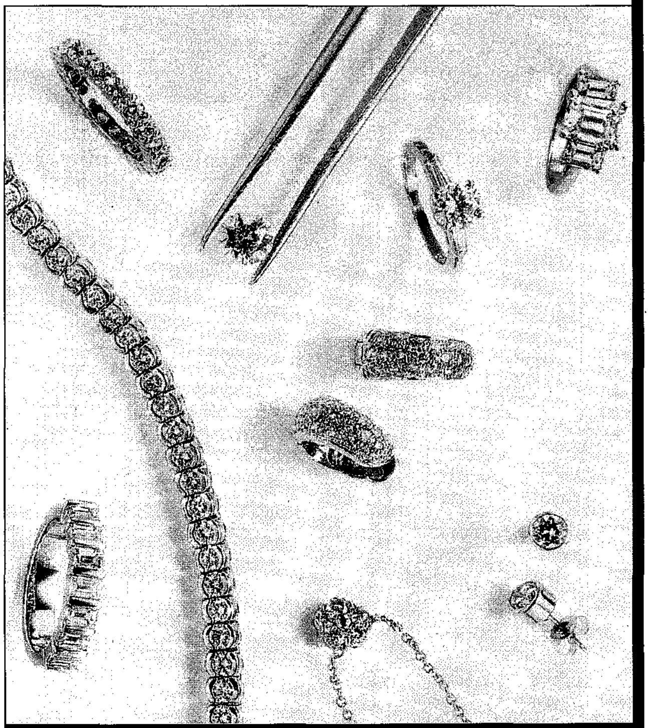
ment and wedding rings. New at Stardust is a collection of antique pearls in necklace strands and earrings, as well as a vast array of antique-style platinum bands set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds just perfect for mixing and matching. And in a departure from jewelry, the shop is now showing its first exhibit of early 19th and 20th century European fine art. Stardust Antiques is also the place to find the cream of estate sales and private purchases from its stylish neighbors around Gramercy Park.



DAVID SAITY JEWELRY

David Saity's been collecting museum-quality, one-of-a-kind "artwear" produced by Hopi, Navajo, Zuni, and Santo Domingo artisans since the 1950s, and began selling to a clientele of serious collectors and celebrities in 1965 at **David Saity Jewelry** (450 Park Ave.; 223-8125). Native American riders travel the backroads to isolated reservations on horseback, with new shipments arriving at the shop every few months. Saity is passionate about the work he displays. "If I don't have a feeling for the piece," he insists, "I don't carry it." Most of the collection dates from the 1940s, with many turn-of-the-century pieces as well. Nowadays, gold is beginning to appear among the more traditional sterling silver accented by semi-precious gems such as turquoise, coral, jet, lapis lazuli, malachite, tiger's eye, and onyx.

To celebrate the new millennium, **The Diamond Co.** (62 W. 47th St., Suite 1208; 819-0336 or 1-888-825-1233), will give you, free of charge (sales tax excluded), anything you purchase between December 1 and 24—if it snows at least five inches between 10 p.m. and 4 a.m. on New Year's Eve. Call for full details. This family-run business—one of America's leading diamond cutters since 1968, and a manufacturer of fine jewelry since 1972—now opens its offices to private customers, by appointment only, allowing access to diamonds usually available only to top wholesalers and retailers, at the same prices wholesalers pay. And every diamond comes with an independent grading report. Isaac Levy, or his sons David and Adam, will teach you how to judge a diamond in side-by-side comparisons, then help you create a design that exactly suits your taste. The Levys specialize in engagement rings and, according to David Levy, "The trend today is toward rings with a fancy shaped main diamond, in oval, emerald, and princess cuts, with



THE DIAMOND CO.

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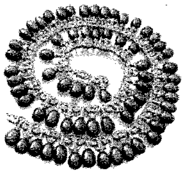
Introducing orbitgems.com, your online source for fine estate and contemporary jewelry at savings of 30 to 70%. Our secret? A global network that lets us buy jewelry of unsurpassed quality at the lowest prices. Being on the Web, we also save on rent, sales commissions and overhead. We pass this quality and savings on to you. Visit orbitgems.com today. The crown jewel of Internet shopping.



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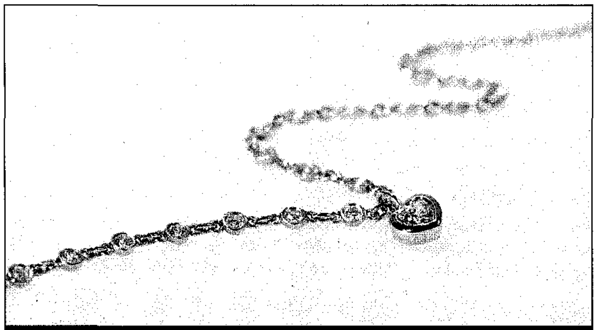


GALLERY ECLECTIC

a perfectly matched accent stone on each side, such as the pentagon, trapezoid, and brilliant bullet cut we've just created."

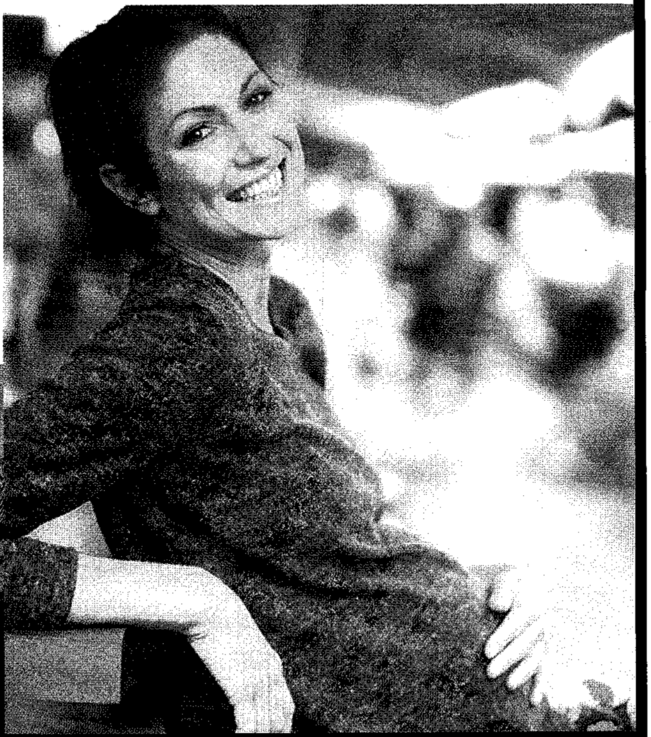
Catherine Angiel describes her jewelry designs as "modern traditional," a blend of high-fashion styling with sophisticated, simple elegance, distinguished by impeccable workmanship using mostly rich, warm 18- and 22-karat gold and platinum. Her current collection, on display at **Gallery Eclectic** (43 Greenwich Ave.; 924-4314, and in Southampton at 27 Main St.; 516-287-0463), demonstrates a design sense that is both hip and classic. A fleur-de-lys cross with a brilliant diamond at its center, for example, or her "love" necklaces that alternate small diamonds and chain links with a pendant that is a larger heart-shaped diamond set in a bezel. Angiel also uses colored diamonds—black, pink, and yellow among them—to great advantage, as well as Australian cognac diamonds, both rough and polished. She also is well known for creating custom pieces that express individual personality, including "commitment rings" that have become a popular way to mark same-sex relationships.

Discretely tucked away on the 12th floor of a stylish office building, **Zingale & Co.** (509 Madison Ave.; 371-8282) occupies a posh suite decorated with Art Deco furnishings and antique Japanese display cases. A simply elegant setting to view the impressive collection of classic designs created by internationally known jewelers, or to peruse an extraordinary selection of loose diamonds—a dazzling variety of every shape and size. Gerard Zingale's clients from the worlds of entertainment and Wall Street arrive, by appointment, to shop in a relaxed atmosphere, and take advantage of pricing Zingale sets between wholesale and retail. "The look today is 18-karat white gold or platinum in any form," notes Gerard. "It is the height of fashion."

THE MOTHER LODE

Targeting busy mothers and mothers-to-be, **eStyle, Inc.** (www.babystyle.com or 1-877-378-9537, toll free) has burst into cyberspace with a selection of stylish maternity apparel for work or play, baby wear, wall-to-wall nursery furnishings, infant development products, and gifts for babies, moms, dads, and grandparents. "Just because you're pregnant doesn't mean you have to lose

ZINGALE AND CO.

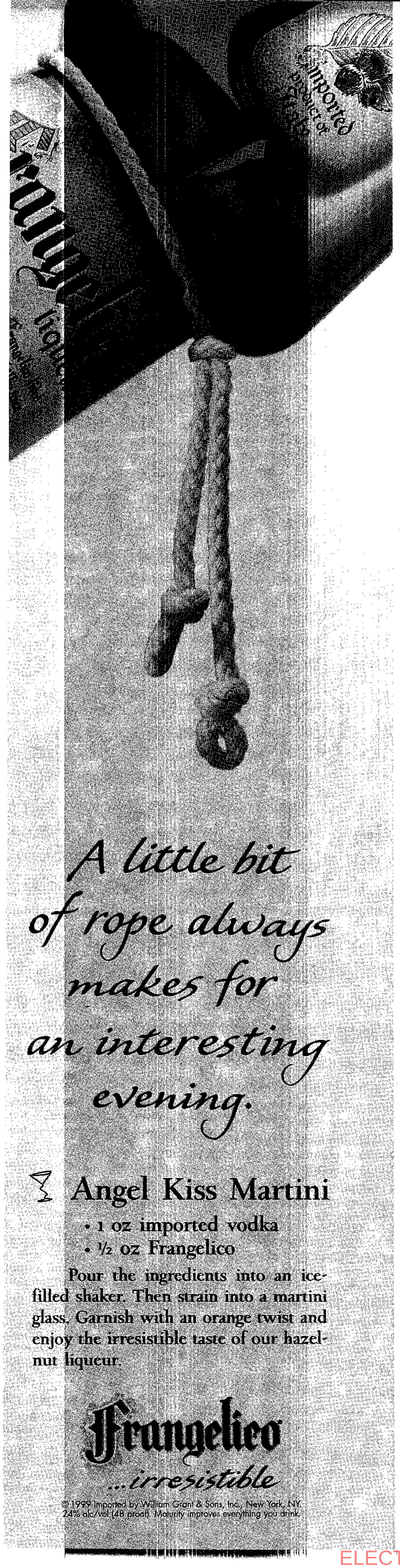


BABYSTYLE. COM

THE HOLIDAY OFFICE PARTY, BIRTHPLACE OF MANY AWKWARD MONDAYS.
CHIVAS REGAL
12
WHEN YOU KNOW
CHIVAS REGAL

Drink responsibly. (But you know that.)

©1999 Chivas Regal 12 Year Old Worldwide Blended Scotch Whisky 40% Alcohol by Volume (80 Proof) Chivas Bros. Import Co., New York, NY.


Imported product of Italy
liqueur
A little bit of rope always makes for an interesting evening.
Frangelico
...irresistible

Angel Kiss Martini
• 1 oz imported vodka
• ½ oz Frangelico
Pour the ingredients into an ice-filled shaker. Then strain into a martini glass. Garnish with an orange twist and enjoy the irresistible taste of our hazelnut liqueur.
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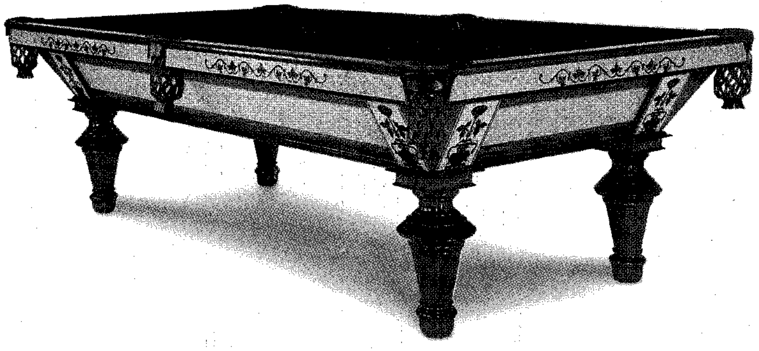
your sense of style," says Laurie McCartney, a Harvard B-school grad who cut her teeth in strategic planning at Walt Disney and later hatched the Web site idea to "centralize the shopping experience" when she was pregnant and busy working. McCartney applied the same Disney customer service focus to eStyle, making it a one-stop address to some 300 top manufacturers including L'Atessa, Japanese Weekend, TSE Cashmere, Petit Bateau, DKNY Baby, Amy Coe Linens, Maclaren, Peg Perego, and Gund. After baby is born, babystyle.com sends customers e-mail with bedtime stories for infants, play group suggestions, and baby gift ideas for grandparents. All merchandise is mailed in gift-wrapped boxes.

A battery of new moms staff the babystyle.com customer service line, and supermodel/supermom Cindy Crawford is coming online with tips and takes on fashion, style, and new motherhood. And you can even click on-screen if you want to be notified of the next live chat with Cindy.

ON CUE

The art of the billiard table is alive and well at **Blatt Billiards** (809 Broadway between 11th and 12th streets, 674-8855), a New York institution since 1923. Loft-like display floors are piled high with everything from simple tables that recall the billiards boom of the Depression when thousands of pool halls dotted the New York landscape, to antique tables inlaid with rare hardwoods. But the true soul of Blatt Billiards is its thriving custom-built and restoration business, with a veritable Santa's workshop staffed by Old World craftsmen executing designs for a who's who of Hollywood and big business clients happy to pay as much as $100,000 for pool table perfection. Blatt also sells "production tables" for $3,000 to $5,000, including one that doubles as a dining table.


BLATT BILLIARDS

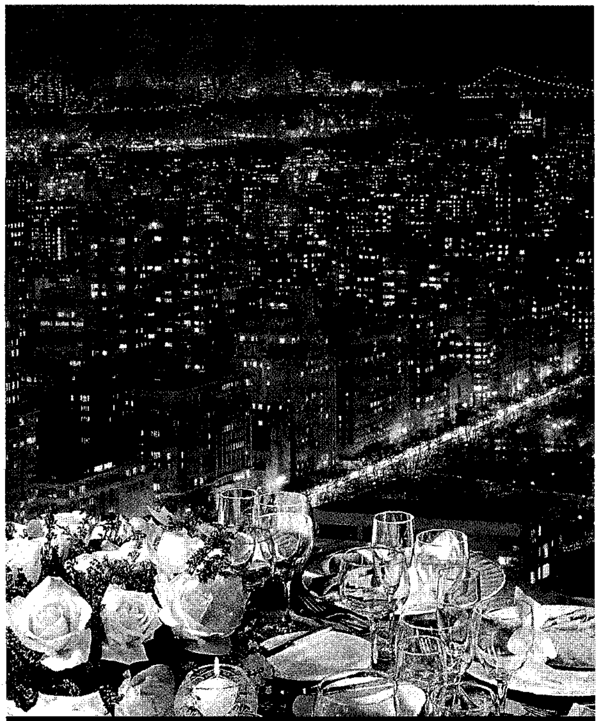
Frangelico liqueur
No resisting the taste.
Frangelico
...irresistible

To send a gift of Frangelico, anywhere in the U.S. or Canada, call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited by law. Produced and bottled by Barbero S.P.A., Canale, Italy. 24% alc/vol (48 proof). © 1999 Imported by William Grant & Sons, Inc. New York, NY 10020. Maturity improves everything you drink.

THE VIEW FROM THE TOP

The 500-suite **RIHGA Royal Hotel New York** (151 W. 54th St.; 307-5000 or 1-877-PINNACL) takes pampering to new heights in its Pinnacle Suites which occupy the top 15 of the hotel's 54 stories.

Upon arrival, a Pinnacle manager greets you curbside and escorts you to your suite to complete check-in formalities. Luxury is all around you, from the décor that is a restful palette of seafoam green and taupe beiges, along with blond woods, marble foyers, custom-made carpeting, and a bedroom and living room separated by mirrored French doors. Not to mention bay window views of the city. Amenities include two televisions, a VCR, a complete stereo sound system with CD and cassette player, a complimentary cell phone, an all-in-one fax/printer/copier, an electronic safe, and a refrigerator and ice maker. The marble-clad bathroom features a separate tub and shower stall, a selection of AVEDA products, and a toilet seat you can heat at the touch of a button to suit your comfort.


RIHGA ROYAL HOTEL NEW YORK

RIHGA ROYAL HOTEL NEW YORK

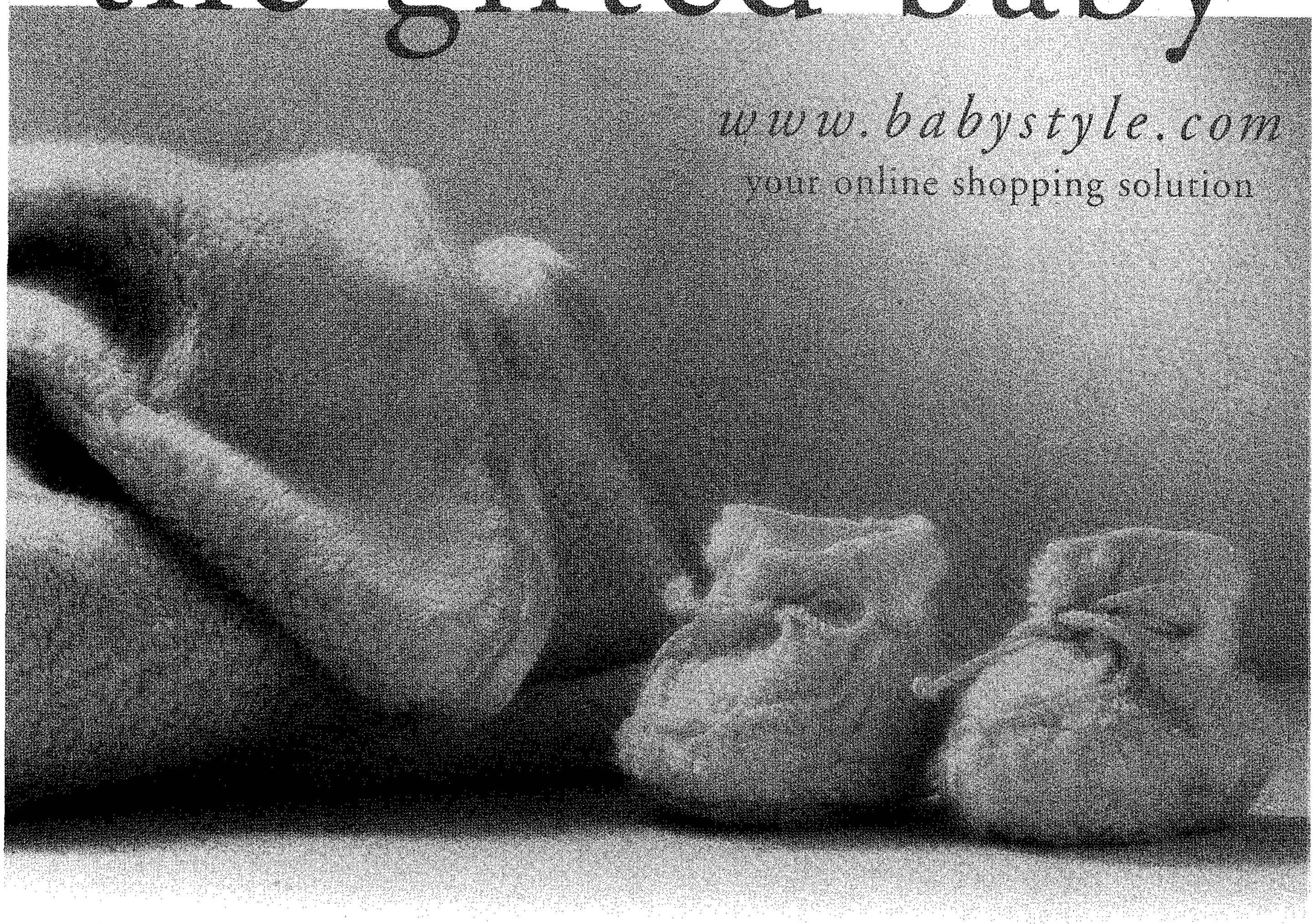
In-suite dining is available 24 hours a day from the hotel's stylish Halcyon Restaurant. Or you can make dinnera special occasion by booking Halcyon's Table 1A, which is set in the middle of the kitchen, and sit back and enjoy a special menu prepared by the chef just for you. Sunday brunch is another RIHGA keynote, a sumptuous buffet served in a penthouse with commanding views on three sides.

And if you're arriving from out of town, the RIHGA will send a free chauffeur-driven town car to pick you up at any of New York's three airports, and drive you back to the airport when you leave. Guaranteed availability until noon the day before arrival by calling The Pinnacle Club at 1-800-PINNACL.

ON THE BEACH

Combining the glamour of a European grand hotel and the informality of a great Caribbean resort, **The Wyndham El San Juan Hotel & Casino** (6063 Isla Verde Ave, San Juan, Puerto Rico 00902; 1-787-791-1000 or 1-800-468-2818 for reservations) is today's great getaway in Puerto Rico. Gazing out at the world across 700 feet of fine white-sand beachfront, The

the gifted baby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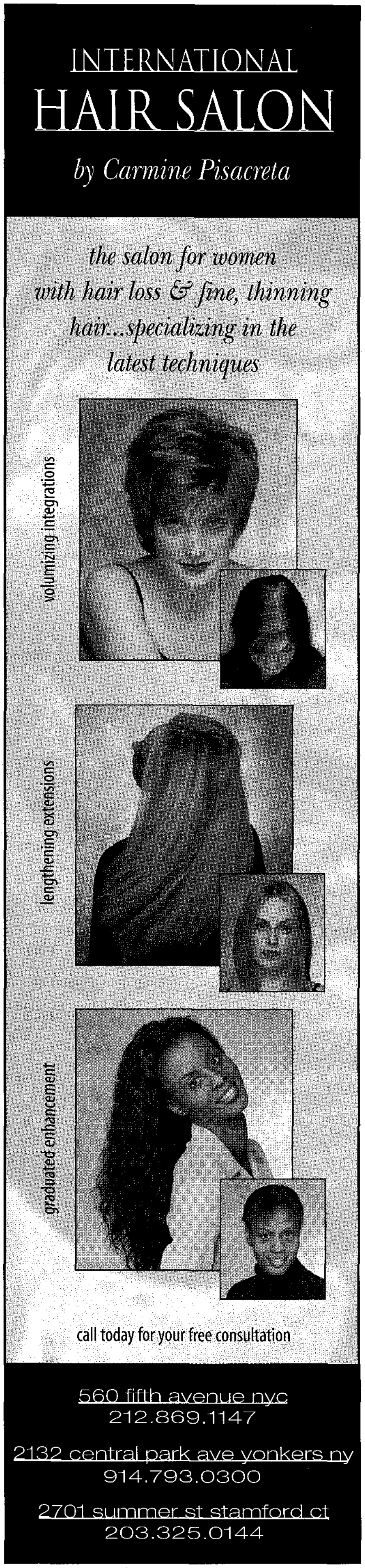
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Most of the 389 spacious guest rooms have a balcony or private patio. Rooms feature ceiling fans, three multi-line phones with voice mail, and an entertainment center that combines a TV, VCR, and a cassette and CD player. Not willing to rest on its laurels, the resort recently completed a four year $130 million improvement program that added 21 deluxe beachfront suites and another 49 facing the gardens.

CHIC IN CYBERSPACE

Tired of crowded stores and harried sales clerks? Sit back, relax, and do your shopping in cyberspace, where you'll find fine art, clever gifts, and a whole constellation of jewelry. Read on for more ideas.

The artists whose work is available on **GUILD.com** (www.GUILD.com or 1-877-344-8453, toll-free) appear by invitation only. The artists and fine craftspeople included on the site had to pass muster with founder

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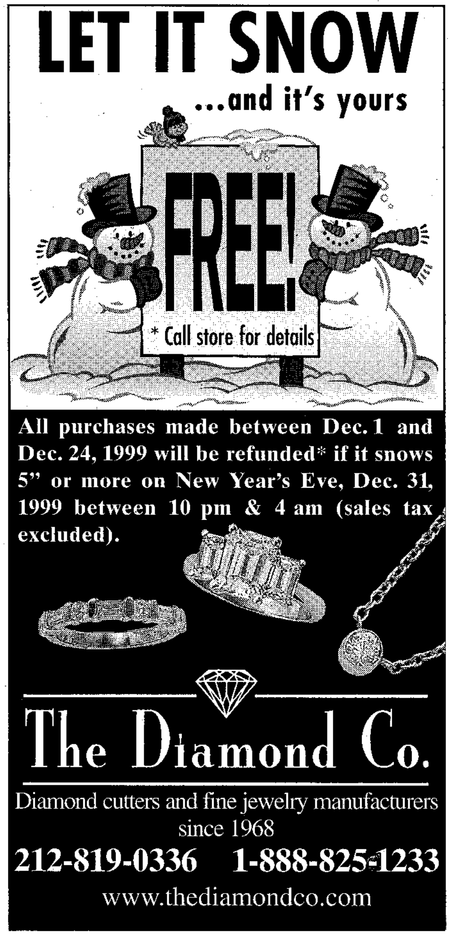

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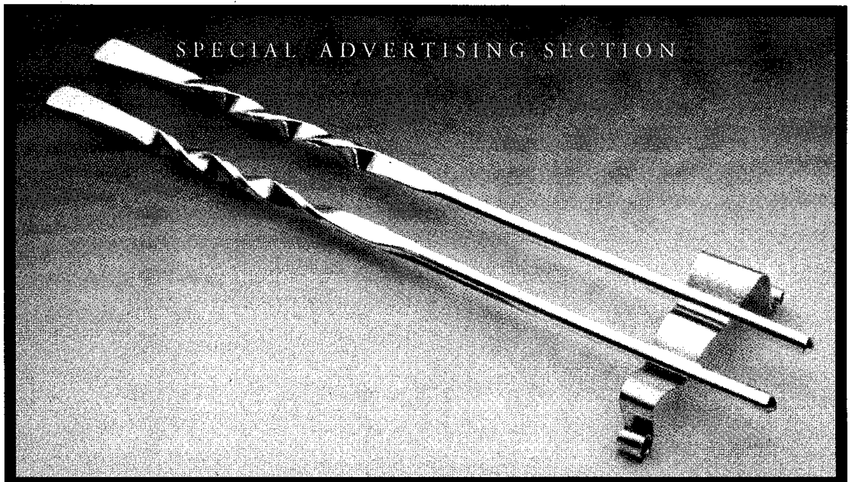
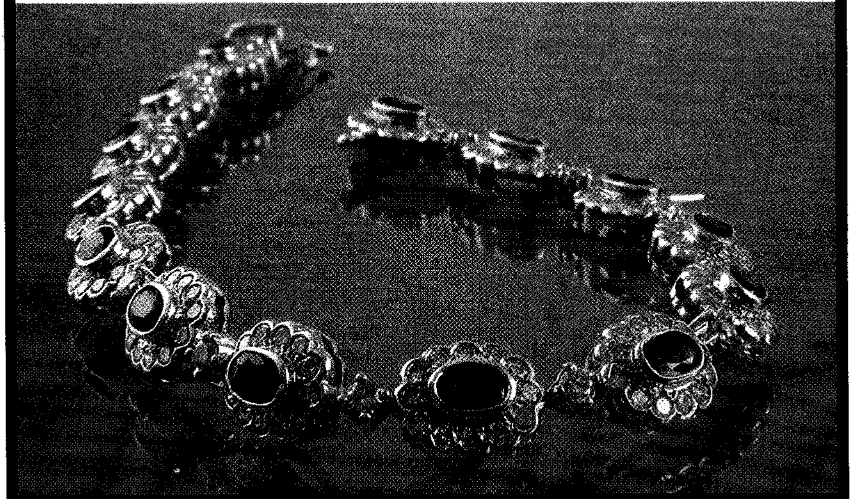


GUILD.COM

Toni Sikes; Michael Monroe, past Executive Director of the American Craft Council and former Curator-in-Charge of the Smithsonian Institution's Renwick Gallery; and Richard Marcus, former CEO of Neiman Marcus. The comprehensive collection of art, fine crafts, and furniture is readily accessible according to artist, type of work, price range, or even by theme or motif. Drop in on "Gallery Row" and view the work at 36 select galleries, or visit the "Artist Center" for a viewing of work currently available. It features more than 1,000 artists and over 6,000 items. The "Traveler's Center" lists exhibit schedules for select galleries, organized by state. For that special person on your list, consider the bronze limited-edition sculptures of the celebrated Leonardo da Vinci's Horse™ unveiled in Milan last September. Scale sculptures range from a five-inch-tall version for $750 to a 12-foot-tall sculpture (only eight will be cast) for $1 million.

The largest online estate and fine jewelry store, **Orbitgems** (www.orbitgems.com), operates in partnership with Windsor Jewelers, one of the largest estate jewelry buyers in the world. From distinctive antique and vin-

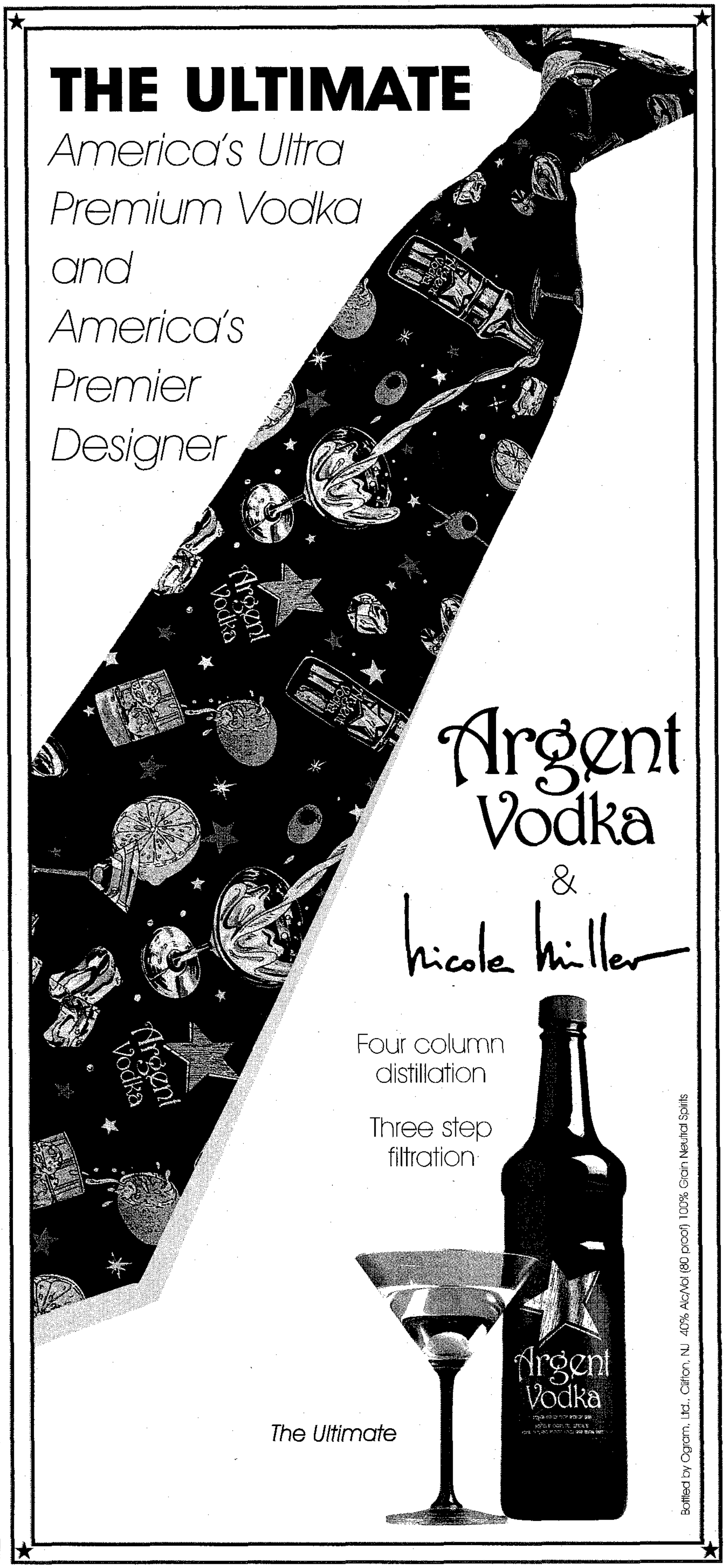


ORBITGEMS.COM

tage jewelry, to exquisite signature pieces by Bulgari, Cartier, Tiffany, and Van Cleef & Arpels, the site displays over 1,000 items at prices as much as 70 percent below retail. The site combines the knowledge and reputation of a traditional jeweler with the unmatched selection of merchandise and pricing only the Internet can provide. You can shop according to price, type of object, or type of gemstone and metal used in the setting. Each item is shown in full color, with a detailed description, and an estimate of your savings compared with retail prices.

BOCADO.COM

Bocado.com (www.bocado.com) has sorted through the creations of such stellar luxury goods purveyors as S.T. Dupont, Bernardaud, and Caviarteria to create an online shopping source of gifts priced between $50 and $1,600. Bocado (the name is a phonetic spelling of the French beaux cadeaux, meaning beautiful gifts) has created a Web site that offers a "Personal Shopper" that leads you to gifts according to the gender of the recipient, occasion, category of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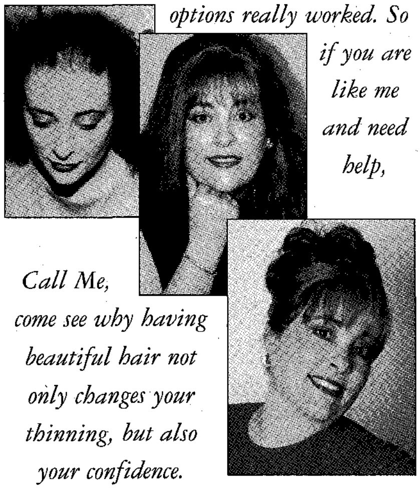

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the item, and price. A "Trends and Advice" feature keeps you up to date on "what's fun at the moment," and you can even ask for a "Date Reminder" that will arrive by e-mail one week before a special occasion, such as a birthday or anniversary, then again two days before the big day.

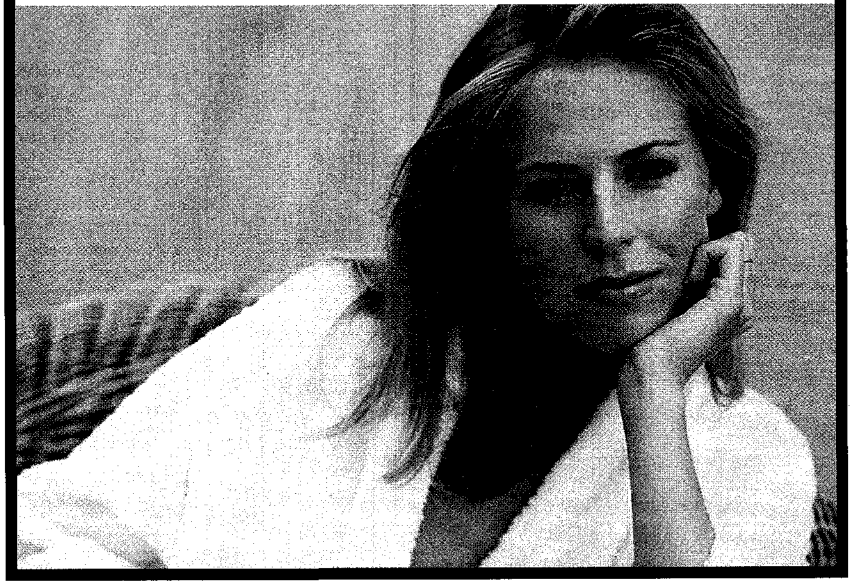
A PASSION FOR PASHMINA

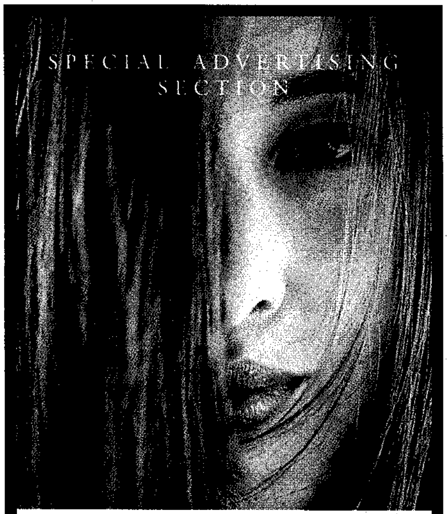
Stylish Upper East Siders, with an eye for fashion and fair pricing, have beaten a path to **White Tulip** (1046 Lexington Ave. between 74th and 75th streets; 879-1100), lured by a great selection of Pashmina shawls at prices roughly half of the usual retail. Phyllis Wagner, who opened this chic shop about a year ago, sells large Pashmina shawls for $169, medium-sized shawls for $149. White Tulip specializes in a well-chosen collection of unique accessories from around the world. Phyllis takes pride in providing a relaxed, friendly atmosphere that keeps customers, from young and trendy to sophisticated and traditional, happily returning time and again.

PAMPER ME

A new hairstyle, maybe a new hair color. A soothing facial, a relaxing massage. Go ahead, indulge yourself.

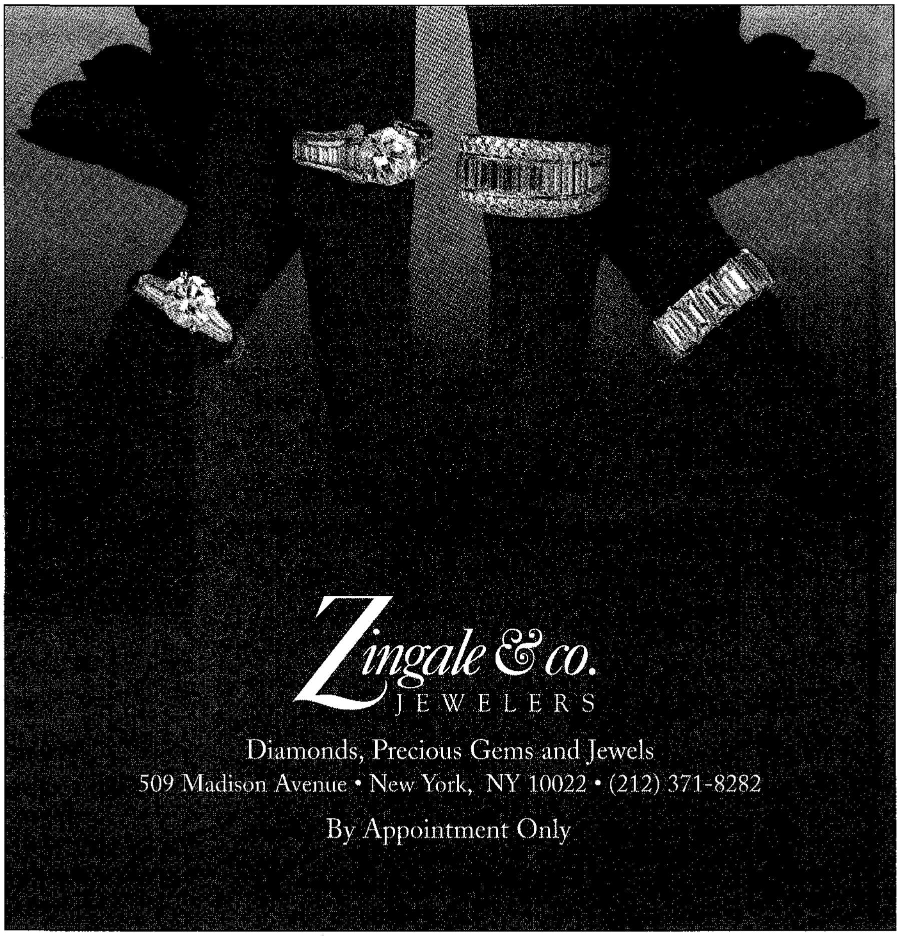
For active women and men, a visit to **Prana Salon** (57 W. 57th St.; 688-5557) brightens up the gloomiest day. Even at its busiest, the spare, airy space is a rose-tinted oasis of serenity. Wrap yourself up in your kimono-style robe and settle back. Prana stylists favor creative versions of the trendiest cuts. Colorists are masters at blending deep, rich tones that shimmer with light. A manicure or a pedi-





cure (or both) complete the Prana pampering. The salon also offers discounts of 10 to 20 percent, depending on the service involved, to businesses that open corporate accounts for their employees. Media professionals are invited to get acquainted with Prana free of charge on Thursdays at 6 p.m. during "Editor's Hour."

For women who've had the unsettling experience of thinning hair and hair loss disorders, **LeMetric Hair Replacement Center For Women** (124 E. 40th St., Suite 601; 986-5620 or 1-800-217-9052; www.lemetric.com) has the solution. Client and advocate on women's hair loss, Elline Surianello developed The LeMetric Hair Replacement System over 15 years ago to solve her own problem with thinning hair. She tried wearing wigs and scarves, and even tried to create diversions by wearing flashy jewelry and eccentric clothes. When none of that worked, she developed an ingenious noninvasive system that adds hair to your existing hair base, creating a natural look.



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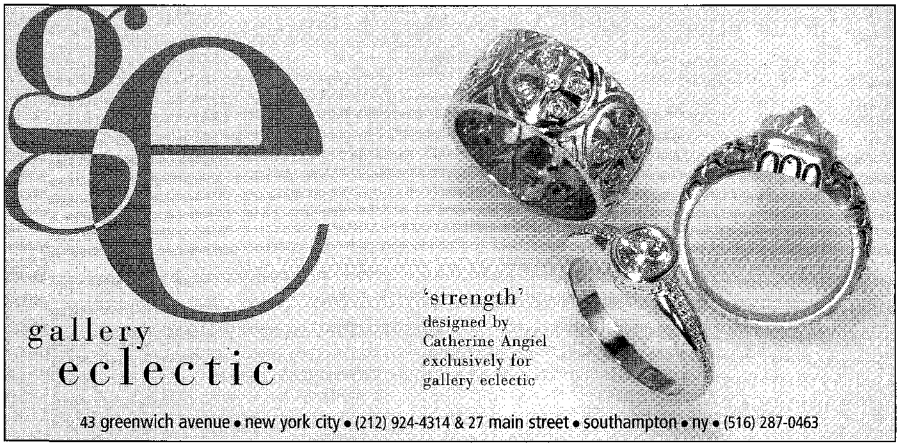

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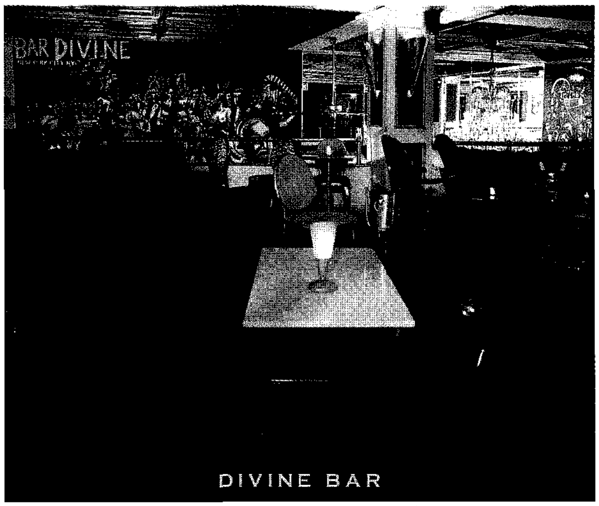
At **International Hair Salon** (560 Fifth Ave., Third Floor, at 56th St, 869-1147; 2701 Summer St., Stanford, CT, 203-325-0144; and 2132 Central Park Ave., Yonkers, NY, 914-793-0300), (member of the American Hair Loss Council and the Alopecia Foundation) women with fine, thinning hair due to any situation, such as heredity or chemotherapy, will find a variety of solutions. This includes hair extensions, volumizing techniques, weaving-bonding, scalp treatments, and custom-made wigs. The contemporary, 2,000 square-foot space provides private treatment rooms, as well as such traditional services as haircutting, styling, and highlighting specifically adapted to creating fashionable looks for women with fine, thin hair.

The specialty at **Lia Schorr Skin Care** (686 Lexington Ave., Fourth Floor; 486-9670 or 1-800-782-7212) is head-to-toe pampering for women and men. With 31 years of experience, including 20 operating her own salon, Lia offers seven different types of facials that range from seaweed, glycolic and the latest vitamin C treatments, to back facials and special care for teenagers. Manicures and pedicures include paraffin treatment that moisturizes the skin. And there's a soothing reflexology treatment, a 30-minute pressure point foot massage. Body services feature four distinctly different types of massage—therapeutic, relaxing, and sports massages, as well as a massage designed for pregnant women. Other body services include a body scrub to exfoliate the skin and a seaweed body wrap that detoxifies and hydrates the skin. All services are available individually or in packages, with special prices for half-day and full-day arrangements, and a popular bride-and-groom package. The salon is open seven days and evenings a week.

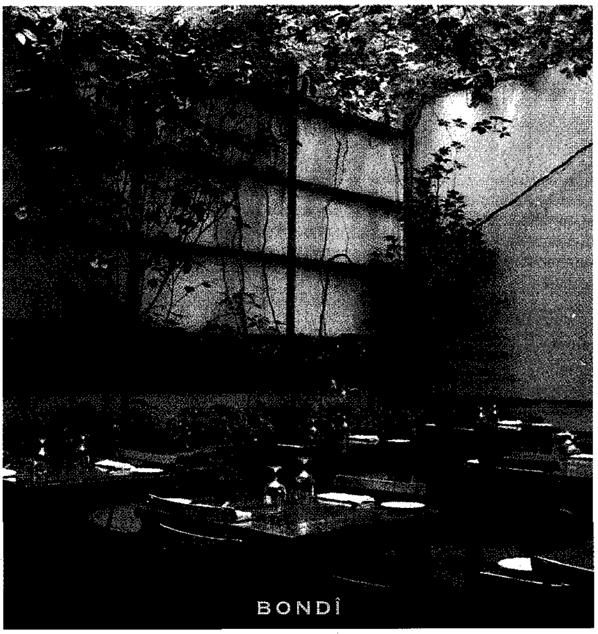
RESTAURANT REVELS

What if the Pilgrims had come from Sicily? That's the tantalizing, and typically off-center notion GM Jim Doyle has conjured up for Thanksgiving at **Bondí** (7 W. 20th St.; 691-8136;www.bondi.com). Doyle, who recently created a decidedly saucy menu based on recipes from the memoirs of Casanova, has spun the traditional Thanksgiving feast into variations that begin with a choice of antipasti that includes a Napoleon of winter vegetables or grilled calamari stuffed with breadcrumbs, pinenuts, cacciocavallo cheese, and anchovies. The main course consists of rolls of turkey breast with a classic Sicilian artichoke and prosciutto stuffing, served with a cranberry-pinenut sauce, herbed mashed potatoes, and sautéed broccoli. Dessert is a ricotta and pumpkin cheesecake served with a warm apple compote.



DIVINE BAR

If you've had trouble finding Opus One, the California wine of the moment, take heart. You can sample the three latest vintages in a side-by-side tasting at **Divine Bar** (244 E. 51st St.; 319-WINE). Owners Shari Schneider and



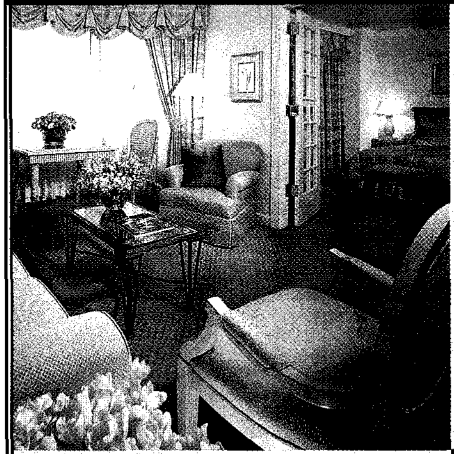
BONDÎ

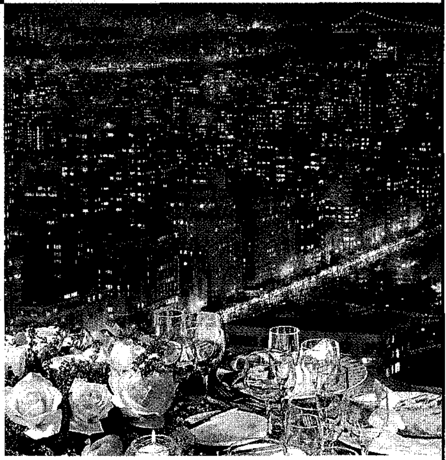
Michael Vitanza have been hoarding cases of the hard-to-get red just to be able to offer this unique experience. Meanwhile, their funky outpost in the Financial District (55 Liberty St.; 791-WINE) has a special "Wine 2K" vertical tasting all its own—every available vintage of the '90s ('90-'96) of the much-in-demand Mondavi Napa District Cabernet Sauvignon. Both locations serve some 60 wines by the glass and 45 premium beers that pair nicely with an eclectic menu of tapas that range from satay-style shrimp on skewers to "wild tapas" (alligator fritters and hickory smoked barbecue buffalo).

HOLIDAY CHEERS

'Tis the season to be jolly, and here's news about some noteworthy additions to any high-spirited entertaining you might have on your calendar.

Chivas Regal (www.chivas. com) is the first name in Scotch. Last spring, Chivas Regal's 18-year-old arrived, a super-premium blend of the finest whiskies in Chivas Brothers vast cellars. Crafted with the same care as the classic 12-year-old, plus all the nuances and complexity that come with six additional years of aging in oak casks, only a limited number of cases are available each year.





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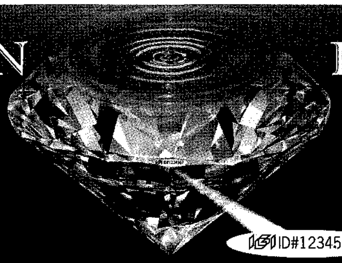

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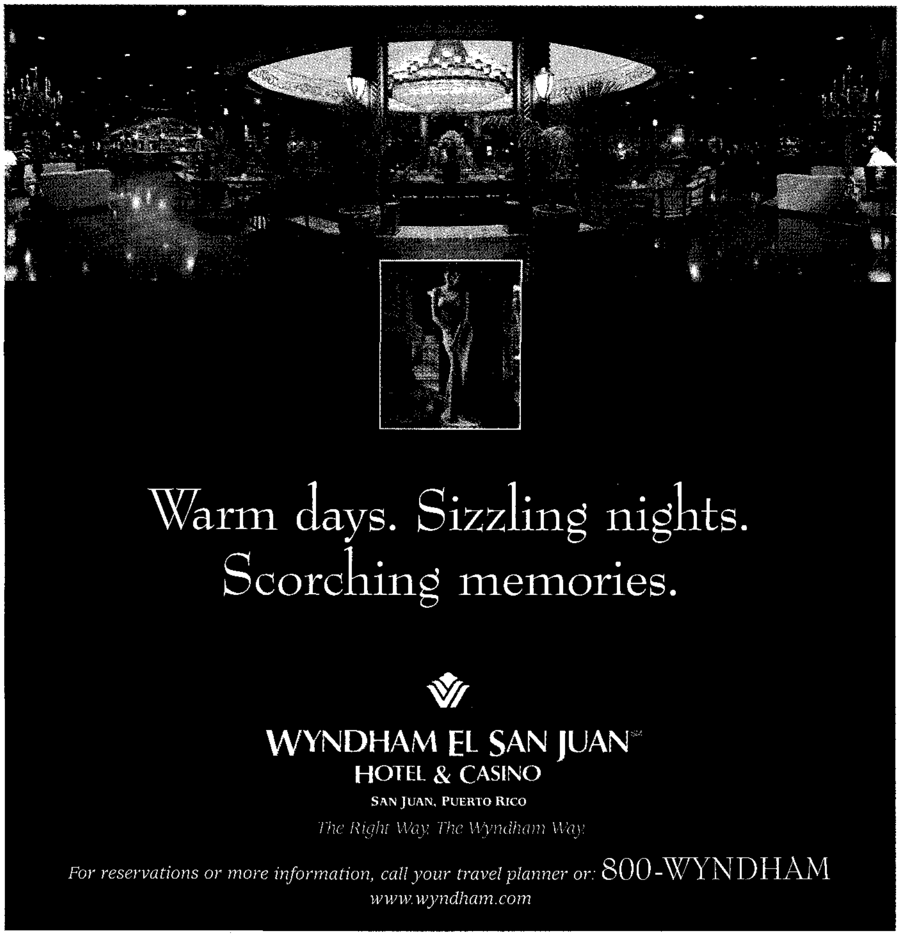
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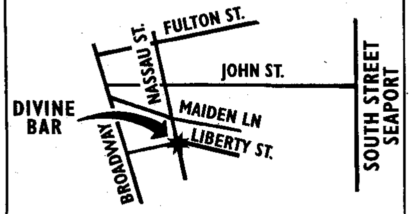

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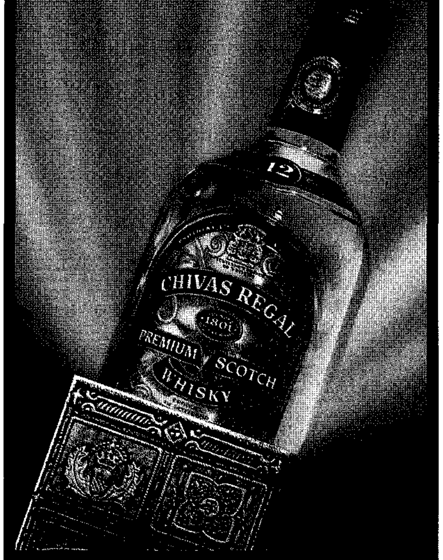
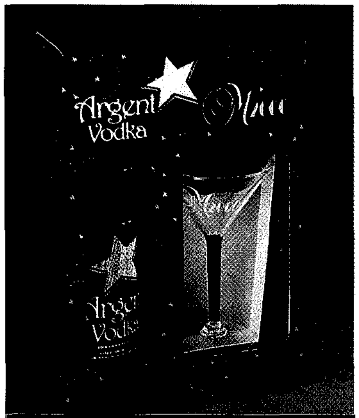


CHIVAS REGAL

Fans of **The Glenlivet** (www.theglenlivet.com), the world's finest single malt Scotch whisky, have much to celebrate—and celebrate with—this holiday season. Two new connoisseur bottlings appeared this fall. The Glenlivet Archive 21 Year Old is a special reserve that has been aged for a minimum of 21 years, with some casks aged for 40 years or more. And The Glenlivet French Oak Finish, a 12 year old that brings an unusual French accent to the quintessential single malt palate—the first pure single malt Scotch aged in French Limousin oak casks prized for the rich, delicate flavors and floral and fruity aromas they impart to fine wines and Cognacs. Limousin oak adds a spicy oakiness to the taste of The Glenlivet. Both labels should be sipped leisurely, either neat, over ice, or with a splash of spring water to open up their unique bouquets.

FRANGELICO

The legend of **Frangelico** liqueur (www.FrangelicoItaly.com) dates back to the 17th century when a monk who lived as a hermit in the mountains of the Piedmont region of Italy used his knowledge of nature to create recipes for liqueurs and drinks. Today, the familiar monk-motif bottle is distributed in more than 85 countries worldwide, attracting a loyal following with a subtle blend of wild hazelnuts, berries, and herbs. For an unexpected taste treat, try the Angel Kiss Martini, which demands 1/2 ounce of Frangelico and one ounce of imported or vanilla vodka poured into an ice-filled shaker. Shake and strain into a martini glass and garnish with an orange twist.



ARGENT VODKA

If vodka is meant to be colorless and odorless—and endlessly adaptable to take on the qualities of whatever it's mixed with—then **Argent Ultra Premium Vodka** (www.starindustries.net) is the ultimate expression of that ideal of purity. Beginning with select American grains, Argent uses a four-column distillation process targeted to eliminate specific impurities through each column. And once purified by that process, Argent proceeds through a three-step filtration that removes impurities that form during the fermentation of grain, sugar, or carbohydrates into alcohol. The result is a clear, fresh, clean, smooth ultra-premium vodka in the distinguished black bottle. A popular choice for a martini or cosmopolitan, or as "black ice"—as pure as it gets, Argent on the rocks.

WHAT CHAMPAGNE PANIC?

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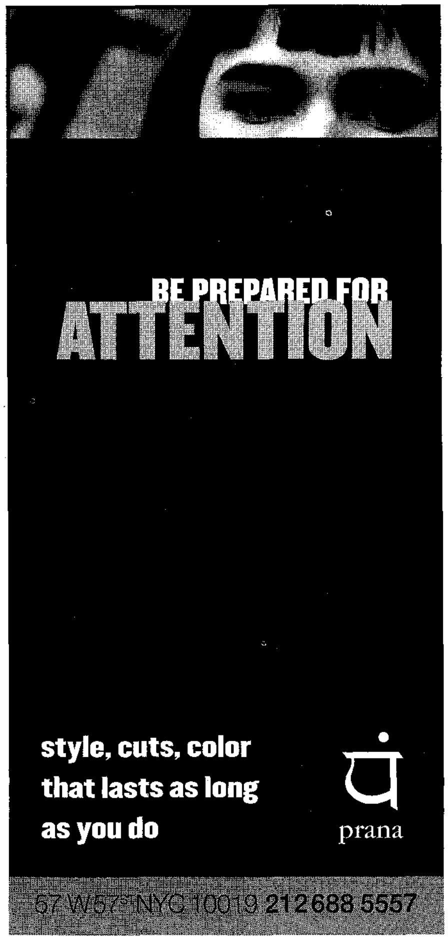

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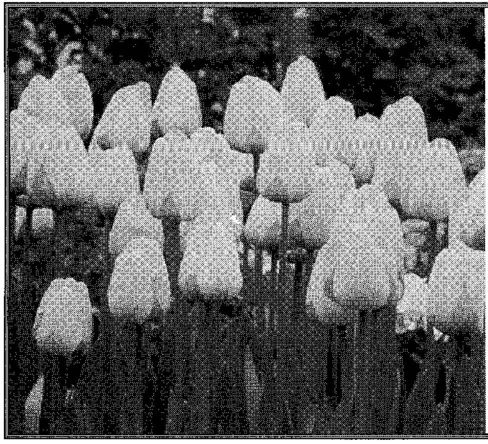

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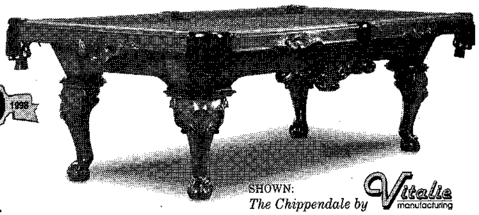

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Not to worry, says Andrew Klugerman of **K&D Wines & Spirits** (1366 Madison Ave.; 289-1818), a shop that's been specializing in finding hard-to-get wines for the past 37 years. "We anticipated the demand and bought all we could," he says. "There's a finite amount of Dom Pérignon and Crystal, but we have resources that supplied us with deep reserves of superior quality Champagnes at reasonable prices." A 1985 Charles Heidsieck Brut Rosé, for example, a fully mature, complex Champagne awarded 96 points by the *Wine Spectator.*

Besides its reputation as a source of the hard-to-find, K&D is well known for its customer service. "There's always an owner behind the counter," says Klugerman, and special services include pre-chilled bottles, free gift wrapping (they'll even take card dictation on the phone), and special orders for anything. K&B offers a 10-percent discount on any case purchases of non-sale wine. Saturday afternoon wine tastings are popular events.

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CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR

CHRISTY CASAMASSIMA
EDITOR

BOLLE DESIGN
CREATIVE

TOM GOLDEN
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RESEARCH

KENNETH CHEN
PHOTOGRAPHY

MOVIES **PETER RAINER**

Burn, Babe, Burn

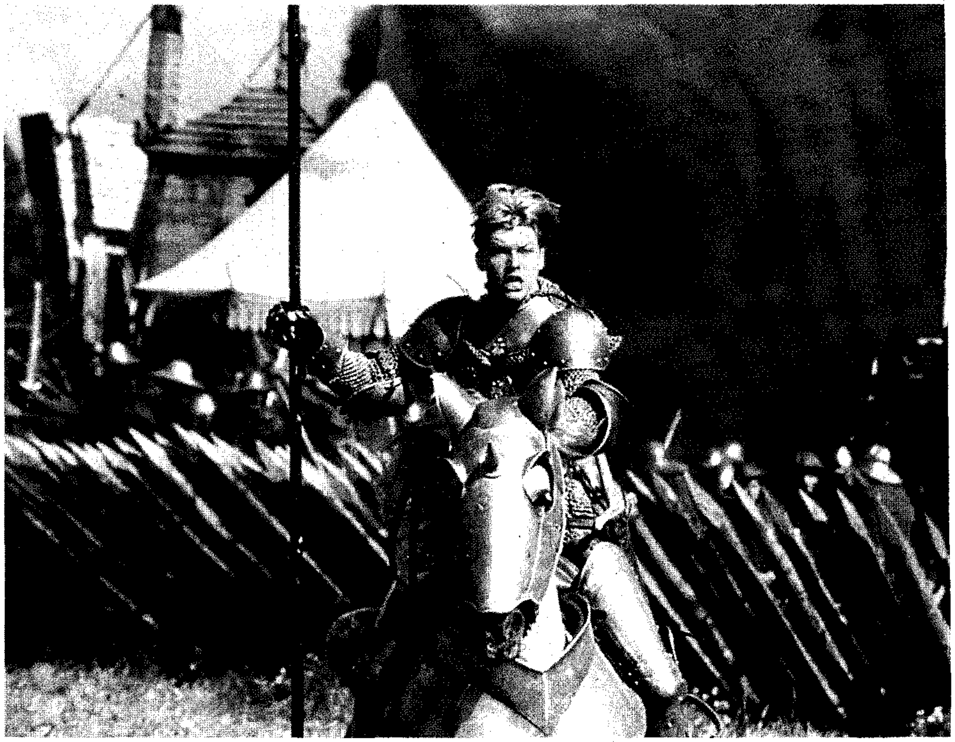
As film history's most annoying Joan of Arc, Milla Jovovich flashes great dental work, legendary cheekbones, and very excellent highlights.

IN **The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc**, WE FIRST glimpse the fabled warrior maiden as a young peasant sprite gamboling through multicolored fields. She also spends quality time in the confession booth badgering the local priest with her piety—he can't believe this little sprig has so much that she wants to be forgiven for. When the British invade Joan's village, she watches her older sister first murdered and *then* raped by a soldier in need of a shave and some heavy orthodonture. Is it any surprise Joan will grow up to defeat the English at Orléans? The only surprise here is her transformation from Pippi Longstocking look-alike to her adolescent incarnation as runway model for the latest in fifteenth-century armorwear. As personified by Milla Jovovich, Joan is lanky and statuesque, with stylishly sheared hair and accented cheekbones. Her perfect teeth are whiter-than-white. When it comes to dentistry, the French win this Hundred Years' War hands down.

Director Luc Besson, who never met a camera move he didn't like, is perhaps best known in this country for *La Femme Nikita,* and there's a lot of Nikita, who also looked like a supermodel, in this Joan. She's a righteous assassin prone to hissy-fit outbursts of remorse. (Apparently, it never dawned on her that people fighting a war actually get slaughtered.) The timing for Besson's take on Joan was inevitable: After George Bernard Shaw and Dreyer and Bresson (what a difference an "r" makes); after Jean Seberg and Maria Falconetti and Ingrid Bergman, the world is finally ready for Joan of Arc as the prototype of grrrl power (Joanie the Brit-slayer). Storming the British battlements at Orléans, she takes an arrow full in the chest and, retreating to safety, urges her warriors to press on. (This part of the spectacle could be called "Start the Revolution Without Me"). But then Joan plucks out the bloody thing and rejoins the fray. The battle scenes are in the *Braveheart* tradition: The score sounds like cannonballs trying to mate, while legions of armored and voluminously hairy bellowers clank to be free. In their verbal ripostes to the French, the British here are far from flowery. They respond to Joan's entreaties to yield to the Kingdom of Heaven with a hearty, "Go fuck yourself!" Historical accuracy can be so limiting, *n'est-ce pas*?

Besson and his co-screenwriter Andrew Birkin are offering up Joan as mystic, maiden, martyr (choose any one or combination). The maiden part doesn't work because of Joan's high diva quotient; the martyr part is tempered by our desire, after listening to so much of Joan's holier-than-thou yowling, to see her taste the flames and be done with it. The mystic part has potential, but Joan's visions are about on the level of a Björk music video, and Besson introduces a character known to Joan as the Conscience, who tests her faith, or something, but is impossible to take seriously because he's played by Dustin Hoffman in hooded robe and beard. Hoffman delivers his lines in a kind of dry, oracular patter; he could be Obi-Wan George Burns. I don't think Hoffman has ever been sillier, though he's not meant to be, exactly.

Contrast him with John Malkovich, playing Charles VII. With his dauphin's haircut and ceremonial duds, this king is a fruity fanatic, and Malkovich gives him a gaudiness that's the most entertaining thing in the movie. Watching the actor here, it occurred to me that the reason he was so perfectly cast in *Being John Malkovich,* where he spends some of his screen time inhabited by a woman, is that, as a performer, he projects in almost equal measure feyness and macho belligerence. With Malkovich, you may not always know what you're getting, but it all adds up. He's turned the omni-weirdness of his screen presence into a remarkably supple comic instrument capable of spanning centuries: Whether he's appearing in the deadpan futurism of *Being John Malkovich* or the deadweight antics of *The Messenger,* Malkovich is oddly, absolutely *right.* He's just about the



Gallop pol: Jovovich leading the charge in Luc Besson's *The Messenger.*

Photograph by Jack English.

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only reason to pace yourself through this movie, but maybe not reason enough. I suspect its audiences will be ahead of the British in sounding the retreat.

IN **Felicia's Journey**, BOB HOSKINS IS PLAYING Joseph Hilditch, a fastidious catering manager in England's industrial Midlands who also happens to be a serial killer. Hilditch may not be fully aware of the murders he's committed; the women that this painfully lonely man picks up and befriends, and secretly videotapes in his car, are a solace he ultimately can't abide. (The killings are never shown.) Felicia (Elaine Cassidy), who is taken up by him after arriving from Ireland pregnant and in search of her errant boyfriend, is the innocent who unknowingly risks her life and transforms him. Atom Egoyan's adaptation of the 1994 William Trevor novel is an attempt to make ghoulishness ethereal. Egoyan resists pulping the material, or maybe he's just no good at getting down and dirty. But pulp would have been preferable to all this sluggish, nondescript lyricism. Even Hoskins begins to fade into the high-toned haze after a while. He's described his character as being a cross between Jack the Ripper and Winnie the Pooh, but what we mostly get is Pooh. Hilditch is certainly in a state of massive denial, but Hoskins's performance denies him too much. This monster self-cancels as you watch him.

SUSAN SARANDON IS USUALLY AT HER BEST playing in the normal range of human emotion. She *already* looks larger than life; it's a mistake for her to make even more florid what was florid to begin with, which is precisely what she does in **Anywhere But Here**, Wayne Wang's tepid movie based on Mona Simpson's celebrated 1986 novel. Sarandon's Adele August, with her unwilling daughter Ann (Natalie Portman) in tow, ditches her working-class family in Bay City, Wisconsin, for the promised land of Beverly Hills and keeps up a running patter of hyperbolic jabber all the way. Adele is supposed to be one of those maddening, impossibly eccentric mamas who make their children's lives both miserable and worth living.

Ann, who is as levelheaded as her mother is flighty, wants to flee, and yet we're supposed to see that her days are richer for having been tethered to this human wind machine. In order for this material to work we have to feel a familial connection between these two, but Adele and Ann don't really seem like mother and daughter; their conflicts are more a matter of theatrical convenience than something born in the blood. In fairness to Natalie Portman, Sarandon's excessiveness would be difficult for any actress to match up with, but, in any event, she hasn't found the way to do it. She spends most of the movie looking clenched and glum. Maybe it was her way of setting herself apart from her co-star's antics—of being anywhere but there.

KEVIN SMITH'S **Dogma**, which is about fallen angels (Ben Affleck and Matt Damon) trying to connive their way back into Heaven, has a fair amount of notoriety going for it: Its distribution shifted from the Disney-owned Miramax to the more independent Lions Gate, and it's been attacked by the New York–based Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights. For a film that ought to singe the sensibilities (isn't it time we had our very own Buñuel?) *Dogma,* however, turns out to be a rather *sweet* bit of blasphemy—if that's what indeed it is—committed by a director who sees the world not through a glass darkly but through the eyes of a comic-book maven.

The characters in *Dogma*—including a seraph who speaks with the voice of God (Alan Rickman), a stripper Muse (Salma Hayek), the thirteenth apostle (Chris Rock), and a woman who works for Planned Parenthood and tithes part of her salary to the church (Linda Fiorentino)—all have the squiggly eccentricities of cartoons. And yet Smith's professed Catholic piety, or at least his irreverently reverent version of piety, informs the film: Periodically, his characters come out with scrunched sermonettes about faith and reason and what all, and the effect is like listening to the socially conscious bits in message movies. Smith is a spirited jester, and parts of *Dogma* are bright, icon-busting fun, but most of it is a god-awful mess. And shouldn't a movie about transcendence have more transcendent imagery?

In brief: IN 1964, GRANADA TV IN ENGLAND brought together fourteen children from multi-class backgrounds and made a documentary about them called *7 Up*. Subsequently, Michael Apted, who began as a researcher on *7 Up*, has gone on to film the subjects at seven-year intervals (with only two of the original fourteen eventually dropping out). **42 Up** (at Film Forum), the latest installment, finds most of its participants in the drear comfort zone of middle age. (Veteran viewers of the series will be glad to know that the troubled Neil is less troubled and living in London.) Apted works material from the five previous shows into this one, and the back-and-forth within each character—observed over a span of 35 years—is both highly emotional and wearying. The grand, class-society-embracing conception of this film has become too rich for its narrow stylistic confines. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Friends?

In the new Donald Margulies play, two couples with a happy history find one infidelity too much for four to bear; 'The Rainmaker' is waterlogged.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY, DONALD MARGULIES IS ESTABLISHING himself as one of our leading playwrights. Four of his plays are of prime importance: *The Loman Family Picnic, Sight Unseen, Collected Stories,* and now the wonderful **Dinner With Friends**.

Two married couples have been best friends for years. In their Connecticut home, Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for Beth and Tom, which he doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that he has left her for another woman, Nancy. Gabe and Karen are almost as crushed, having expected "to grow old and fat together, the four of us." When Tom shows up at his home in the next scene, late at night, he is enraged that Beth broke the news of their breakup in his absence. Late as it is, he rushes over to his friends in the next scene to present his side of the story.

Act Two begins with another dinner, twelve and a half years earlier, in a summer house on Martha's Vineyard, where Karen and Gabe are introducing Beth to Tom. Then we skip to five months after the events of Act One, as Beth reveals to Karen, on the summer-house patio, that she has fallen in love with an old friend whom she intends to marry. Rather than share in Beth's happiness, a shocked—and envious—Karen does everything to dissuade Beth, who justifiably resents her meddling. Later that day, in a Manhattan bar, Tom, a lawyer, tells Gabe about his happiness with Nancy, to which Gabe reacts sourly.

Still later that night, Gabe and Karen are going to bed in the Vineyard house, and discuss the Tom-and-Beth situation, as well as their own by-now-uneventful marriage, in which they soldier on without much passion and with some misgivings, clinging to it like the shipwrecked to their raft.

From this already you can gather that there is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. Thus Tom and Beth end their aforementioned angry confrontation by hungrily enacting the beast with two backs. Thus Tom's racing over to his friends to justify himself has an additional motive: Karen's fabulous lemon-almond polenta cake that Beth tells him was a comfort to her and whose leftovers he's dying to taste. Thus the strength and weakness of a stagnant marriage are emblematized in the ritual of folding a bedspread in perfect harmony but with robotic emotional detachment.

Margulies is a master of observing what might seem old hat with fresh eyes, hearing it with fresh ears. When the jealousy-racked Karen wonders about Beth's longstanding infidelity, "We saw them practically every weekend in those days; when would she have had time for an affair?" Gabe answers, "I don't know, during the week?" This is funny, especially as Matthew Arkin delivers it, but with an underscoring of wistfulness. Throughout, this ostensibly contented pair give off an aroma of envy as their opposite numbers cut loose from

Gabe & Karen & Tom & Beth: Left to right, Lisa Emery, Matthew Arkin, Julie White, and Kevin Kilner spar in *Dinner With Friends.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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the time "when practical matters begin to outweigh abandon."

Take Beth's confession that during some stupid action movie she refused to fondle Tom's crotch:

Karen: "Was this before or after the girlfriend?"

Beth: "Must've been after."

Karen: "That's right, one more nail in the old coffin."

Beth: "You got it."

Gabe: "See that? One lousy hand job, you could've saved your marriage."

Karen: "Gabe!"

You can feel that Karen's exclamation is only partly concern for Beth's feelings.

Daniel Sullivan's inventive direction helps immeasurably, as does Neil Patel's perfect-pitch set design. Matthew Arkin superbly lets Gabe's doubts peek through his certainties; Lisa Emery does Karen's edginess on the threshold of hysteria splendidly. As Beth, Julie White again proves herself a complete comedienne down to those little inchoate noises that convey seismic tremors; as Tom, Kevin Kilner goes from likable to ludicrous without skipping a beat. *Dinner With Friends* is entertainment as succulent as it is sobering.

The Rainmaker, N. RICHARD NASH'S ONLY certifiable hit, "is now regarded as a classic," says the program. But regard is a two-way mirror, and the play regards its audiences as pushovers. Certainly the problems of the Curry farm family, with endless drought threatening their cattle, and with plain and outspoken Lizzie facing spinsterhood, are written to massage hearts on the sleeve and throats full of loose yuks. Especially when virile Starbuck shows up, undertaking to coax rain from the skies for a hundred bucks and deflowering Lizzie into womanly self-confidence for no added charge.

The show did poorly on Broadway in 1954 (124 performances), and not that much better as a 1956 movie with Lancaster and Hepburn. It came into its own as the 1963 musical *110 in the Shade* by Nash, Schmidt, and Jones, and is best revived in that form. Still, the matinee audience I just saw the play with was whooping it up; perhaps, in 45 years, we have grown more concerned for parched livestock and sex-starved virgins wilting on the vine, and are willing to forgive director Scott Ellis for overdoing things.

He turns Woody Harrelson, as Starbuck, into a slouching, squeaky-voiced, redneck-accented, white-linen-suited scalawag, not tall, dashing, or seductive. His manner radiates con man a country mile off, and when it comes to tenderly and sexily awakening the dormant Lizzie, director and star fail abjectly. Jayne Atkinson acts Lizzie well, and looks suitably plain, but seems a bit overage for the part. The supporting roles are sturdily taken, but Ellis overdirects the talented David Aaron Baker, as the younger brother, into an even bigger dunderhead than the author conceived.

Matters are not helped by James Noone's cutesy set with toy houses in the background. And Ellis's cute way of having the scenery changed by cowboyishly dressed extras would go over better in a musical, which is Ellis's specialty anyhow.

IT IS NICE TO HAVE, AT HARTFORD STAGE, Lanford Wilson back on the boards after a too-long silence, even if for Hartford to be close enough for us New Yorkers, it would have to be moved to Stamford. Anyhow, Wilson's **Book of Days** takes place in the fictional Dublin, a tiny Missouri town, and chronicles the lives of twelve representative Dubliners during the hot summer of 1999. A murder is committed, but this is scarcely more than the grain of sand around which Wilson creates, if not quite a pearl, a big, tasty oyster.

He is more interested in the old cheese manufacturer Walt Bates, who essentially runs the town, and in his solidly supportive wife, Sharon. Then there is their spoiled, unreliable lawyer son, James, and his wife, LouAnn, on whom he cheats. Working for Bates is the young couple Len and Ruth Hoch. Ruth has been cast in the lead of Shaw's *Saint Joan*, which is being staged at the local community theater by a hotshot director from the big time, Boyd Middleton (now rendered lukewarm by a scandal).

Boyd gets a thing going with Ginger, assigned to him as assistant. Len Hoch's mother, Martha, a witty woman with a checkered but concealed past, teaches at the nearby, very Christian junior college. There are also the stolid sheriff, the eager but inept minister, and Earl, another Bates employee. Out of this dozen, Wilson aptly conjures up a microcosm, under the savvy direction, both realistic and stylized, of his longtime collaborator, Marshall W. Mason. Sometimes the entire cast is onstage as antiphonal voices from all over; sometimes a few characters linger silently on the fringes of the unit set that, as designed by John Lee Beatty, is both simple and versatile.

The problem is too many interesting characters that, though more than sketchy, beg for further development as the play bursts its seams trying to become a novel. Even so, with a terrific cast of both old hands and new faces, it sucks you into the cheese business, the monkey business, and the business of living as seen by a playwright with a taste for all. ■

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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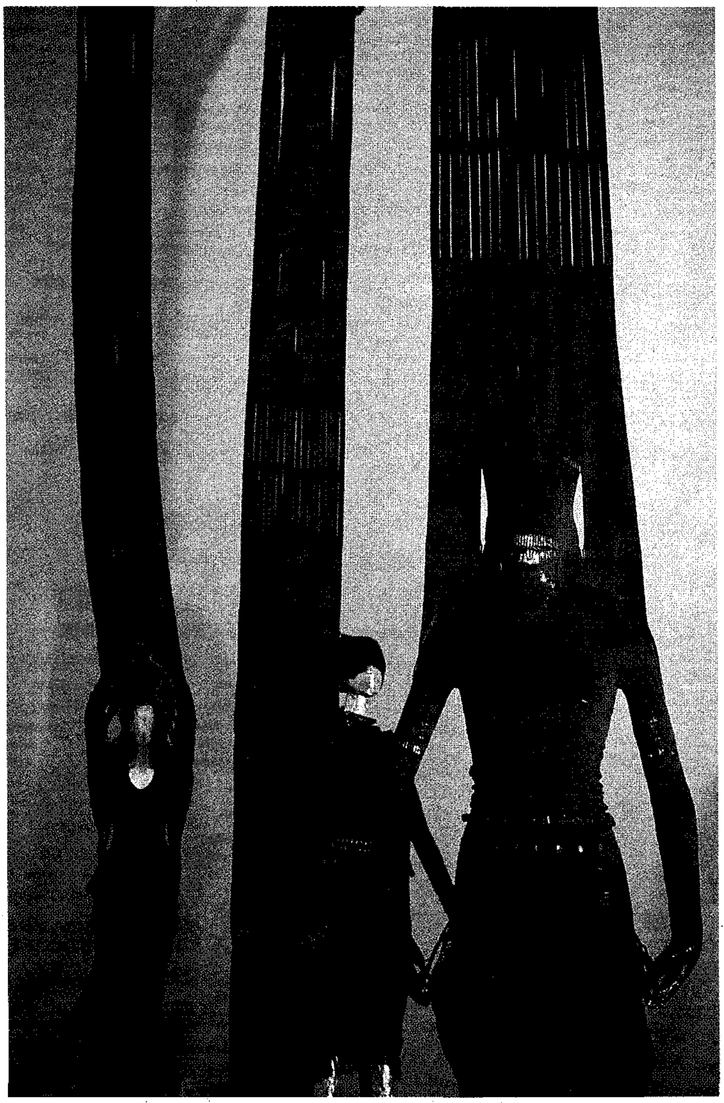
ART MARK STEVENS

Making Waves

Visionary clothing designer Issey Miyake, the subject of an exhilarating retrospective and book, just may be the most joyful artist working today.

NOTHING SEEMS MORE FOREIGN TO CONTEMPORARY art than a vision of airiness, grace, play, and delight. But it can still be found today, especially beyond the pale of the galleries. It exists in the buildings of Frank Gehry, for example, the architect with such a soaring, quirky spirit. And it lives in the designs of Issey Miyake, the playful visionary whose métier is making clothes. Currently the subject of a museum exhibition at the Ace Gallery, Miyake, in particular, may be the most joyful artist since Calder. What should attract serious interest, however, is that his optimism—while childlike—is not childish. It does not stem from naïveté or an ostrichlike hiding from the world. In Miyake's work, some of the great divisions in contemporary culture are confronted and reconciled. When he makes a dress, he knits up seams in society.

Clothes-minded: Miyake's *A-POC: King and Queen.*



Photograph by Yasuaki Yoshinaga.

Issey Miyake Making Things—organized by the Fondation Cartier pour l'art contemporain, Paris—focuses upon the Japanese designer's creations of the past ten years. The show itself, however, is more an evocation of his vision than a historical accounting of his work. (The first thing you come upon is a vast, sparkling wall of peeling tin foil.) One room contains what's called "The Laboratory," where Miyake illustrates, partly through videos projected onto the floor, the different processes he uses in "making things"—turning two-dimensional pieces of cloth into a three-dimensional piece of clothing. He uses everything from chemicals to computers to achieve his effects; but his processes really seem a kind of alchemy or magical transformation, awakening swaths of cloth to the play of the body. One piece of fabric begins as a shape splayed upon the wall; when treated with a certain solution, it shrinks down around a human form. Another becomes a kind of rippling accordion of flying-saucer shapes. The making of a dress is a kind of birth.

Miyake understands the herd appeal of a common style and loves the idea of blue jeans and T-shirts. But he also recognizes the tyranny of collective style in our culture: the cookie-cutter imposition upon individual taste. One Miyake response is to "craft" a mass style that individuals can then customize. A series of generalized shapes—an alphabet of dress—is impressed into long bolts of cloth; individuals can then scissor them into many different versions. (Some might want to snip a playful fringe onto a bikini bottom, for example, while others will prefer a plainer style.) In one of Miyake's most startling images—a juxtaposition of the many and the one—he sets up a great unbroken roll of cloth that unwinds like a carpet onto the floor. The cloth rises up and down, clothing several interconnected figures all cut from the same piece, like paper dolls—yet each a little different.

Miyake's tin foil also reconciles and restores. Tin foil is itself a characteristic modern product with a gloriously cheap, pop radiance. Miyake uses the foil—which is typically employed to keep things fresh—to recycle old clothes. Using a heat process, he sandwiches shirts, pants, and so on between sheets of foil. (The wall of tin foil in the exhibition is actually a collection of rectangles, each of which contains an article of clothing.) Individuals then rip away some strips of foil while leaving others, creating a garment that is raggedly fresh and glittery; the worn-out is resurrected. With this process, a pair of tired overalls looks unique; an old duffel coat turns into something a samurai might have worn. In the real world, of course, few people will walk about in such garments. Which is irrelevant. Miyake dreams of what might be. His elegance is at heart democratic.

The centerpiece of the show is informally called "the

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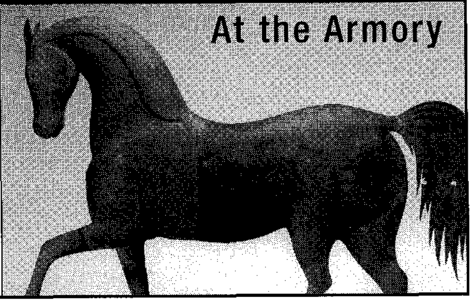

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jumping room." Determined to convey the movement of clothes—but unable to use live models and unwilling to rely upon video—Miyake developed a machine that pulls garments up and down from a line attached to the ceiling. This gives the shimmer of life to his celebrated pleats and emphasizes the moving, willowy strength of his designs. But the installation also has a strange life of its own. The space is motionless until a person enters. Then the clothing awakens, like the toys in *The Nutcracker.* First, a family of garments—a man, a woman, a child—rise up from the floor. Then the other pieces of clothing begin to jerk up and flutter down with an awkward, jack-in-the-box glee; children who visited the show in Paris loved this room. Among other things, the dance is a burlesque of the snobbish poses of fashion and the hard, exclusionary air of the Paris runways. But more important, the clothing appears alive—and whimsically free of the gravity of flesh. A dress can look as innocent as a newborn: Clothing is naked when it casts off the body.

Like many other Japanese artists, especially those touched by Zen, Miyake celebrates the momentary. He relishes rather than fears the constant transformation of his clothing by others, welcoming influence whenever and wherever it comes from. He considers himself an artist of neither East nor West and enjoys the constant crisscrossing of cultural boundaries in contemporary society. He also likes moving across time; his clothes look both premodern and postmodern, high-tech and handmade. For the exhibit, he invited four artists to collaborate with him. In one work, a fuse of the sort that leads to an explosion was lit on a long piece of cloth. Miyake made a print of the result—it looks something like the dragon of Asian art—and put it on a dress: You can now wear energy and explosive change. The most important collaboration, however, is between Miyake and the photographer Irving Penn, who has been photographing Miyake's work for fourteen years without interference from the designer. (*Irving Penn Regards the Work of Issey Miyake,* just published by Bulfinch Press, isn't actually part of the show.) Penn's images seems to capture a sensibility in mid-dance, to stop a butterfly in flight. The stilled flux of fashion then develops, in his photographs, an air of ancient ritual. Miyake's clothes represent a world where the people are finally free, even from the erotic edge that underlies most fashion. As the writer Mark Holborn suggests in his introduction to the Penn book, delight displaces desire in the designer's work—another Buddhist inflection. It astonished me to learn that Miyake is a survivor of Hiroshima. ▬

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

My Old Flames

Samuel Ramey has made a career playing the red-faced, woolly-chested Devil, so the Met's high-camp 'Mefistofele' feels like yesterday's news.

Devilish strut: Samuel Ramey and Jane Shaulis in *Mefistofele* at the Met.

THE **Mefistofele** ROAD SHOW HAS JUST rolled into the Metropolitan Opera, a well-traveled production of Arrigo Boito's uneven but intriguing treatment of Goethe's *Faust.* First seen in 1988 in Geneva, director Robert Carsen's campy spectacle has since gone on to play San Francisco, Chicago, Houston, Washington, D.C., and perhaps a few cities I've missed, always as a showcase for bass Samuel Ramey in the title role. The Met may not have presented *Mefistofele* for nearly 75 years, but obviously the opera is no novelty, not even in New York. After all, the City Opera's much-admired 1969 production has seldom been out of sight for long, and in his younger days Ramey starred in that version as well.

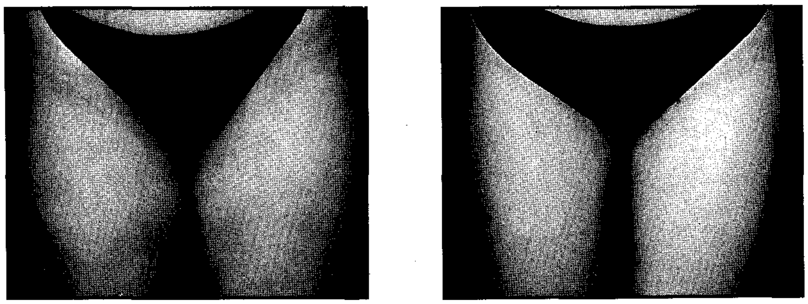
So unless one subscribes to the theory that if it hasn't happened at the Met it hasn't happened, this "new" production is already something of a moldy fig. But the audience loved every goofy moment: the Prologue in Heaven staged in a lavishly decorated Baroque Italian opera house (opera is sheer Heaven—get it?); the rejuvenated Faust hooked up to a wire and flopping about like Peter Pan on drugs; Margherita turned into an unwitting brothel attraction; damned souls clad in bloomers and party hats disco-jiving at the witches' sabbath; Helen of Troy posturing like an old-fashioned opera diva amid piles of classical kitsch. In the middle of it all is the Devil himself, an obnoxious but essentially harmless emcee with a whole wardrobe of red suits, most of them designed to display Ramey's aging hairy chest, apparently a standing clause in all the bass's opera contracts. Carsen and his set designer, Michael Levine, clearly decided early on that *Mefistofele* is such a silly opera that there's no point in trying to take it seriously.

It was sobering to open the program and see a picture of Feodor Chaliapin, who sang Mefistofele at his Met debut in 1907 and again at the opera's last performance there in 1925. Considered by many the greatest singing actor of the century, Chaliapin chillingly exudes chaos and evil even in a photograph. Ramey's candy-cane Devil, on the other hand, seems merely irritating as he mouths the music, rolls over the floor, strikes phony applaud-me poses, and mugs at an audience that doesn't seem to mind being shortchanged by such a cheesy one-dimensional star turn. It isn't Richard Leech's fault that his Faust looks ridiculous during his high-wire act, legs kicking helplessly in midair, but he is responsible for his voice, which has thickened unpleasantly over the years and is now afflicted with a bad wobble. Worse, his singing continues to be monotonously loud and colorless, without a trace of grace, style, or musical shape. Neither singer is much helped by conductor Mark Elder's eccentric tempos and inability to smooth over the cruder passages of Boito's spotty score.

The one ray of light in all this is Veronica Villarroel, who seizes every opportunity offered by the dual role of Margherita and Elena and gives the only truly fully rounded performance of the evening. Her rather wiry soprano is not conventionally beautiful, and her intonation may not be always exact—the exquisite and vocally exposed "Lontano" duet with Leech veers dangerously toward atonality. But she fearlessly applies every expressive gesture at her command, from a booming chest register to a respectable trill, and brings true heartfelt emotion to the prison scene, the strongest musical sequence in the opera. Villarroel was so moving, in fact, that her genuineness only made the production around her seem that much cheaper.

SIR MICHAEL TIPPETT, WHO DIED NEARLY TWO YEARS AGO at 93, adored the United States and all things American, a love that seems destined to remain unrequited. In England, Tippett the composer is now revered along

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.



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with his slightly younger contemporary, Benjamin Britten, but his music has never made comparable headway abroad, certainly not in this country. Even at home it took a while for the British to untangle his message—not so much the musical idiom, always accessible even as it toughened in later years, as the complex ideas that created the allusively rich poetic landscapes of his operas, symphonies, chamber, and choral works.

Perhaps the best way to approach Tippett is through the early scores, and the entrée for most has been the 1942 oratorio that became his first major success: *A Child of Our Time.* Although now a frequently heard and recorded repertory piece in England, the work has only just now been performed by the New York Philharmonic, thanks to the advocacy of conductor Sir Colin Davis, long one of the composer's most distinguished and internationally visible champions. The child of the title is Herschel Grynspan, a teenager who assassinated a Nazi official in 1938 and triggered the infamous Kristallnacht pogrom. The event stunned Tippett into writing an oratorio on the subject using his own text, an eloquent examination of how violence invariably begets more violence, a vicious cycle that can never be condoned—even the desperate act of the child of our time, who in his blind rage "shoots only his dark brother."

Critics in 1944 were perplexed by the piece: Tippett's use of biblical language, the structural resemblances to Bach's Passion settings, and the startling presence of African-American spirituals, which function as chorales that highlight key moments of emotional tension. These unusual procedures now seem exactly right, a strikingly original application of old forms for new purposes, and all expressed in music that comfortably creates a bridge from the English oratorio tradition of Elgar into sterner mid-century concerns.

I wish I could say that the Philharmonic performance captured the unique spirit of the piece, but something was not quite right. Apart from that excellent bass Robert Lloyd, the soloists (Deborah Riedel, Nora Gubisch, Jerry Hadley) seemed unconnected to the music, as did Joseph Flummerfelt's usually committed New York Choral Artists. If Davis was unable to communicate his enthusiasm for this composer to his vocal forces, he did manage to draw warmly inflected playing from the orchestra. That, at least, advanced the cause of Tippett in New York by a few degrees, but the performance as a whole was curiously uninvolving. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

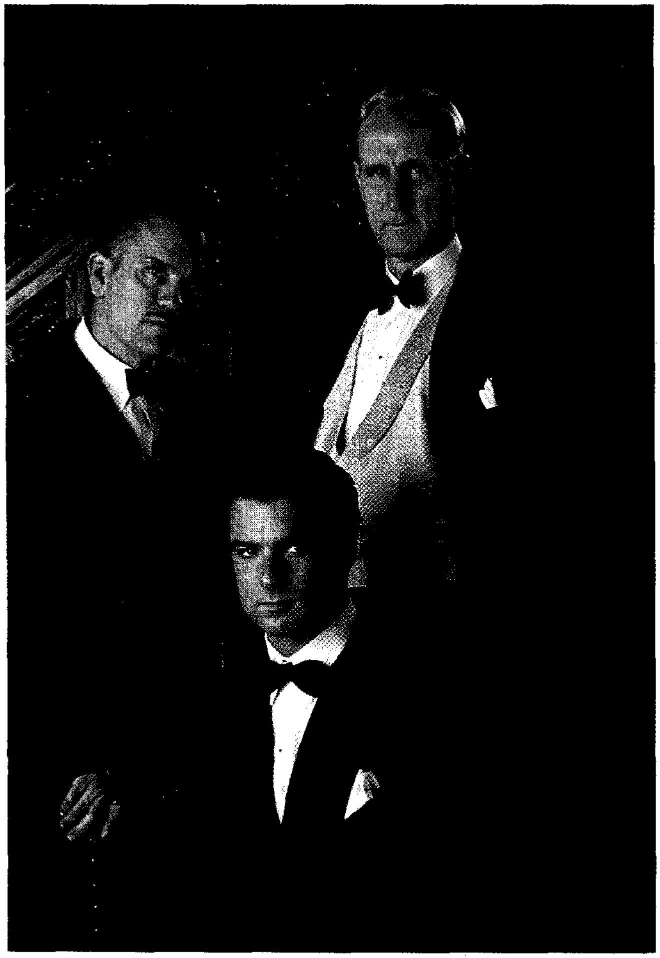
TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

The *Kane* Mutinies

'RKO 281' spins insouciant fictions from a documentary about the wars over 'Citizen Kane'—and you'll never think of Rosebud the same way again.

TO APPRECIATE THE TRUE WIGGINESS OF **RKO 281** (Saturday, November 20; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; HBO), it may help to think of William Randolph Hearst as Big Tobacco, Hollywood as CBS, Orson Welles as Lowell Bergman, Herman Mankiewicz as Jeffrey Wigand, either the Mercury Theatre or RKO as *60 Minutes*, and *Citizen Kane* as *The Insider*. Marion Davies is nicotine. On the other hand, maybe not. Nicotine could also be Rosebud. Neither Mike Wallace nor Don Hewitt really shapes up as studio boss George Schaefer. The Lowell Bergman Al Pacino gives us in *The Insider* comes on surprisingly like the Joan of Arc Luc Besson gives us in *The Messenger*. All arguments from analogy are bogus. And sometimes a movie is just a cigar.

What happened in 1996 was that Ridley Scott (*Blade Runner, Alien, Thelma and Louise*) saw the dramatic possibilities in a public-television documentary, *The Battle Over Citizen Kane*, about Hearst's attempt in 1941 to strangle Orson in his cradle. By 1997, Scott had a script from John Logan (*Gladiator, Any Given Sunday*), after which Su Armstrong (*Good Will Hunting*) signed on as the producer and Benjamin Ross (*The Young Poisoner's Handbook*) as the director, for HBO. To save money, *RKO 281*—"281" was the number assigned to the super-secret *Citizen Kane* production—was shot in London, where various rooms in Leighton House, Guild Hall, and the Victoria and Albert Museum simulated San Simeon. But the team seem to have had no trouble at all enticing acting talent into the fold.



Simeon says: **From left, John Malkovich as Herman Mankiewicz, Liev Schreiber as Orson Welles, and James Cromwell as William Randolph Hearst.**

Photograph by Stephen F. Morley/HBO.

Liev Schreiber plays Welles, the *enfant terrible* of the Mercury Theater and *War of the Worlds*—"Maestro, the Dog-Faced Boy," John Houseman called him—like a King Baby, as if the needy ego were not to be distinguished from an open wound. (Hollywood hated the latest genius from the snobby East before he even got started; at all costs, he had to dazzle.) John Malkovich is a wonderfully sly "Mank" Mankiewicz, the alcoholic screenwriter who, as Pauline Kael has persuaded us in *The Citizen Kane Book* (1971), wrote every word of the shooting script, no matter what Welles said later—and who included in that script biographical stuff from Welles as well as Hearst. (On the downslide of a smart-aleck career that had taken him from the Algonquin to a swimming pool at the dawn of the talkies, the self-destructive Mank had also been one of Hearst's pet wits at the Court of San Simeon.) James Cromwell gives us a press baron more sympathetic than the man deserves; Hearst may not have smoked or drunk, and certainly loved Marion, but he was as crazy and corrupt as any Roman emperor. Whereas Roy Scheider gives us a Schaefer, who brought Welles to Hollywood in the first place, less sympathetic than he deserves. (Schaefer opened *Citizen Kane* in spite of Hearst, without consulting his board of directors.) And Melanie Griffith suggests a Marion Davies who drinks as much as Mank and was a lot nicer than she was made out to be in *Kane* (and who was, in fact, a terrific comic actress).

Even the supporting roles are cunningly cast, from Fiona Shaw as Hedda Hopper, who sneaks into a preview and then tittle-tattles to the castle on the telephone, to Liam Cunningham as Gregg Toland, who taught Welles everything about cinematography Orson would later imagine he'd invented himself. David Suchet is in perfect Hercule Poirot form as Louis B. Mayer, who, under threat of blackmail by Hearst (kinky candids, tabloid anti-Semitism), organizes a cabal of studio satraps to pony up $800,000 to purchase and to burn all prints of the scandalous movie. Brenda Blethyn is almost as fabulous as Louella Parsons, part gossip columnist, part Salem witch,

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Liberties are taken with (and trample on) the written and documentary record. For instance, long before its premiere, Hearst's competitors at *Time* and *Newsweek* actually raved about the film, which they'd seen at private screenings arranged by Welles, thus ensuring that it would open. The problem for Welles after what should have been his triumph was the gutlessness of Hollywood in failing to give him an Oscar for anything except a script he hadn't written. Never mind. What makes *Citizen Kane* so much fun to see, again and again, is its own infectious joy at moviemaking, its exuberance and bravura. I'm not saying that *RKO 281* is any sort of *Citizen Kane,* but it's got the same appealing insouciance, plus a much more satisfying and dirty-minded explanation of the true meaning of Rosebud.

In brief: GLENN CLOSE, CHRISTOPHER Walken, Lexi Randall, and Christopher Bell return just in time for sweeps in **Sarah, Plain and Tall: Winter's End** (Sunday, November 21; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), with Jack Palance guest-starring as Walken's long-lost father, George Hearn as the kindly doctor for whom Lexi is a nurse, and wretched Kansas weather to remind everybody that families only fortify themselves by forgiving. Crackerjack Jack . . . If the earthquake didn't get you last week on one network, watch out this week for worldwide computer failure on another. In **Y2K** (Sunday, November 21; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC), Ken Olin is a "complex-systems-failure expert" working for an East Coast think tank run by Joe Morton and called upon, in the very early hours of the year 2000, to rush from saving a jumbo jet from a blind crash to saving a nuclear reactor from catastrophic meltdown. Nice paranoia—but none of this would ever have happened if all of us used Macs . . . Stick with the slow-starting **Shooting the Past** (Sundays, November 21 and 28; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13), a two-part "Masterpiece Theatre" written and directed by Stephen Poliakoff and starring Timothy Spall as a tiresomely eccentric curator of a London library of 10 million photographs; Lindsay Duncan as this library's spiffy, sexy, and resourceful manager; Emily Fox as Lindsay's redheaded, dope-smoking hotsy-totsy assistant; and Liam Cunningham as the American millionaire who wants to downsize all of them to make way for the American School of Business for the Twenty-first Century. Just wait till they find his outrageous grandmother in their archives! Not as profound as it thinks it is, but ingratiating and even suspenseful. ■

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET **ROB PATRONITE AND ROBIN RAISFELD**

Deals on Meals

Thanks to some new late-afternoon menus, several pricey, hard-to-get-into restaurants are offering cheaper eats and uncharacteristically easy access.

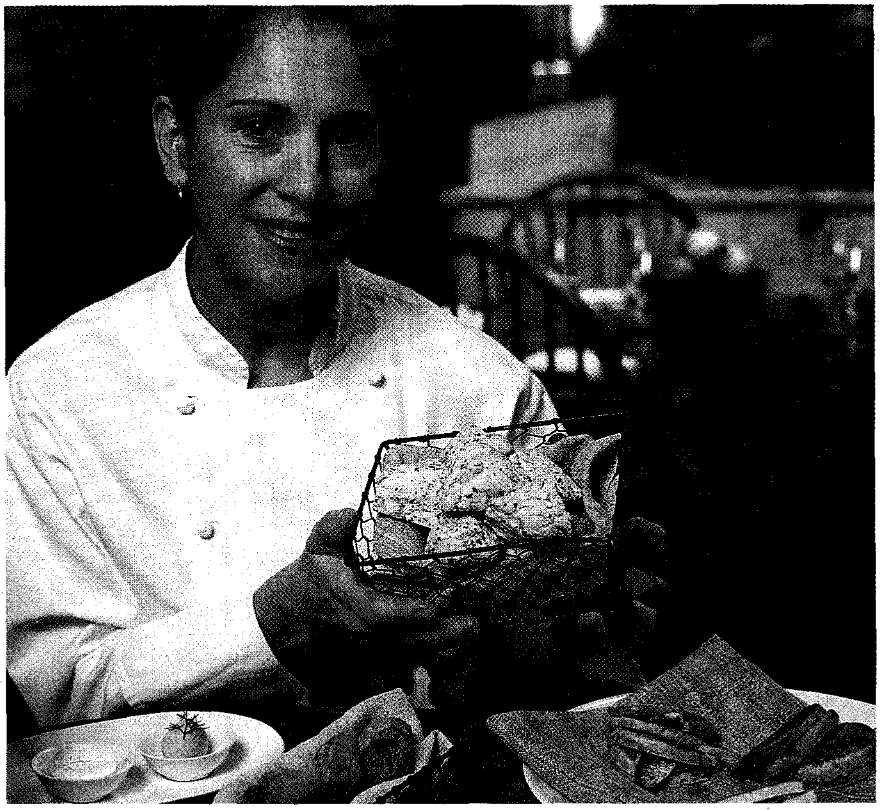
REMEMBER WHAT MOM USED TO SAY ABOUT EATING between meals? Well, forget it. One of the pleasures of adulthood is eating what you want when you want—Doritos for breakfast, Lucky Charms for dinner. And if you're like us, nothing is more deliciously illicit than a leisurely snack in those abandoned hours between lunch and dinner, when most restaurants are not even serving. There's something vaguely forbidden about having the run of a place after the stampeding, cell-packing one-o'clockers have cleared out—not to mention getting the best tables and the waiters' undivided attention. Whether it's a late lunch, a bar menu, or a twenty-first-century tea, this is the best way to experience some of the city's greatest chefs and most-popular restaurants at a welcome discount. And there's no need for reservations.

Take Danny Meyer's **Gramercy Tavern**. Plan your visit between 2:30 and 4:30 on a weekday, and not only will you be ushered immediately to your comfy woven-leather seats in the wooden-beamed tavern room, you'll also be presented with pastry chef Claudia Fleming's new "Between Meals" menu—a sort of Rabelaisian tea for the anti-crumpet crowd.

"We didn't want to call it tea," says Fleming. "Danny came to me and said, 'How about "Between Meals"?' And I said, 'A. J. Liebling,' and he said, 'Exactly.' " Fleming's sweet and savory snacks (and everything is miniature and priced accordingly) are meant for Lieblingesque noshers, not dainty nibblers. Instead of cucumbers on crustless white bread, there are crispy pressed "finger sandwiches" ($3.50 each) that combine pungent panini flavors like fresh sardine and roasted tomato with prosciutto, fontina, and truffle. A raft of buttery, golden herb-flecked baby scones fresh from the oven are wrapped in a linen napkin, tucked into a wire basket, and meant to be smeared with rich salmon rillettes and clabbered cream ($8.50). There are sweet scones, too, studded with sour cherries, and warm popovers with Greenmarket-fresh fruit preserves, but these are overshadowed by the addictive, return-to-the-childhood-you-never-had hot cinnamon-sugared donut holes, in petite sizes that camouflage their irresistible full-fat content ($7.50 a serving). An international roster of exquisite farmstead cheeses (cow-, goat-, and sheep's-milk) come by the three ($6.50), the five ($9.50), and the seven ($12), and they're in perfect ripe condition, a rarity even in these days of the ubiquitous cheese cart.

Of course, you could stop there, but we'd advise against it. Fleming has shrunk her more familiar oeuvre into tasting portions of "custards," "fruit," and "chocolate," at $3 a pop. So you'll have room to sample her lavish coconut tapioca—soft pearl bubbles floating in cilantro syrup under passion-fruit ice and coconut sorbet—her dense maple flan, or her buttermilk panna cotta with an oval of Concord-grape sorbet. This last is autumn in a teaspoon, and it costs just the price of a daily subway commute.

IF YOU LOVE THE ATMOSPHERIC **Balthazar** AS WE DO AND crave its hearty bistro food but aren't out for an evening of turbocharged celebrity-spotting, there are few more comfortable, clandestinely romantic places than a spacious booth here at four o'clock. Like any self-respecting brasserie, Balthazar serves continuously, and its late-afternoon menu (available weekdays from 3 P.M. to 5 P.M., followed by an hour when service is limited to raw bar and desserts) is an abbreviated version of lunch. It's also a sort of freaky alternate universe where the hostess greets you warmly at the door and leads you directly to a coveted semi-circular booth against the far wall—terra incognita for most of us. Even at this off hour, the room is still half full, but the relative calm gives your waiter a chance to spend more time perfect-



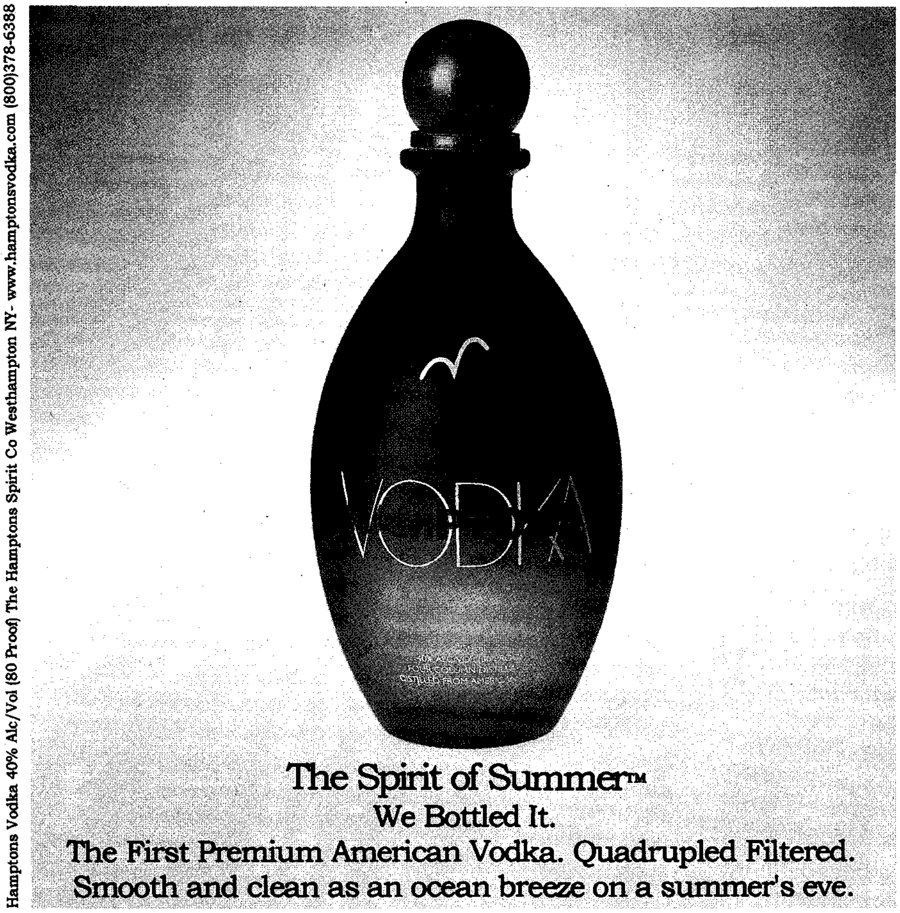
Afternoon quickie: Gramercy Tavern's Claudia Fleming shows off some of her "between-meals" menu.

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

ing his dramatic recitation of the specials, testing out a raised eyebrow here and meaningfully pursed lips there. The absence of the madding crowd permits a clearer view of all of owner Keith McNally's carefully curated Gallic accents, from the wall calendar and monster clock to the bar eggs and French-maid uniforms. The slim *carte* offers a limited selection of soups, salads, and sandwiches, from $6.75 to $17 for the steak-frites—well within the Underground Gourmet budget, unless you splurge for the house *plateau de fruits de mer,* $99 for two. (Don't even *think* about it.)

The house-baked breads—pain de seigle and country white boule—are excellent, and so is most of the hearty French-American fare. One day, the special soup is a terra-cotta-colored purée of cranberry beans, smoky with bacon flavor and served in an oversized café au lait bowl ($7). The beefy burger, buried under a plate-crowding heap of world-class fries, is impressive—even the unlikely "à cheval" version, crowned with a fried egg on an English muffin ($11.75). A pyramid of delectably earthy, rich chicken-liver-and-foie-gras mousse ($8.50), slathered onto grilled country bread and draped with red-onion compote, makes a satisfying light lunch. The house salad, a crunchy medley of asparagus, haricots verts, fennel, and ricotta, is perfumed with truffle vinaigrette ($9.75). A spicy red-pepper spread enlivens a ciabatta roll stuffed with tasty lamb, but its accompanying layer of grilled vegetables—the usual medley of eggplant, squash, and zucchini—is limp and lifeless. The grilled-chicken-paillard salad ($14) is an obvious sop to the timid of palate, despite its half-hearted garnish of roasted tomatoes and cap of Parmigiano-Reggiano. But the deep, dark chocolate pot de crème resounds with pure cocoa flavor. Flawless profiteroles (has anyone ever answered in the negative when the server holds the boat of gooey chocolate sauce aloft and asks, "Shall I pour?") and a perfectly flaky tart adorned with ripe violet and green figs with a puddle of crème anglaise are winners, too. If you're abandoned by your waiter, it's just because he's sitting down to the staff meal himself. Let him eat; you're not in any hurry.

ONLY A MONTH OLD, **Lupa** IS ALREADY, LIKE its big brother Babbo, a victim of its own success, with the young, restless, seemingly starved fans of co-owner Mario Batali clamoring for a taste of his classic saltimbocca and buttery bavette. But you wouldn't know it if you popped in during the dead zone between 3 and 5:30 (weekdays), when the kitchen is closed but the *salumeria,* that *(continued on page 131)*



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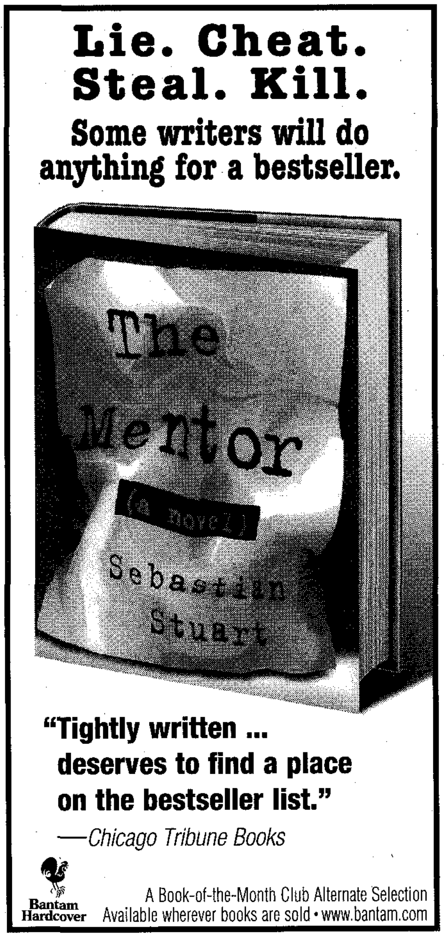

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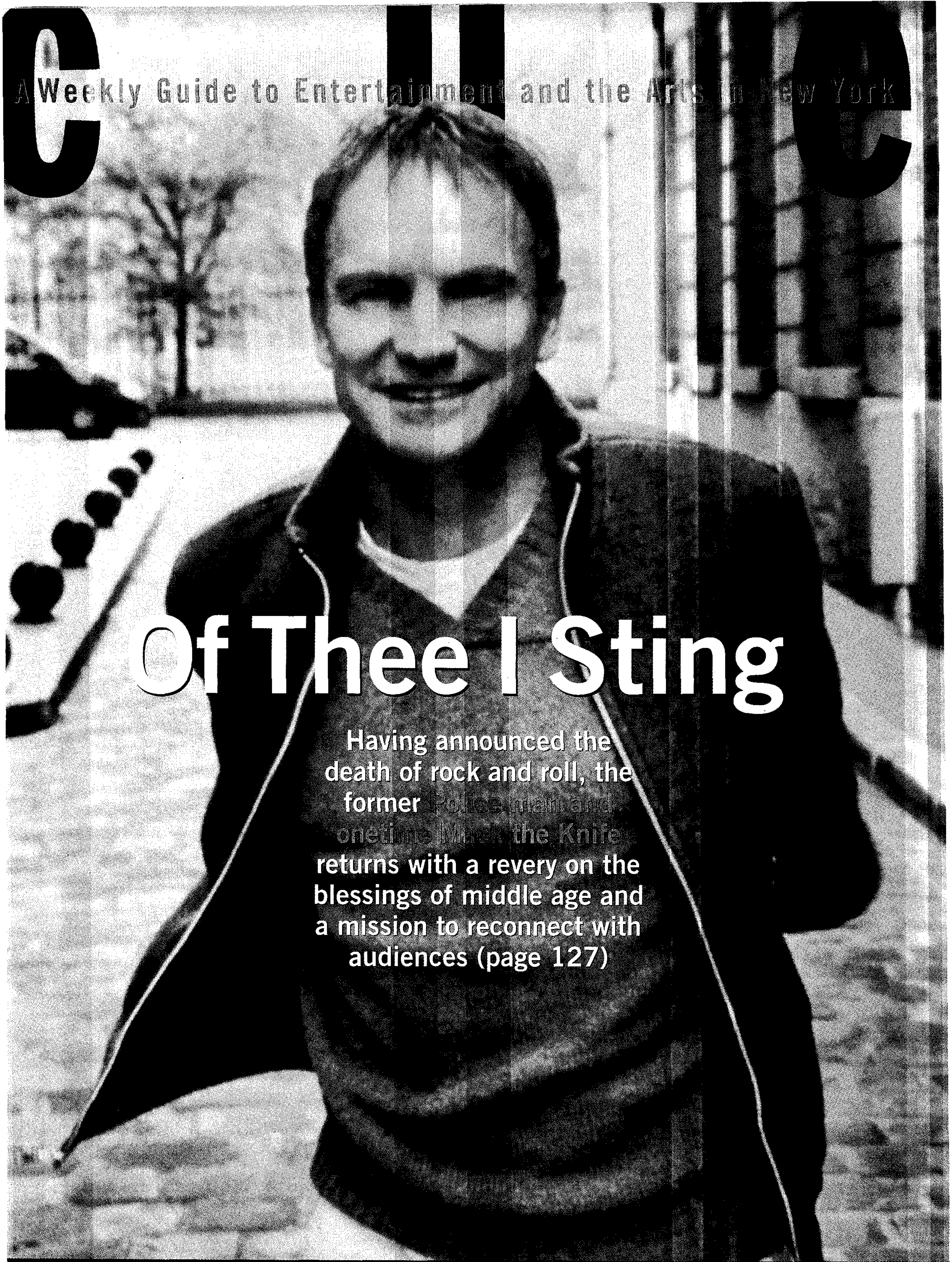

Of Thee I Sting

Having announced the death of rock and roll, the former Police man and onetime Mack the Knife returns with a revery on the blessings of middle age and a mission to reconnect with audiences (page 127)

art 115 concerts 125 dance 125 kids 132 the mix 129 movies 102 nightlife 126 online 130
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movies

Apted's 007 and *42 Up*...Morris at MoMA

Talent
Austen Overpowers

For her provocative adaptation of Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park,* writer-director Patricia Rozema bulked up her heroine with the personality of Austen herself instead of relying solely on the Fanny Price of the novel. In the film, actress Frances O'Connor had no trouble dropping her modern sensibilities for the nineteenth-century character—it was Austen whom she needed to warm up to. "I was much more into the Brontës growing up," admits the young Aussie (pictured, with co-star Jonny Lee Miller), "and I always thought you're either in one camp or the other. But I came around." Opens November 18 at the Paris and the CC Angelika Film Center.

New Films

The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland—Elmo ventures after his lost blankie and in turn gains courage and learns about sharing. (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

All About My Mother—Pedro Almodóvar's tribute to women, men who wish they were women, actresses, *A Streetcar Named Desire, All About Eve,* the theater, and his mother is an unusually moving and ironic diagram of the contemporary family. Cecilia Roth is an organ-transplant coordinator who returns to Barcelona and her complicated past after the death of her teenage son. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Opens 11/19.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. His rebirth is brought about by his attraction to his daughter's cheerleader best friend (Mena Suvari); this new-style Rip Van Winkle is like a counterculture washout primed for salvation. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

American Movie—Two years in the life of Mark Borschadt, a driven and slightly deranged independent filmmaker in Wisconsin. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Anywhere but Here—See Rainer, page 88. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Bachelor—Chris O'Donnell is in the doghouse with girlfriend Renee Zellweger, but if he can't commit and get married within 24 hours, he'll lose his $100 million inheritance. Rich people really know how to put on the pressure. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Being John Malkovich**—This debut feature from director Spike Jonze and screenwriter Charlie Kaufman is a stunning piece of metaphysical vaudeville and probably the best first feature I've seen in years. John Cusack plays a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). Cameron Diaz and Catherine Keener fill out the spectacular cast. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Best Man—A funny movie about a young writer (Taye Diggs) who comes to New York for a college reunion built around the wedding of two close friends (Morris Chestnut and Monica Calhoun). But when his friends start passing around an advance copy of his new novel—a flimsily disguised autobiography—and start recognizing the characters, he finds himself in a bit of a fix. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Hylan Plaza.*

Black Cat, White Cat—A romantic comedy wherein, to square a debt, a small-time shyster arranges for his son to marry the daughter of a wealthy gangster. In Serbo-Croatian with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

The Bone Collector—Denzel Washington plays an NYPD criminologist, paralyzed except for the use of one finger, who teams with a patrol cop, played by Angelina Jolie, to nab a serial killer. They're a pair you can pass on. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Brooklyn Heights; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Boys Don't Cry**—The true story of Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. The talented Hilary Swank plays Brandon, and her fine-cut androgyny seems out of place in the trailer-trash milieu. Worth seeing, but first-time director Kimberly Peirce reduces the real-life drama's complexity by framing it as a transgender *Rebel Without a Cause.* (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

'Cue' cover photograph by Carter Smith.

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Running Time

The Mother of All Almodóvars

Cecilia Roth is talking wildly, imitating her new baby boy, laughing hellos and calling out requests in Spanish to her assistant. In her low-cut blouse, little white skirt, and orange-and-turquoise-beaded sandals, she's Charo and Meryl Streep rolled into one—a far cry from the sober and despondent Manuela she plays in Pedro Almodóvar's latest film, *All About My Mother*. Roth, who is 41, first met Almodóvar in 1976 during the post-Franco creative boom in Madrid. She was 17. "I don't remember when we met," she says in her deep Spanish accent. "Some wild night at some bar during those crazy times—Pedro would go around to all the cool bars in the city and show his silent films on the walls. Whenever it was, we've been dear friends ever since." Having played in four of his earlier films, including *Dark Habits* and *Labyrinth of Passion*, the Argentine actress was well versed in the ways of the typical Almodóvarian heroine (e.g., drug-addicted nun, nymphomaniac), but this time she found that her director and his characters have mellowed. Instead of indulging in campy high farce, Almodóvar has written a story about a single mother confronting her dark and complicated past in order to get over the death of her teenage son. "This is the exact film Pedro needed to make at this point in his life," notes Roth. "He's always had a very deep sensibility about life and about women, of course, but he's grown up—without getting old. He still has a naïve point of view about joking, about playing around in life and in film, though it's more honest, more mature. *¿Como se dice 'veracidad'?* Aah, it has a real truthfulness." Not that Almodóvar has mellowed *too* much—the new film still has plenty of bitchy transsexuals, addicted lesbian actresses, and pregnant nuns. And Roth, a new mother herself, isn't getting prudish, either. In her next film, *A Night With Sabrina Love*, she plays a porn star.

Brett Kelly

The Brandon Teena Story—A documentary (which inspired *Boys Don't Cry)* about the Nebraska girl who posed as a man and was ultimately raped and murdered. By Susan Muska and Greta Olafsdottir. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Bringing Out the Dead—Director Martin Scorsese and screenwriter Paul Schrader have reteamed for this adaptation of Joe Connelly's novel about New York City ambulance drivers. The filmmaking is razor sharp, but we've been down these streets before with Scorsese. (Rainer; 11/1/99) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews 72nd St. East; Sony Lincoln Square; Concourse Plaza; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Buena Vista Social Club**—Wim Wenders's documentary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 by Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest singers and musicians, many of them well over 60, whom he rescued from oblivion. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

La Ciudad—(*The City*) Four black-and-white vignettes that explore the new-immigrant experience in nineties New York. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Dinner Game—From the creator of *La Cage aux Folles* comes a comedy about a dinner-party contest in which the winner must invite the most boring person imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Dogma—See Rainer, page 88. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Double Jeopardy—The lovely Ashley Judd crashes her way across the country in an attempt to win back her son and finish off her evil husband. Thanks to a loophole and an exhausted Tommy Lee Jones, it's all fairly legal. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Clearview's 59th Street East; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; UA Astoria.*

Earth—Deepta Mehta (*Fire*) returns to India to explore a love triangle amid the turbulence of partition. In Hindi with English subtitles. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Felicia's Journey—See Rainer, page 88. (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Fight Club—Edward Norton plays a poor sap who hooks up with a malevolent jester, played by Brad Pitt, in this heavy-duty rant about the soullessness of men's lives in an era when consumerism and corporate culture have snatched their *cojones*. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (2 hrs. 19 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

A Force More Powerful—Steve York's powerful documentary about nonviolent resistance movements at work in the twentieth century. *Opens 11/19 at the Screening Room.*

★**42 Up**—See Rainer, page 88. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) *Starts 11/17 at Film Forum.*

Happy, Texas—A pair of escaped convicts, played by Jeremy Northam and Steve Zahn, end up impersonating a gay couple staging junior miss beauty pageants in this high-/low-concept balderdash. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; The Screening Room.*

The House on Haunted Hill—A remake of the Vincent Price classic about an eccentric millionaire who offers five strangers the opportunity to win a million dollars if they survive the night in a haunted house. Starring Geoffrey Rush, Taye Diggs, and Peter Gallagher. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Insider**—Al Pacino plays Lowell Bergman, a producer for *60 Minutes,* and Russell Crowe is Jeffrey Wigand, the reluctant tobacco-company whistleblower whom Bergman coaxed into spilling the beans on his show in an interview with Mike Wallace only to have the show nixed by CBS higher-ups. It's a florid, doomy movie but the muck here is worth raking, and Crowe's performance, as well as Christopher Plummer's as Mike Wallace, are fine; Pacino's is showboaty. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Last Night—With six hours left here on earth before mass destruction, Sandra Oh, Sarah Polley, David Cronenberg, and Don McKellar (who also directed) find love and examine their fate. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Legend of 1900—Tim Roth stars in this gooey drama about a pianist who spends his life—his entire life—aboard an ocean liner. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Through 11/17 at Paris Theatre.*

Liberty Heights—Barry Levinson returns to Baltimore and to the fifties (with Adrien Brody, Bebe Neuwirth, Joe Montegna, and Vincent Guastaferro) to sort through class, race, religion, and other unreliable constructs and determinants. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Opens 11/17.*

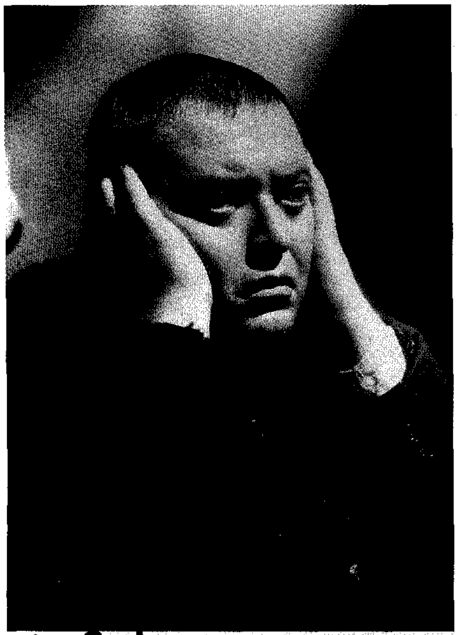
Light It Up—Six very different students band together and decide to take charge of their neglected Queens High School. With Forest Whitaker and Vanessa Williams. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; Jackson Triplex; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Limey**—Terence Stamp has a remarkable look here—whittled, with a shock of bright white hair and laser eyes. As a career criminal from England in L.A. to avenge his daughter's murder, he's as implacably invincible as Lee Marvin was in *Point Blank*. The film itself isn't to that level: Director Steven Soderbergh and screenwriter Lem Dobbs are trying to cross deep-dish pulp noir with an art-house canapé. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Lola und Bilidikid—A movie about a teenage boy who flees his repressive family life and journeys through Berlin's strange underworld. In German and Turkish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Opens 11/19 at the Quad Cinema.*

★**Lucie Aubrac**—Claude Berri's film is based on the true story of a woman in the French Resistance who engineers the liberation of her husband from prison during the German occupation. It's

Photograph by Teresa Isasi.

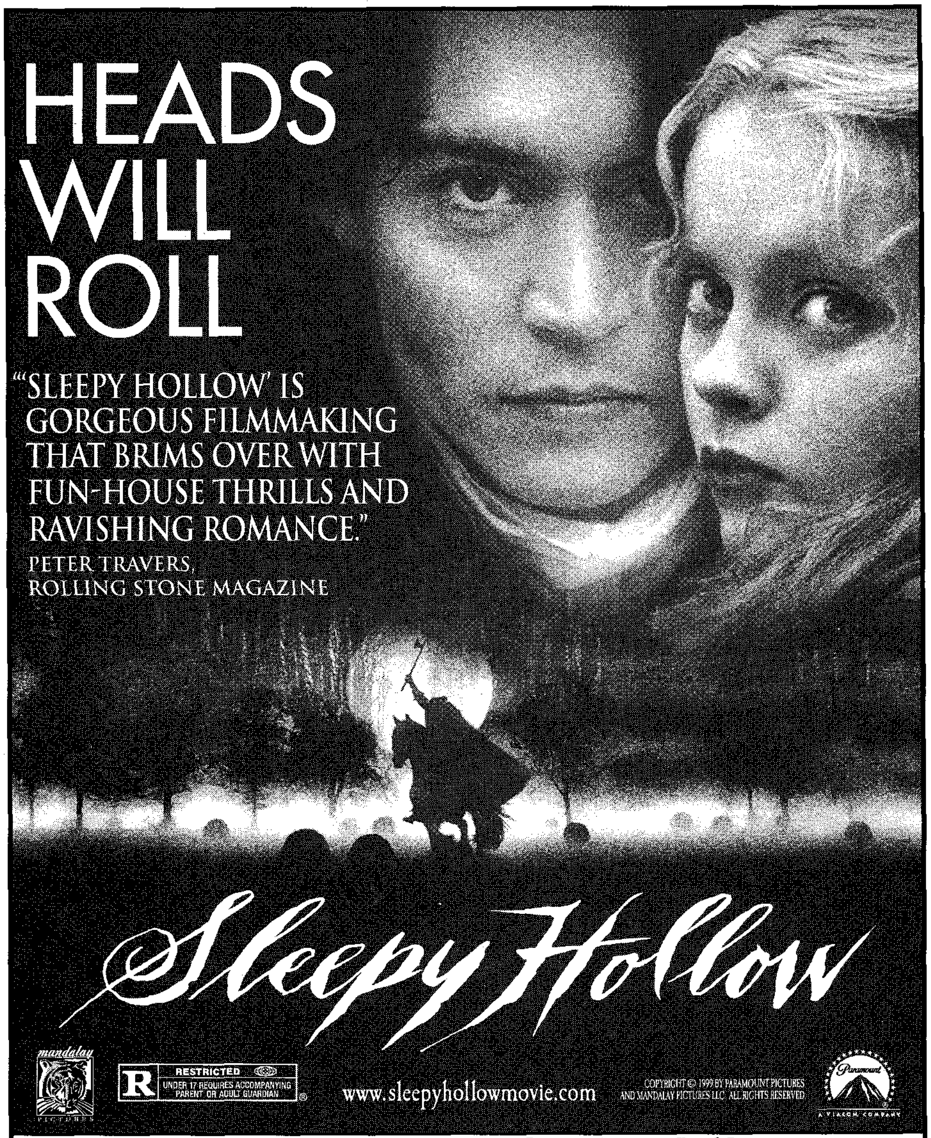


Series

King Cohn

In 1919, Harry Cohn and his brother founded a little Sunset Boulevard movie studio called Hall Room Boys Photoplays. Five years later, they were calling themselves Columbia Pictures, but they were still in the shadow of the big studios, sharing space with the tiny companies that churned out one-reelers and cowboy serials on Hollywood's Poverty Row. But by 1935, with the help of then-unknown talents like Frank Capra, the upstart indie emerged as the Miramax of the thirties (with the tough-talking Cohn brothers as the Weinsteins), and assumed its place alongside the majors. In honor of its seventy-fifth anniversary, Film Forum is screening "Columbia 75," an eight-week series of the studio's 75 greatest hits, including our own personal must-sees: Josef von Sternberg's 'Crime and Punishment' (with Peter Lorre, pictured above), Fritz Lang's 'The Big Heat,' Howard Hawks's 'Only Angels Have Wings,' and Nicholas Ray's 'In a Lonely Place.' Starts November 19. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.)

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum/Photofest.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Retrospective

That's *Mr.* Death, to You

"What happens if you really need to be loved and the only people who will love you are Nazis?" That's a question only an eccentric genius like Errol Morris (below) could get away with asking, and it's at the center of 'Mr. Death,' his new documentary about Holocaust deniers. The film premieres during a retrospective of Morris's work, which begins this week at MOMA, *including screenings of 'Gates of Heaven,' 'The Thin Blue Line,' 'The Interrotron Stories,' and even a sampling of his TV-commercial work. Morris will discuss the method to his madness with Ron Rosenbaum on November 19, followed by a screening of 'Stairway to Heaven,' his rarely shown short film about Temple Grandin, an autistic woman who designs slaughterhouses. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.)*

Photograph by Nubar Alexanian.

not a particularly artful piece of work, but the best parts have the dash of first-rate melodrama. (Rainer; 9/27/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mansfield Park—Patricia Rozema's provocative adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, starring Frances O'-Connor as a young girl sent to live with relatives who falls in love with her dashing cousin, played by Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 11/18 at the Paris Theatre.*

The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc—See Rainer, page 87. (2 hrs. 28 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Music of the Heart—Meryl Streep plays the real-life Roberta Guaspari, who moved to East Harlem and taught schoolkids the violin before seeing her funding cut; she stages a charity benefit at Carnegie Hall with her kids performing en masse with the likes of Isaac Stern, and all is righted. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; CC Crown Gotham; Loews 84th Street; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Bayside.*

My Best Fiend—Werner Herzog's documentary about his turbulent relationship with his great friend and mortal enemy, actor Klaus Kinski. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Through 11/16 at Film Forum.*

The Omega Code—Hidden within the Torah are ancient codes that hold the secrets to unlocking the past and controlling the future. With Michael York and Casper Van Dien. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *New Coliseum; Ridgewood; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Oxygen—Adrian Brody kidnaps a wealthy woman and buries her alive. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Pokémon: The First Movie—Master Ash, who, accompanied by the electrically charged Pikachu, continues his quest to be the world's greatest Pokémon trainer. Pokémon are collectible creatures with special powers (151 in all). Consider yourself forewarned. (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Portraits Chinois—Helena Bonham Carter stars in this film about a group of artistic Parisians who fall in and out of love while trying to sort out the muddled details of their lives. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Princess Mononoke**—The great Japanese animation director Hayao Miyazaki has crafted a ravishing epic set in mythic fourteenth-century Japan, filled with gods and demons and forest creatures. The mixture of cel and computer animation is fluidly achieved, and the Americanized dialogue, voiced by the Minnie Driver and Billy Bob Thornton, is only mildly jarring. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Romance—Catherine Breillat's latest is an explicit look at a schoolteacher who, rejected by her boyfriend, looks for love in all the wrong places, including her school principal's S&M lair. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; CC Sutton.*

★**Rosetta**—Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne, the Belgian brothers who made *La Promesse*, extend their documentary-style techniques in this engrossing, if somewhat forbidding, drama about a 17-year-old girl, played powerfully by Emilie Dequenne, who wants only to leave behind her trailer-trash life and get a job. In French with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Run Lola Run**—Tom Tykwer has made a movie that really zips along. It recaps the same basic plot in three alternate ways. Lola's boyfriend, Manni (Moritz Bleibtreu), a low-level courier for a crime boss, accidentally loses his cash delivery, and she has twenty minutes to replace it or he's kaput. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; UA Astoria.*

Sleepy Hollow—Now that *The Blair Witch Project* has had its day, we can forgo bleached-out, handheld, video-tech ingenuity and reengage the extravagantly dark effects of Tim Burton, who has created an equally haunting wood (where the heads *really* roll) for Washington Irving's headless horseman. With Johnny Depp and Christina Ricci. (1 hr. 50 mins; R) *Opens 11/19.*

Some Fish Can Fly—A ten-year romance between an Irish girl and an American guy. (NR) *UA Gemini.*

The Story of Us—Michelle Pfeiffer and Bruce Willis play a couple on the verge of a break-up after fifteen years of marriage. For a film that proudly proclaims that "there are no answers," it's awfully smug about knowing all the questions. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

★**The Straight Story**—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit an ailing, estranged brother is perhaps the greatest Hallmark Hall of Fame movie that Hallmark never made. It's sweet, and Farnsworth, and Sissy Spacek, playing his daughter, are very fine. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.*

Superstar—*SNL*'s Molly Shannon brings her awkward, finger-sniffing, Catholic-schoolgirl caricature Mary Katherine Gallagher to the big screen. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

★**Three Kings**—Four soldiers—played by George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg, Spike Jonze and Ice Cube—go AWOL in search of stolen Kuwaiti gold bullion after the Gulf War and end up unlikely heroes. (Rainer; 10/4/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street.*

Train of Life—Another happy Holocaust movie. This one involves a village that buys a fake deportation train and fools the Nazis into thinking they are already on their way to a death camp. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *CC Village East; Loews State; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Where's Marlowe?—Miguel Ferrer stars in this offbeat detective story about two young filmmakers making a documentary about a lowly private dick in Los Angeles. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

Women—(*Elles*) Five women face their forties. In French and Portuguese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *CC Eastside Playhouse.*

The World Is Not Enough—Pierce Brosnan returns as Agent 007. His mission: to protect the world's oil reserves and a new pair of Bond girls (Sophie Marceau and Denise Richards) from an unfeeling Robert Carlyle. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 11/19.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Happy, Texas; Oxygen.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *Felicia's Journey; The Limey; Princess Mononoke; Run Lola Run; The Straight Story.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; Buena Vista Social Club; Music of the Heart; The Sixth Sense; Train of Life; Where's Marlowe?*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Black Cat, White Cat; The Dinner Game; Last Night.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *The Insider; Three Kings.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *American Movie; 42 Up; My Best Fiend.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *La Ciudad; Portraits Chinois; Romance; Rosetta.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *Beefcake; The Brandon Teena Story; Happy, Texas.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *The Best Man; Boys Don't Cry; Dogma; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Light It Up; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Anywhere but Here; The Bone Collector; Fight Club.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Being John Malkovich; The Best Man; Dogma; The House on Haunted Hill; Light It Up; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Anywhere but Here; The Insider.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty; The Bachelor; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *American Beauty; The Bachelor; Being John Malkovich; The Best Man; Bringing Out the Dead; Dogma; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Music of the Heart; Pokémon: The First Movie; Three Kings.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *The Bachelor; The Insider; The Straight Story.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Music of the Heart.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Women.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Romance; The Sixth Sense.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Double Jeopardy.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *The Story of Us.*

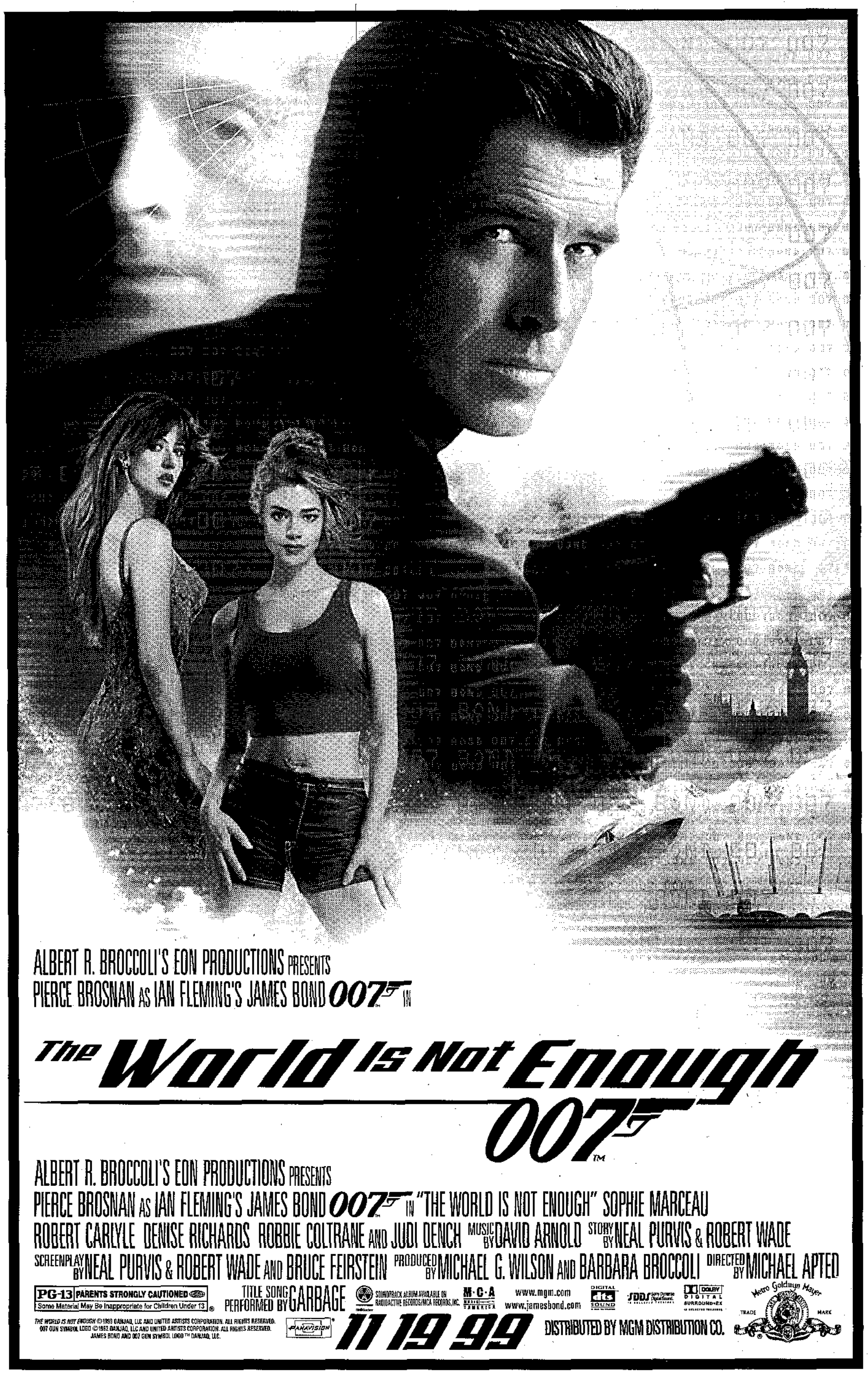
CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Bone Collector; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Blue Streak; Stigmata; Superstar; Teaching Mrs. Tingle; The Winslow Boy.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The Bone Collector; Dogma; The Insider; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Bringing Out the Dead.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th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PIERCE BROSNAN AS IAN FLEMING'S JAMES BOND 007 IN

The World Is Not Enough
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SCREENPLAY BY NEAL PURVIS & ROBERT WADE AND BRUCE FEIRSTEIN PRODUCED BY MICHAEL G. WILSON AND BARBARA BROCCOLI DIRECTED BY MICHAEL APTED
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Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Three Kings; Train of Life.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Legend of 1900; Mansfield Park.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212- 354-0900) *Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; The Best Man; Fight Club; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; The Sixth Sense.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Fight Club; The Insider; Light It Up; Music of the Heart.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *American Beauty.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Anywhere but Here; The Best Man; Dogma; Fight Club; The Story of Us.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Anywhere but Here; The Bone Collector.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Bringing Out the Dead.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Being John Malkovich.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *American Beauty; The Bachelor; The Best Man; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokémon: The First Movie; Three Kings.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Dogma.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Random Hearts; Some Fish Can Fly.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Anywhere but Here.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *American Beauty; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Fight Club; Light It Up.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Boys Don't Cry; Buena Vista Social Club; Earth; Felicia's Journey; Lucie Aubrac; Rosetta.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart; Three Kings.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *The House on Haunted Hill; Light It Up; The Omega Code; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *The Best Man; Light It Up; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *American Beauty; The Bachelor; Being John Malkovich; Bringing Out the Dead; Dogma; The Insider; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokémon: The First Movie; Princess Mononoke.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Bachelor; The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokémon: The First Movie; Superstar.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Light It Up; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Bachelor; Bats; The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Dogma; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokémon: The First Movie; Superstar.*

Documentary

The Seven-Year Niche

When James Bond starts looking a little over-the-hill, they just replace the actor. In real life, there are fewer options. The latest Bond flick, 'The World Is Not Enough,' opens Friday, starring Pierce Brosnan (that's not a gray hair, is it, Pierce?) and directed by the once-formidable Michael Apted, who should know better. In fact, he does know better. Much better. In 1964, Apted assisted on the first in a series of British documentary films that would follow fourteen actual 7-year-olds through their entire lives, at seven-year intervals. The first was called '7 Up,' and Apted went on to direct the next five, including '42 Up' (pictured), which opens this week. A few participants have dropped out over the years, but watching the remaining fragile bundles of hopes and dreams as they weather the intervening decades remains an endlessly fascinating exercise. Starts November 17 at Film Forum.

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; Dogma.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *American Beauty; The Bone Collector.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *The Best Man; Light It Up; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *Being John Malkovich; Boys Don't Cry; The Insider; Dogma; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *The Bachelor; Light It Up; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Bachelor; The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Dogma; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokémon: The First Movie; Superstar.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *American Beauty; The Best Man; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Music of the Heart; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *The Best Man; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; The Omega Code; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; Music of the Heart; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; The Bone Collector; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; The Bachelor; The Bone Collector; The House on Haunted Hill; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; The Bachelor; Boys Don't Cry; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; Music of the Heart.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592)

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

Call theater for showtimes.

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *The Bachelor; The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Dogma; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokémon: The First Movie; The Sixth Sense.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *The Bone Collector; Light It Up; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *American Beauty; Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; Being John Malkovich; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Dogma; Fight Club; The Insider; Music of the Heart; The Omega Code; Pokémon: The First Movie; Superstar.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *Anywhere but Here; The Omega Code; Train of Life.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; The Bachelor; The Bone Collector; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Music of the Heart; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *American Beauty; Buena Vista Social Club; The Dinner Game; Three Kings.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *The House on Haunted Hill; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *The Best Man; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; The Sixth Sense.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *The Bone Collector; Dogma.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *The Best Man; The Bone Collector; Light It Up.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; Bringing Out the Dead; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The Best Man; The House on Haunted Hill; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Anywhere but Here; The Bone Collector; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Music of the Heart.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; The Bone Collector; Dogma; The House on Haunted Hill; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; Being John Malkovich; The Bone Collector; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Music of the Heart; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *The Bachelor; The Best Man; The Bone Collector; The House on Haunted Hill; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Anywhere but Here; The Bachelor; Being John Malkovich; The Bone Collector; Bringing Out the Dead; Dogma; The House on Haunted Hill; The Insider; Light It Up; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Pokémon: The First Movie.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Evening Screenings" every Wednesday through Sunday: *La Ciudad (The City)*. Through 11/21: "The Katherine Hepburn Lifetime Series." 11/20: *The African Queen* (1951); *Summertime* (1955). 11/21: *Long Day's Journey Into Night* (1962); *The Glass Menagerie* (1973). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—11/16: *Casanova* (1927/1989). 11/17: "New Filmmakers" shorts: *Fruit & Nuts; One Night; Book of Ezekiel.* Feature: *Buzz.* Also on 11/17: "New Selections from the Filmmakers' Cooperative." 11/18: *Man on a Tightrope* (1953). Also on 11/18 and 11/21: "The Films of Maya Deren." 11/19–11/23: Jacque Rivette's *Secret Defense* (1993). Also 11/19–11/20: "Films by Jim Jennings." 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—Mondays through 1/10: "Frank Capra: A Vision of the 30s." 11/15: *Forbidden* (1932). 11/22: *American Madness* (1932). 11/16: *Los Olvidados* (1950). 11/17: *Pixote* (1981). 11/18: *Who Killed Pixote?* (1996) 11/19–11/20: *Arizona Dream* (1993). 11/21: *Five Easy Pieces* (1970). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. (718-623-2770).

Different Light—11/21: *The Caretakers* (1963). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

Film Forum—Through 11/18: *Macbeth* (1971). Through 1/13: "Columbia 75." 11/19–11/20: *The Lady From Shanghai* (1948); *Gilda* (1946). 11/21: *Five Easy Pieces* (1970); *The Last Detail* (1974). 11/22: *His Girl Friday* (1940); *Twentieth Century* (1934). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 11/25: "Two Masterpieces by Mohsen Makmalbaf." *The Silence* (1988); *Moment of Innocence* (1996). 11/20–11/21: "Movies for Kids." *You Are Out of Your Mind, Madicken* (1979). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15; "Movies for Kids" $3.

Museum of Modern Art—Through March 2000: "From Automatic Vaudeville to the Seventh Art: Cinema's Silent Years, 1893–1928." 11/16: *Queen Elizabeth* (1912). 11/18: *Souls on the Road* (1921). 11/19: Lecture: "Just off the Stage?: The Theatre and Camera in *Ben Hur* and Other Kalem Productions." 11/20: *Hail the Woman* (1921); *Souls on the Road* 11/21: *Cameo Kirby* (1923); *The Toll Gate* (1920); *Assunta Spina* (1915). Through 11/18: "New Films From Germany." 11/16: *Life Is the Main Thing; Places in the City.* 11/18: *Paths in the Night.* Through May 2000: "Big as Life: An American History of 8-mm. Films." 11/18: Films by Lerman. 11/22: Short Films by Berber. 11/18–11/19: "New Documentaries" presents "New Documentary Shorts From Third World Newsreel." 11/18–11/29: "Errol Morris Retrospective" 11/18: *Mr. Death: The Rise and Fall of Fred A. Leuchter, Jr.* 11/19: A Conversation with Errol Morris, followed by *Stairway to Heaven* (1998). 11/20: *Vernon, Florida* (1981). 11/21: *A Brief History of Time* (1992); *Fast, Cheap & Out of Control* (1997). 11/22: *Vernon, Florida; Gates of Heaven* (1978). 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Ocularis—11/21–11/22: *The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz* (1955). Galapagos, 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-388-8713). $7.

Quad Cinema—Beginning 11/19: "Spike and Mike's Classic Animation Festival." Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800); $8 for adults, $5 for kids and seniors.

Sony Lincoln Square IMAX—*Siegfried & Roy: The Magic Box; L5—First City in Space; Across the Sea of Time; T-Rex: Back to the Crustaceous; Encounters in the Third Dimension; The Old Man and the Sea.* Sony Lincoln Square, 1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638).

The Screening Room—Fridays and Saturdays at 11:30 PM: *City of Lost Children.* Fridays and Saturdays at midnight: *Disco Dolls in Hot Skin* (XXX in 3-D). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Sunday afternoons: *Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.* Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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La Chunga...Putting It Together...Ghosts

Opening 'Old Friends'

On the phone from his home in Kent, Connecticut, musical-theater legend Bob Avian recalls that in 1959, straight out of Boston University, he landed his first Broadway gig as a replacement dancer in the premiere of *West Side Story,* the landmark show that marked Stephen Sondheim's debut as a lyricist. Forty years later, Avian's back at work on Broadway with Sondheim's *Putting It Together,* opening November 21 at the Barrymore. "It was in the cards," the 61-year-old choreographer says. "Now Stephen and I are friends and neighbors—the hills are alive with show folk up here." Their new production draws on almost four decades from the Sondheim songbook and features the tested talents of Carol Burnett (left), Ruthie Henshall, George Hearn, John Barrowman, and Bronson Pinchot. Avian previously worked with every actor except Pinchot, and contributed to Sondheim productions from *Company* to *Follies;* he was the choreographer when Julie Andrews premiered *Putting It Together* Off Broadway in 1993. Last year, he staged the somewhat overhauled show's Los Angeles premiere with Burnett, and says that his experience and confidence with such stars allows him to play more with Sondheim's quirky material. At one point in the current production, the cast forms an impromptu chorus line. "We kept asking each other, 'What if we do this?' 'What if we do that?' Then Carol said, 'How 'bout I just go get a chair and sit down?' " So, as Henshall kicks up her high heels, Burnett massages her sore feet—a small gesture that earned big laughs from a recent preview audience—a good thing, since, as Avian remarks, "Revues are supposed to be fun and upbeat, and so much of Steve's material is a little dark." Indeed, the perils of romance—the unsettling conceit of Sondheim's revue—never sounded so delightful.

LOGAN HILL

Photograph by Michael Le Poer Trench.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back. (No, not the mouse.) Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opens 11/12. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—A whole lotta Mason, very little Bard. $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 11/16 for a 12/30 opening. *Golden Theatre, 252 West 45th Street. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie will interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical—for a generation obsessed with the backstage canoodling of celluloid Shakespeareans like Paltrow and DiCaprio. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 11/18 opening. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Marie Christine—In Michael John LaChiusa's anticipated new musical, the heralded Audra McDonald plays a passionate woman in love with a sea captain (Anthony Crivello), against the backdrop of late nineteenth-century New Orleans and Chicago. Sherry Boone replaces McDonald for Wed. and Sat. matinees. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/2 opening. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Putting It Together—The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hearn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford will replace Burnett on Tuesdays starting Dec. 7. Directed by Eric D. Schaeffer, with musical staging by Bob Avian, and costumes by Bob Mackie. $30–80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/21 opening. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Swing!—Swingers leap back into the mix on Broadway, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 12/9 opening. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan. Vance Avery plays the emcee *until* Michael Hall *returns* 11/30. $25–$90. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Sandy Duncan. $20–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. He is a great improviser who plays with his audience as if it were a beach ball. We have here a master/mistress of movement and facial expression whose silences are as funny as the words. Let me add that the Dame herself has terrific legs—as, I'm sure, has her show. (Simon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Epic Proportions—The boop-a-doop cutie Kristin Chenoweth gets her own vehicle in this comedy about old-time Hollywood filmmaking. $45–$65. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30.

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Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kat and the Kings—The Olivier Award–winning musical about an all-black doo-wop group's struggle for recognition in Cape Town, South Africa, during the fifties. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—The long-running reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. $25–65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $60–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Rainmaker—*See Simon, p. 90.* Once the dopey farm boy of *Cheers,* Woody Harrelson returns to a parched farm in this revival of N. Richard Nash's family drama. Also starring Jayne Atkinson. Directed by Scott Ellis. $25–$65. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—Frank Wildhorn's celebration of romance, fabric, and the guillotine returns, after a wee summer hiatus. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. Through 1/16/00. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Tango Argentino—Not to be confused with the more recent musical *Forever Tango* or the films *The Tango Lesson* or *Tango,* this dance-musical spurred a Latin-dance revival when it hit Broadway in 1985 and scored Tony nominations for Best Musical, Best Choreography, and Best Director. But since this revival now features the stars of those two films, your befuddlement can be forgiven, as nearly 30 dancers attempt to distinguish themselves from the teeming, twirling masses. $25–$75. Call for schedule. *Gershwin Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 11/28. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Opening The Un-Dead

As part of the Century Center's sprawling Ibsen series, J. C. Compton directs Kathleen Garrett (below, left) and Mark Elliot Wilson (below, right) in 'Ghosts,' a drama about a family that tries to exorcise the disturbing spirits of its past. Previews begin November 17 for a November 21 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Ghosts—Henrik Ibsen's family tragedy, featuring Kathleen Garrett. Directed by J. C. Compton. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 11/21 opening. *Century Center Ballroom Theatre, 111 E. 15 St. (212-279-4200).*

In the Blood—Inspired by Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter,* playwright Susan-Lori Parks presents her play about a struggling single mom. $65–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 11/18 opening. Through 12/5. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette (212-239-6200).*

Last Train to Nibroc—Arlene Hutton's two-character romantic comedy, set in Kentucky during World War II. Michael Montel directs. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 11/20 opening. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Maybe Baby, It's You—After a run at the Currican earlier this summer, playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 6. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Shyster—In this star-bright production of Bryan Goluboff's play, a young Israeli man battles a black tenant over the legacy of his father's building. Featuring Fisher Stevens, Annabella Sciorra, and Phyllis Newman; directed by Dante Albertie. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 5. Previews begin 11/18 for a 11/30 opening. *Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. (212-279-4200).*

Space—Tina Landau corrals abductees, a neuropsychiatrist, and a SETI researcher in her evocative piece on mortality, spirituality, and the limits of science. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Previews 11/16 for a 12/2 opening. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (212-239-6200).*

Squonk—Props, puppetry, and percussion for the premiere of the East Village's newest theater. $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Bleecker East Theatre, 49 Bleecker St. (212-239-6200).*

Trudy Blue—Polly Draper stars as a Gotham novelist who decides to break out of her stultifying bookishness and embrace life in this manic city. $25–$30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 11/16 for a 12/2 opening. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (212-727-7765).*

True History and Real Adventures—Kathleen Chalfant, last seen in *Wit,* is back, and everyone is anxious to see if she'll be adored again when she returns to the stage in Sybille Pearson's new play. As excited as the rest of us, Angela Goethals plays a young Scottish woman who leads a ragtag band of teens on a cross-country road trip out West, where they finally meet Calamity Jane, played by Chalfant. $45. Call for schedule. Previews 11/19 for a 12/13 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).*

Watching My Hair Grow—The very bald world-champion baton twirler and Broadway dancer Jeff Shade (*Chicago*) presents his one-man dance-theater piece. $32.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7:30 and 10, Sun. at 3. Runs 11/16–

Photograph courtesy of Century Center.

11/26. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Y2K—Yep, they grabbed the title first. If the MTC had launched a Website, subscribers would be rich shareholders. In any case, Arthur Kropit's timely drama premieres with all of the paranoia and frenzy you could hope for, with a talented cast directed by Bob Balaban. $20–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 12/7 opening. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Now Playing

Abby's Song—Paul Sorvino and Jackie Angelescu star in a new holiday musical about a shepherd girl and a tap-dancing angel in Montana. Randy Skinner directs. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 11/28. *City Center, W. 55th St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (212-581-1212).*

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story returns as a staged reading with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. A somewhat spotty evening, then, whose highlights, however, are high indeed. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/30. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Country Club—Having cordially disliked Douglas Carter Beane's *As Bees in Honey Drown* by the Drama Dept., where Beane is artistic director, I expected little from his current Drama Dept. offering. Imagine my surprise: This play about Wasps in their late twenties who hang out in the Cub Room of a provincial Pennsylvania country club is both funny and moving, devilishly well observed, and niftily constructed. (Simon: 10/4/99) Jessica Stone has replaced Amy Sedaris. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Dead—A musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 11/28. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Dinner With Friends—*See Simon, p. 89.* A new drama of divorce and fine dining by perennial Pulitzer contender Donald Margulies. $25–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

Eclipsed—In this play based on true stories, penitent women are exploited by a convent that forces them to do the laundry for redemption. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 12/19. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

The Exact Center of the Universe—If you're in the mood for a delightful, old-fashioned, well-made play, look no further than this one by Joan Vail Thorne. It concerns one of those prim yet feisty southern matrons, Vada Love Powell, and her middle-aged son Apple, whom she just about turned into a sissy, until he meets two extraordinary young women. *Center* tickles with its juicy dialogue and zesty characters. As Vada, Frances Sternhagen is good enough to eat. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

An Experiment With an Air Pump—Shelagh Stephenson's play deals with two groups of people in the same house in 1799 and 1999. One of the latter is descended from the former, and something strange connects the two groups. "Aha," you say, "she got that from Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*." Yes, and she makes no bones about it. Stephenson does a good job, which is what matters. Her play concerns stubborn problems: head versus heart, art versus science, the souring of love in marriage, the tantalizing survival of the past, and the transience or persistence of both fame and infamy. Outer and inner turmoil cross over the centuries in chiastic form; the new millennium, foreseen in 1799 and accosted in 1999, holds out scant chiliastic promise. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

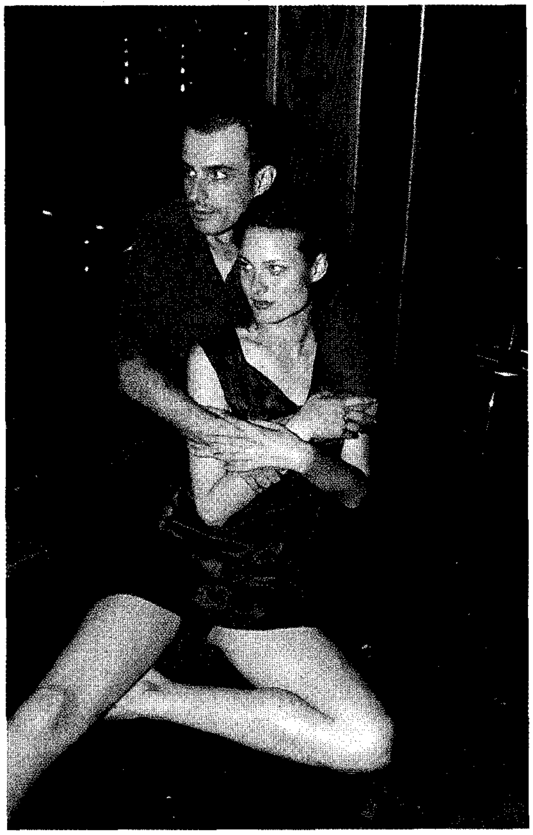
Fuddy Meers—This is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, a young but already much-produced playwright. The heroine, Claire, suffers from psychogenic amnesia, waking up every morning as a blank slate, on which her husband and Kenny, her teenage son from a former marriage, must imprint the facts of her life, only to have her forget them overnight. Smartly directed by David Petrarca and neatly designed by Santo Loquasto and Brian MacDevitt, the evening explodes with laughter, magisterially provided by Robert Stanton, J. Smith-Cameron, Keith Nobbs, Patrick Breen, Marylouise Burke, Mark McKinney, and Lisa Gorlitsky. Call the play errant, aberrant, or Abairant, Lindsay-Abaire proves a bare minimum less funny than Ionesco, whose true heir he is—nothing to look down your nose (never mind sneeze) at. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $40. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30. Sat. and Sun. at 3. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Give Me Your Answer, Do!—The Roundabout presents the New York premiere of Brian Friel's most recent play, about the rivalries between two writers—one with success and no self-respect, the other with self-respect and no success. Eight names shine over the marquee, including players Kate Burton, Michael Emerson, John Glover, and Joel Grey. $55. Tues.–Sat. At 7:30. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Opening

Model Behavior

Broadway audiences may lust after Susan Lucci and Kathie Lee Gifford, but the Innocent Theater Company will present a diva for the downtown set when 'House of Style' vet Shalom Harlow (below, with Alessandro Magania) makes her stage debut in Mario Vargas Llosa's 'La Chunga,' opening November 19 at FC 29. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")



Photograph by David Armstrong.

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical; Ally Sheedy now plays the title character. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10. Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Ice Island: The Wait for Shackleton—Marjorie Duffield's new play documents the lives of a group of men stranded in Antarctica. Lori Steinberg directs. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Melting Pot Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).*

The Jazz Singer—Did he say "My Mammy?" A new musical version of the Samson Raphaelson play

Opening

Billy, Jean Is Not Your Lover

American icons Billy the Kid and Jean Harlow (Leo Marks and Eva Patton, above) clash in Michael McClure's counterculture classic *The Beard* when its production reopens November 18 at La MaMa E.T.C., after a successful run earlier this season. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

that Al Jolson made famous, presented by the Jewish Rep. $35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 2. Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-831-2000).*

John Gabriel Borkman—Pearl Theatre presents Henrik Ibsen's tough drama. Directed by Shepard Sobel. $26–33. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

Keep Bangin'—Savion Glover presents the talented bucket drummers of *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk*. $20–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

Morning, Noon and Night—Spalding Gray explores a day with his beloved family. $25–$45. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Now Hear This!—Kathy Buckley, who describes herself as "America's first hearing-impaired comedienne," presents her one-woman show. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Passion of Frida Kahlo—Priscilla López (*A Day in Hollywood, A Night in the Ukraine*) plays the artist Kahlo in Dolores Sendler's much-praised play. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-307-4100).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner ninety minutes before curtain. Mon. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Stars in Your Eyes—Six lost souls find love in this Kennedy-era musical by Chip Meyrelles. $49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Stomp—A loud, aggressive, and energetic show, in which performers bang on everything in sight. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (212-477-2477).*

Thwak—"We are bringing mime into the new millennium," proclaims one of the hilarious, kinetic Australian Umbilical Brothers. "And how are we doing it? With sound." $15–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

The Trial of One Short-Sighted Black Woman vs. Mammy Louise and Safreeta Mae—Barbara Montgomery stars in this satirical look at black professional women who engage outlandish, outdated stereotypes of mammies. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/28. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (212-239-6200).*

Uncle Jack—Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* with a West Virginia drawl. Gerald Anthony stars in this Worth Street adaptation's premiere. $25–$35. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (212-604-4195).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc. returns for a second coming. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Water Engine/Mr. Happiness—The Atlantic Theater Company kicks off its Mamet retrospective with these two one-acts. Bob Balaban, always a pleasure, plays the title role of the latter. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Judith Light. $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Off–Off Broadway

1839—GAle GAtes et al presents a massive multimedia performance incorporating puppetry, projections, and dance in its huge performance space, exploring images and the year of the camera's birth. $15–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 9. *GAle GAtes, et al, 37 Main St., Brooklyn (718-522-4597).*

The Beard—Jean Harlow faces Billy the Kid in Michael McClure's avant-garde work. $12. Thurs.–Sat at 8, Sun. at 3:30. Runs 11/18–12/5. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

Contact With the Enemy—Pulitzer winner Frank D. Gilroy's new play tracks two World War II veterans who tour the U.S. Holocaust Museum together. $15. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 12/4. *Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (212-247-4982).*

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Doing the hustle is strongly encouraged. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30. Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

God of Vengeance—Todo Con Nada's Aaron Belle directs a new translation of this Yiddish play by Sholem Ash. Mark Greenfield plays a brothel proprietor and father who craves respect. Previews begin 11/20 for an 11/27 opening. $15. *Show World Theatre, Eighth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-269-4849).*

The House of Bernarda Alba/Chronicle of a Death Foretold—Federico García Lorca's tragedy/The first Spanish adaptation of the Gabriel García Márquez novel. Performed in repertory in Spanish with English translation. $25–$35. Call for schedule. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).*

A Klezmer's Tale: Yoshke Muzikant—Eleanor Reissa directs a Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre production that sketches the life of poet and musician Muzikant. $30–$35. Wed. and Thurs. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/16/00. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

La Chunga—Fashion diva Shalom Harlow makes her theatrical debut in Mario Vargas Llosa's play. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. In previews for a 11/19 opening. *FC 29, 29 Second Ave. (212-971-1026).*

North Atlantic—Willem Dafoe, Kate Valk, and other Wooster Group conspirators rework this tech-savvy, decentered multimedia piece. $25. Call for schedule. Through 11/21. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).*

Showy Lady Slipper—The perfect happiness of three gabbing girls is ruined by the the arrival of (gasp) a boyfriend in director Richard Maxwell's newest play. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 11/28. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (212-477-5288).*

Simply Barbra 2000—Steven Brinberg channels Streisand, fresh off a successful London run. $22.50. Call for schedule. Through 11/22. *Dominion Theater, 428 Lafayette St. (212-473-1698).*

U—Jo Bonney, the director of spoken-word spectacles by Danny Hoch and Eric Bogosian, directs the multi-talented troupe Universes. $15. 11/17–11/21, 11/24, 11/26–11/28 at 8:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (212-477-5288).*

Vick's Boy—Ben Bettenbender's new comedy about the various nefarious goings-on at a young, cutthroat law firm. Directed by Bob Balaban; presented by Rattlestick Productions. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 11/28. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. (212-627-2556).*

Wound of Love/Sunflower—Evan Pappas stars in Kathryn Grant's play about a musician and her sick roommate/Elizabeth Perry's one-woman show about the life of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 11/21. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-479-8513).*

Photograph by Drew Fellman.

art

Michael Craig-Martin...Inverted Odysseys

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Milton Avery—A selection of paintings by the American modernist, whose unorthodox use of color and simplified, almost abstract images of figures and landscapes influenced Mark Rothko, Adolph Gottlieb, and other abstract painters; through 1/22/00. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Georg Baselitz—Wood-block prints from the sixties; through 12/16. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (212-988-1623).

Wallace Berman/Robert Watts—Work from the sixties and early seventies by two artists who explored the dark side of Pop; through 12/10. Roth Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. (212-717-9067).

Erwin Blumenfeld—Collages made in Amsterdam between 1916 and 1934 by the photographer, who later become known for his fashion work for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar;* through 12/23. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

Richard Serra—New works on paper; through 2/26/00. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-228-2828).

Saul Steinberg—Drawings and mixed-media constructions spanning the early fifties through the eighties; through 12/18. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338).

Andy Warhol—A selection of paintings spanning the seventies to the mid-eighties; through 12/11. Gray, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-472-8787).

57th Street Area

David Bates—New free-standing sculptures, wall reliefs, and paintings; through 12/4. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111).

James Brooks—Four abstract paintings made by the artist in 1950; through 12/23. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Michael Chapman—Paintings of surreal urban and beach scenes, some of which feature disasters in progress; through 12/1. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (212-664-0907).

Donald Evans—Small paintings of postage stamps for imaginary countries by the American artist (1945–1977), who lived in Europe for most of his adult life and had his last New York exhibition in 1976; 11/18–12/23. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

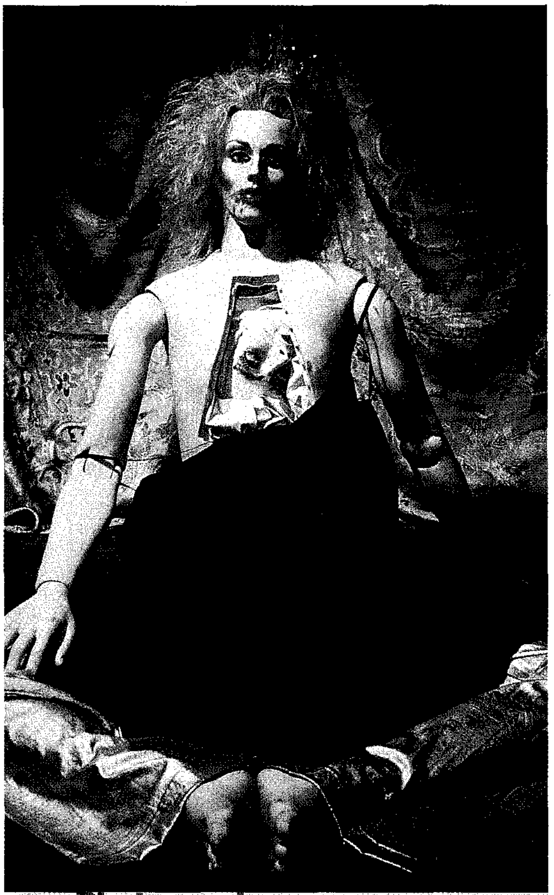
Sam Francis—Paintings and works on paper from the fifties characterized by fields of transparent cell-like forms and planes of vivid color; through 12/30. Rubin, Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

Naum Gabo—The first gallery exhibition of the artist's work in America since 1953, of sculptures, paintings, and drawings executed between 1916 and 1975; through 12/11. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

Marina Karella—New paintings that depict traditional garden emblems and architecture in a dreamlike atmosphere; through 12/8. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (212-956-33666).

Larry Rivers/Ramond Mason—Recent paintings and drawings on the theme of fashion/Cityscape sculptures. Through 12/4. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Leslie Lerner—Recent paintings that depict the imaginary adventures of a boy in seventeenth-century Europe; through 12/11. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).



Photography

Costume Party

"Inverted Odysseys: Claude Cahun, Maya Deren, Cindy Sherman" (Grey Art Gallery, 100 Washington Square East; through January 29) offers an in-depth look at the photographs, films, collages, books, and other works of three women artists of different nationalities and generations—Cahun, born in France in 1894, Deren in Russia in 1917, and Sherman (above, 'Untitled #302,' 1994) in New Jersey in 1954—who have pushed the dress-up genre to extremes.

Photograph courtesy of Grey Art Gallery.

Cildo Meireles—An installation by the Brazilian artist that takes its inspiration from a story he was told as a child and consists of two ten-foot-square transparent cubes made of glass and aluminum that can be entered and contain clear shelves holding real and artificial roses alternated with enamel chamber pots; 11/19–12/23. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Sheila Isham—Paintings inspired by the mythology and aesthetics of Hinduism; through 12/7. Gregory, 41 E. 57th St. (212-754-2760).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Richard Artschwager—New paintings of imaginary landscapes and portraits set in the artist's signature frames; through 12/18. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Chuck Connelly—Recent paintings that feature words and phrases related to their narratives; through 12/4. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Kaffe Fassett/Steve Lovi—Textile works by the former and photographs by the latter that depict flowers in a similar high-key palette. Through 12/23. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Jeff Koons—New mirrored wall pieces from the artist's "Easyfun" series; through 12/18. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (212-966-6160).

Gordon Matta-Clark—Works from the early seventies that involve recycling of materials and objects; through 12/24. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (212-966-4952).

Issey Miyake—A survey of the clothing designer's work from the past 30 years; through 2/29/00. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Ross Neher—Recent paintings that combine architectonic structures with atmospheres of vivid color; through 12/4. M-13, 72 Greene St. (212-925-3007).

Joseph Raffael—Monumentally scaled watercolors of the artist's garden in the south of France and of forests in India; through 12/8. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Julie Roberts—A site-specific installation of a room whose walls are painted in tapestry patterns of exotic birds and flowers, and paintings based on various characters from European and art history; through 12/4. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

Frank Stella—New works, including a fiberglass architectural model, a large illusionistic mural painting, and a free-standing aluminum sculpture; through 12/11. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Lui Wei—Recent paintings by the Beijing-based artist; through 12/23. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Thomas Woodruff—A two-gallery show of recent paintings, at P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642), and Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (212-647-7080); 11/18–12/24.

Rob Wynne—Thread drawings on vellum, paintings, hand-glazed ceramic tiles, and hand-blown glass sculpture that draw on texts by Louis Aragon and

André Breton, eighteenth-century decorative art, and art history; through 12/23. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (212-941-5777)

Chelsea

James Aldridge—New paintings whose images reflect the artist's everyday encounters; through 12/16. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695).

Martin Honert—Two large-scale sculptures inspired by the children's tale *The Flying Classroom;* through 12/24. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Joan Jonas—Recent video works and drawings and a selection of early photographs documenting the artist's performances; through 12/18. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-727-7366).

Fabian Marcaccio—An interior-exterior painting installation; through 12/23. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8372).

Stephen Murphy—Digitally manipulated photographs of environments that read at first as faithful photographic reproductions of reality; through 12/23. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Lari Pittman—New large-scale paintings on paper and wood panel that bare the structures of humankind, from the architecture of the human body to that of the urban landscape; through 12/23. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Richard Serra—A recent sculpture inaugurating the gallery's new Chelsea space; through 1/14/00. Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. (212-228-2828).

Pat Steir—New abstract paintings whose splashes of color were created through the Japanese technique of "flung ink"; through 1/1/00. Marlborough Chelsea, 211 W. 19th St. (212-463-8634).

Rachel Whiteread—New sculptures, including a bronze sculpture cast from a porcelain mortuary slab and two cast-plaster bookshelves; through 12/18. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Thomas Woodruff—A two-gallery show of recent paintings, at Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (212-647-7080) and P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642); 11/18–12/23.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Talavera Poblana: Four Centuries of a Mexican Ceramic Tradition," an exhibition of historic earthenware and 23 contemporary works; through 12/12.

Salander-O'Reilly—20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606). "Modernist Painting and Sculpture in America," works from 1910 to 1964 by Demuth, Dove, Friedman, Lachaise, Murphy, Schamberg, others; through 12/4.

57th Street Area

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888). Important Pop works by Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, and Warhol; through 12/4.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "Choice 99," works by emerging artists selected by Antoni, Goldin, Kearns, LeWitt, Sultan, and others; through 12/31.

Marcus—578 Broadway (212-226-3200). Drawings from the sixties by Bochner, de Maria, Le Va, Sonnier, Tuttle; through 12/4.

Markey—55 Vandam St. (212-627-4446). Drawings from the seventies by Bochner, LeWitt, Mangold, Plimack Mangold, Moskowitz, Sandback, Tuttle; through 12/11.

Chelsea

Klagsbrun—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335). Wallace Berman's works exhibited alongside pieces by Koons, McCollum, Ruppersburg, Warhol; through 12/18.

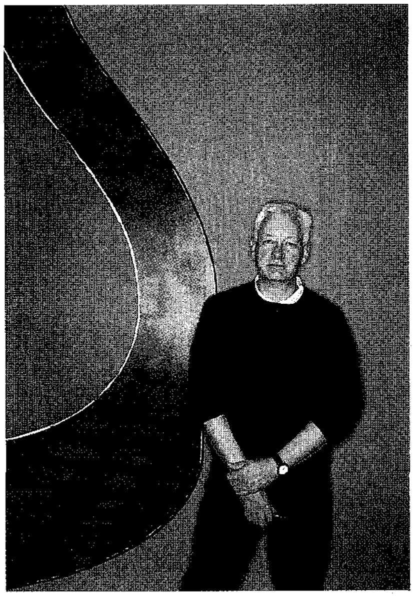
White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). "Architorture," works by emerging artists examining architecture and urban planning; through 12/5.

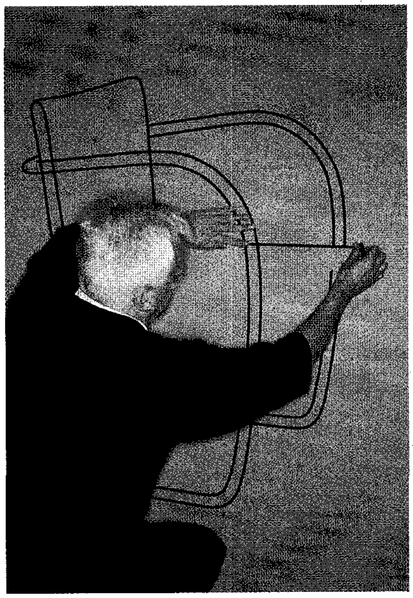
Talent

Deck the Walls

There's much to admire in MoMA's three-part exhibition "Modern*Starts*," the museum's exhaustive end-of-the-century tribute to modernism. But the show's curatorial team made a particularly brilliant move when it invited British artist Michael Craig-Martin to create a monumental wall painting as the entrance to the exhibition's final cycle, "Modern*Starts*: Things" (November 21–March 14, 2000), which examines common and extraordinary objects and their representations in modern art. Call it synchronicity or coincidence, but over the past six years, not only has Craig-Martin, 58, been incorporating linear illustrations of ordinary things into monochromatic color fields, usually painted directly onto walls with common house paint, but his images often refer to familiar works from art history, like Magritte's pipe and Johns's ale cans. In *Objects, Ready or Not,* Craig-Martin has simply expanded his retinue of images (below, the artist with his rendition of Duchamp's *Fountain,* and working on Mies van der Rohe's Brno Chair) to include other works in the exhibition, such as Duchamp's *Bicycle Wheel* and Rietveld's Red Blue Chair. Craig-Martin, who has exhibited his wall paintings and room installations regularly in England and Europe, calls this work his most challenging to date. "You have the museum and its reputation, the history of the objects, the complications with the museum's architecture; and I'm a contemporary artist trying to make a comment on the exhibition itself," he says. "You can imagine that I'm very happy to be here." Martin, who was born in Dublin, grew up in Washington D.C., and graduated from Yale's M.F.A. program before moving to England in 1966, has been a longtime professor at London's radical Goldsmiths College. The former tutor to such young British art stars as Fiona Rae, Sarah Lucas, and Gary Hume, all of whom have works in the Brooklyn Museum's "Sensation" show, knows a sensational opportunity when he sees it. "After all," he says, "I've got a project that covers the ground floor of the Modern." (A concurrent one-person exhibition of Craig-Martin's large-scale wall paintings and works on canvas can be seen at Peter Blum, 99 Wooster Street; November 20 through January 22.)

EDITH NEWHALL





Photographs by Kristine Larsen.

Photography

Tina Barney—Twelve large-scale colors prints of Europeans and their estates; through 12/18. Borden, 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—More than 700 portraits of artists, dealers, critics, collectors, and people who have shaped the art world; through 12/18. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Paul Himmel/Erwin Blumenfeld—A retrospective of photographs by a key member of Alexey Brodovich's circle/Photographs of nudes by the photographer, who is best known for his fashion work. Through 11/27. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (212-734-5300).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and US." A comparison of Farm Security Administration photography created in the U.S. and Socialist Realist pictures produced in the USSR; through 2/13/00.

Ernesto Pujol—Still-lifes of all-white objects; through 12/11. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-627-3930).

Floria Sigismondi—Photographs utilizing dramatic lighting, elaborate sets, and fantastic wardrobes for surreal imagery; through 12/23. Gibson, 568

Broadway (212-925-1192).

Thomas Struth—New photographs of jungles; through 12/31. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Jerry Uelsman—Recent photomontages and rare vintage work from before 1970; through 12/24. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Andy Warhol—"Stitched," photographs made by the artist between 1976 and 1986 in which he shot an image, duplicated it into sets of four or six, then had the prints stitched together with white thread on a sewing machine; through 12/30. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Beaded Universe: Strands of Culture." The largest and most comprehensive survey of the art of beads, including beaded talismans; religious artifacts from the Buddhist, Christian, and Islamic faiths; and purses and costumes; through 1/30/00. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the United States, Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; 11/20–8/30. . . . "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28/00. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children (admission to "The Butterfly Conservatory" is by timed entry; tickets, which can be reserved in advance and include museum admission, are $14 adults, $8.50 children).

Asia Society—"China: Fifty Years Inside the People's Republic." A survey of images of China by 33 photographers from Asia, Europe, and the United States; through 1/2/00. . . . "Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 11/28. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (212-517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Amnesia." Works by sixteen artists from South America who explore themes of memory, loss, desire, mortality, and the temporal nature of the body; through 2/27/00. . . . "Recent Acquisitions From the Permanent Collection." Works by contemporary artists of African, Asian, and Latin American ancestry; 11/18–2/27/00. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection." The much-discussed exhibition that originated at the Royal Academy in London, of paintings, sculpture, photographs, and installations by 42 artists, among them Jake and Dinos Chapman, Tracey Emin, Damien Hirst, Sarah Lucas, and Rachel Whiteread; through 1/9/00. . . . "Eastman Johnston: Painting America." The first major exhibition of the nineteenth-century American artist's work in 25 years, including paintings and drawings of rural subjects, Civil War scenes, interior scenes, and portraits; through 2/6/00. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission to "Sensation" is $9.75 adults, $7.75 students and seniors and includes general admission).

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Two Views of Venice: Canaletto and Menpes." Fifty rare prints depicting scenes of Venice by Giovanni Antonio Canal (1697–1768), the celebrated Venetian painter, and Mortimer Menpes (1855–1938), an Australian-born British artist; through 12/19. . . . "The Work of Charles and Ray Eames: A Legacy of Invention." A major retrospective of works by the husband-and-wife team considered among the greatest designers of the twentieth century, featuring their furniture, buildings, toys, films, and photographs dating from the forties to the seventies; through 1/9/00. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 seniors and students.

Dia—"Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 2/28/00. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 12/30. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/30/00. . . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18/00. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Another City for Another Life: Constant's *New Babylon*." Drawings, models, paintings, and other media produced by the visionary artist Constant for his futuristic *New Babylon* project; through 12/20. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.– Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"Velázquez in New York Museums." An exhibition of the seventeenth-century Spanish master's portraits organized in conjunction with the Hispanic Society of America, including paintings from the collections of the Frick, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Hispanic Society of America; through 1/16/00. . . . "Watteau and His World: French Drawing From 1700 to 1750." Works on paper by Watteau and by his forebears and followers, among them François Boucher, Nicolas Lancret, and François Lemoyne; through 1/9/00. . . . "Constable's Salisbury Cathedral: Two Versions Reunited." An exhibition pairing two paintings by John Constable (1776–1837); through 12/31. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Inverted Odysseys: Claude Cahun, Maya Deren, Cindy Sherman." Photographs, books, collages, films, and props by three contemporary women artists whose investigations into self-portraiture involve adopting identities from different social classes and geographic environments, "traveling" into the past and future, and transforming themselves into heroes, villains, mythological creatures, and other archetypes; through 1/29/00. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5 (gallery will be closed from 11/25–11/27 for Thanksgiving and from 12/24–1/4/00 for winter recess): $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Clemente." A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, pastel drawings, book illustrations, and sculpture spanning the seventies to the present by the Italian-born artist Francesco Clemente; through 1/9/00. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." A group of portraits of the London art dealer Ager Wertheimer and his family painted by the American artist between 1898 and 1908; through 2/6/00. . . . "Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890–1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23/00. . . . "The Changing Face of Family: Photographs From the Collection of the Jewish Museum." Photographs illustrating the importance of family in shaping identities, by Avedon, Goldin, Hine, Steichen, Sultan, others; through 2/6/00. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Only the Best: Masterpieces of the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, Lisbon." Works collected by the oil-industry pioneer and philanthropist Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869–1955) on loan from the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, including European paintings ranging from the Renaissance to Impressionism, Egyptian sculpture, Roman medals, Islamic ceramics and textiles, illuminated manuscripts, eighteenth-century French furniture and silver, and objects by Lalique; through 2/27/00. . . . "Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch." An international loan exhibition of portraits by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780–1867), whose paintings of France's ruling elite inspired such artists as Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso; through 1/2/00. . . . "Carleton Watkins: The Art of Perception." An exhibition of works by the American landscape photographer (1829–1916) best known for his large albumen silver prints of Yosemite Valley taken in the 1860s; through 1/9/00. . . . "Rodin's Monument to Victor Hugo." Sculptures relating to Rodin's *Monument to Victor Hugo*, among them a terra-cotta sketch, a life-size portrait in marble, and bronze castings; through 1/2/00. . . . "Daido Moriyama: *Hunter*." Forty photographs by the Japanese photographer that were shot from the shadows and from the windows of a moving car and published as *Hunter* (1972), a book dedicated to Jack Kerouac; through 1/2/00. . . . "Egyptian Art in the Age of Pyramids." The first major museum presentation of the art of the Old Kingdom (ca. 2650–2150 B.C.), featuring approximately 230 masterpieces from the golden era of ancient Egyptian culture; through 1/9/00. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Pepon Osorio: *Transboricua*." A multimedia installation on the theme of cultural identity in transition and transformation; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pressing the Point: Parallel Expressions in the Graphic Arts of the Chicano and Puerto Rican Movements." An overview of prints and posters created by artists who were active in the artistic and social struggles of the sixties and seventies; through 1/9/00. . . . "Vivan los Muertos!: Artwork Inspired by the Day of the Dead Celebration." Paintings, drawings, and prints by California's Bay Area–based Chicano artists; through 12/2/99.1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Liberated Voices: Contemporary Art From South Africa." Paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and videos made since the end of apartheid in 1994; through 1/2/00. 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun.12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14/00. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: People." A survey of figural representation in early modernism, with works by Fernand Léger, Sol LeWitt, Pablo Picasso, Odilon Redon, and others; through 3/14/00. . . . "Modern Starts: Places." Interpretations of site, both real and imagined, in paintings, sculpture, photographs, furniture and objects, with works by Paul Cézanne, Maria Fernanda Cardoso, Paul Gauguin, Henri Matisse, Georges-Pierre Seurat, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Things." An exhibition exploring the presentation and representation of ordinary and extraordinary objects, with works by Constantin Brancusi, Marcel Duchamp, Michael Craig Martin. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; 11/20–7/9/00. . . . "Forgotten Gateway: The Aban-

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

On View **Why Lee Bontecou, who's said to be living in Pennsylvania, quit New York's art scene in the early seventies remains one of the art world's more intriguing mysteries (as is the identity of the photographer who shot the picture of her below). Her work, exhibited at the Leo Castelli Gallery in four solo shows between 1960—when she was 29—and 1971, was alluringly enigmatic, too: wall reliefs whose abstract images conjured everything from guns to vaginas to embryos, as well as more representational sculptures of fish, flowers, cocoons, and birds. See why the artist continues to attract new admirers in a show of her works dating from 1958 to 1972 (Leo Castelli Gallery, 59 East 79th Street; through November 24).**

doned Buildings of Ellis Island." A journey through Ellis Island's past and present through the photographs of Larry Racioppo and Shirley Burden; through 2/13/00. . . . "Americanos: Latino Life in the United States." An exhibition of photographs of Latinos by 30 prizewinning photographers from around the country; through 1/2/00. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27/00. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"Prague Architecture Through the Centuries." An exhibition exploring the past and the future of Prague through its architecture, including photographs of buildings, paintings, models, and facsimiles of Romanesque and Gothic sculptures; through 1/2/00. . . . "Mastery & Elegance: Two Centuries of French Drawings From the Collection of Jeffrey E. Horvitz"; through 12/12. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Cildo Meireles." The first retrospective of the work of the internationally-known Brazilian artist, including room-scale installations and walk-through environments, sculptures, and drawings spanning thirty years; 11/19–3/5/00. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222)), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8; $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration." Works drawn from all of the library's research centers, augmented by items on loan from the New York Academy of Medicine and other collections, ranging from medieval renderings of the universe to the first photograph of the moon; through 2/19/00. . . . "Sight/Insight: Visual Commentaries on the Physical World." Prints, portfolios, and illustrated books by contemporary artists who have drawn inspiration from the natural and physical sciences; through 1/8/00. . . . "Berenice Abbott: Science Photographs." Science-themed prints by the photographer; through 1/8/00. . . . "Adventures in Science and Exploration." Humorous drawings by Charles Addams of perilous and bizarre discoveries by scientists and explorers; through 1/29/00. . . . "In Company: Robert Creeley's Collaborations." Books and projects by the poet made in collaboration with artists Georg Baselitz, Francesco Clemente, Alex Katz, Susan Rothenberg, and others; through 1/15/00. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20/00. . . . "$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9/00. "Glimmers of the Past: Presentation Silver From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 12/5. . . . "Putting It on Paper: Two Centuries of American Drawings and Watercolors From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society."; through 1/2/00. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Rudy Burckhardt: A View From Astoria." Photographs of Queens and Manhattan by the late Swiss artist; through 1/2/00. . . . "Children of Berlin: Cultural Developments 1989–1999." An exhibition featuring works by artists, art-based associations and publications, new-media pioneers, architects, fashion designers, club-life promoters, and others who make up Berlin's cultural milieu; through 1/2/00. . . . "Minimalia: An Italian Vision in 20th-Century Art." An exhibition exploring simplification and reduction in twentieth-century Italian art as seen in the works of Giacomo Balla, Francesco Clemente, Lucio Fontana, Michelangelo Pistoletto, and others; through 1/2/00. . . . "Sol LeWitt: Concrete Block." An exhibit mapping the artist's art-making process from preliminary drawings to wooden models to completed outdoor cinderblock sculptures; through 1/2/00. . . . "On Your Own Time." Works by artists who explore the passing of time, among them Teresita Fernández, Ceal Floyer, Sabrina Mezzaqui, Roman Opalka, and Lawrence Weiner; through 1/2/00. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Great Experiment: George Washington and the American Republic." A selection of Washington's books, manuscripts, maps, broadsides, works of art, and personal effects, drawn primarily from the collections of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California; the Morgan Library and the Gilder Lehrman Collection; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 1/16/00. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Modern Odysseys: Greek American Artists of the Twentieth Century." The first museum exhibition to survey the contributions of Greek-Americans to modern and contemporary art; through 1/30/00. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." Part two of a survey of American art and culture as seen through more than 500 works of painting, sculpture, photography, installation, film, video, and related historical and cultural materials covering the years 1950 to 2000; through 2/13/00. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Fred Tomaselli: Gravity's Rainbow." A site-specific wall piece that incorporates the artist's trademark pills, hemp leaves, and photographic cutouts; through 1/7/00. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17/00. 120 Park Ave. (212-878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). 11/17 at 2: "European Ceramics." On view from 11/13. 11/18 at 2: "Important French Furniture and European Ceramics." On view from 11/13. 11/22 at 7 and 11/23 at 10: "Latin American Art." On view from 11/20.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 11/17 at 10 and 2: "Books." On view from 11/13. 11/23 at 2: "Latin American Paintings." On view from 11/18.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 11/17 at 10: "20th Century Art and Design." On view from 11/13.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). 11/17 at 7 and 11/18 at 10:15 and 2: "Contemporary Art." On view from 11/5. 11/19 at 10:15 and 2: "Tribal." On view from 11/13. 11/19 at 10, 2, and 6 and 11/20 at 10 and 2: "Wine." 11/22 at 10:15 and 2: "Pre-Columbian Art." On view from 11/18. 11/23 at 7 and 11/24 at 10:15 and 2: "Latin American Art." On view from 11/19.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 11/18 at 10:30 and 2:30: "19th & 20th Century Literature." On view from 11/13.

Photograph courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery.

restaurants

Branching Out...Eli's...Bottle Racket

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (212-727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative bistro menu includes cornmeal-coated calamari with green-chile tartar sauce, shiitake-seared salmon with cashew-scallion rice cake, and slow-roasted duck with blood-orange sauce. *179 W. Broadway (212-219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Opening

Chain Gang

With Duane Reade and Rite Aid dividing and conquering New York City, the last thing we need is an incursion by an out-of-town restaurant chain. But the rapidly expanding Houston's, famous for its name-reciting waiters, shockingly calibrated service, and addictively cheesy spinach-artichoke dip was a happy-hour hit from the moment it opened its first Manhattan branch two years ago. Last month, the flourishing chain annexed the expansive ground floor of the Cass Gilbert–designed New York Life Insurance building, which it has outfitted with comfortable banquettes and booths in shades of brown and beige and an equally neutral (but perfectly edible) all-American menu of burgers, salads, and sandwiches. (378 Park Avenue South, at 27th Street; 212-689-1090.)

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Luke Hovermen.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (212-226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shanghai Tang in SoHo—After opening to critical and popular acclaim in Flushing, this Shanghai-Japanese hybrid is braving the fickle SoHo dining public. When you tire of yellow eel, blue crab, or the renowned soup dumplings, there's always the sushi bar. *77 W. Houston St. (212-614-9550). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse is known for its huge portions of barbecued and smoked chicken and ribs, and has added a steak menu with prices starting at $14.95. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $14.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday and Tuesday night. Kids' menu available. *143 Spring St. (212-431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 75-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune, even while they maneuver all three courses in the prix fixe, which starts at $24. Late-night dining, too. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (212-388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

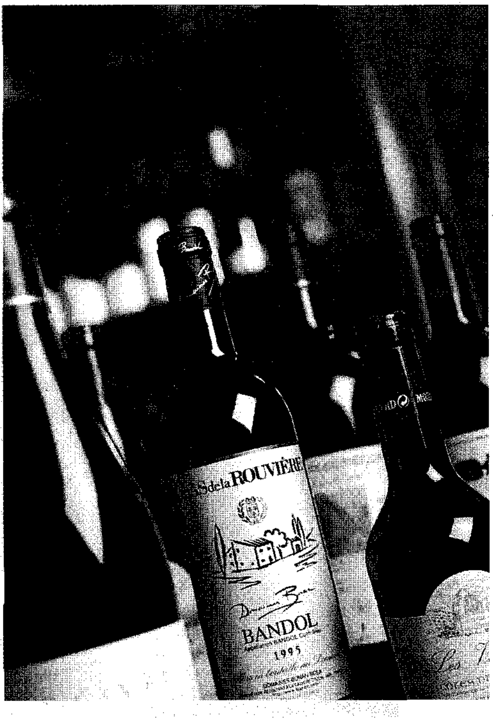
Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour.

Data
Grape Cluster

As consumers of two gallons a year per capita, Americans aren't exactly world-class wine guzzlers. We don't even rank as one of the world's top-ten wine-drinking nations, despite the best efforts of Napa and North Fork vintners and a marketing campaign that makes it sound as if a medicinal daily dose of Cabernet will flush all the artery-clogging lipids from your system. But lately, there's been a boomlet in wine bars, cozy little places decorated with viticultural paraphernalia and full of amateur oenophiles busily swirling and sniffing. Maybe it's fueled by the current cheese craze, or the simple, straightforward style of a new generation of wine writers. Or maybe, now that the cigar fad has thankfully wafted away, we need to adopt a new dissolute habit. But where there once was only SoHo Kitchen & Bar, a pioneer in the world of wine flights, there's now a new crop of places to compare vintages, vineyards, and varietals. Your heart, they say, will thank you for it.



BAR	SCENE
BANDOL 181 East 78th Street (212-744-1800)	What used to be Côte Sud, a casual French bistro, has been converted into a *bar à vins*, with a rustic French menu (sweetbreads, mussels) overseen by a sous-chef from Gertrude's, and a choice of three dozen mostly French wines by the glass.
CHEZ BERNARD 323 West Broadway (212-343-2583)	The new wine motif at Burgundian Bernard Eloy's six-year-old bistro is hard to miss: He's turned the cozy room into an above-ground cellar, with floor-to-ceiling racks, an antique wine press, and an all-French, 450-bottle inventory. A bar menu of cheese, ham, herring, and foie gras complements rustic staples like boeuf bourguignon and coq au vin.
ENOTECA I TRULLI 124 East 27th Street (212-481-7372)	A perfect place to sample Italian wines in depth—that is, beyond Chianti and Pinot Grigio—this annex of I Trulli restaurant serves fourteen flights from Piedmont to Sicily, a dozen cheeses, and a simple but satisfying wine-friendly bar menu.
L'IVRE 1020 Lexington Avenue, near 73rd Street (212-355-9888)	Remember Lexington Bar and Books? That previously stogie-centric saloon has shifted gears to emphasize 150 French wines by the glass. (A sister *bar à vins*, Le Bateau Ivre, opened last year in Turtle Bay.)
MORRELL WINE BAR & CAFÉ 1 Rockefeller Plaza (212-262-7700)	Gourmet grub in a sleekly modern café adjacent to Morrell's new Rockefeller Center digs. Opus One, Kistler Chardonnay, and Ridge Zin all available by the glass.

Photograph by Adrienne Helé.

260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. As long as the weather permits, a backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the

Opening

Isn't It Iconic?

Drew Nieporent's collaboration with the W Hotels group began with the virtuously healthy Heartbeat, and continues with the relatively hedonistic Icon New York, a midtown restaurant shared by the adjacent Court and Tuscany hotels. Chef Paul Sale (an alum of Le Bernardin and Fifty Seven Fifty Seven) combines French and American flavors in dishes like Fisher Island oysters with saffron-leek cream, and pan-seared arctic char with smoked-salmon bacon and butter sauce. Main courses run $19 to $26. (130 East 39th Street; 212-592-8888.)

Photograph by Bruce Katz.

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glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (212-727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (212-840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (212-691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (212-989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese shrimp spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate chef John Tesar's New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Astra—This café and party space on the fourteenth floor of the D&D Building was conceived as a stylish room with a stellar view where Aureole could cater special events, and where designers who shopped the building could get a good lunch. The public is also welcome (lunch only) for tasty morsels like grilled salmon niçoise, creamless purée of wild mushrooms, and the Astra Blast—a dressed-up BLT. *979 Third Ave., nr. 58th St. (212-644-9394). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (212-980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Leopard—This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. *253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel has reopened with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by the family who founded it in 1906. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The pretheater prix fixe menu runs $43, and the garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (212-246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (212-246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Caffe Cielo—This comfortable theater district restaurant is named for the sky, visible not through a skylight in the ceiling but as a mural of one. The menu covers the familiar northern Italian territory of antipasto, salads, pastas, and grilled fish and

ASK GAEL

Give me a break from so many chefs' exhausting creativity.

It's downright soothing to wander into Eli's Restaurant, spruced up and downlit for dinner, and relax over Scott Bieber's straightaway cooking. His Nantucket bay scallops in butter come from an era before we ever dreamed of eating seaweed. The roasted farm chicken with mashed Yukons, the rib eye with first-rate frites, and his oxtail stew with silken polenta celebrate the product, not the globalization of his spice rack. I'm not sure why several slices of Molino tomatoes, even glistening with Laudemio olive oil and fleur de sel, should cost $8 but, hey . . . this is Eli Zabar, the man who taught us no price is too outrageous for the perfect raspberry. Linger over lemon-meringue cake and wonderful pumpkin custard. Flea-market tapestries, Frette linens, and votives save this sage, lemon, and ivory space from looking like just another luncheonette. Entrées $19 to $32. (1411 Third Avenue, at 80th Street; 212-717-9798.)

meat. *881 Eighth Ave., nr. 53rd St. (212-246-9555). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (212-767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (212-575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—is served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (212-245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Steaks have been added, starting at $14.95. *121 W. 45th St. (212-869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (212-874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (212-234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

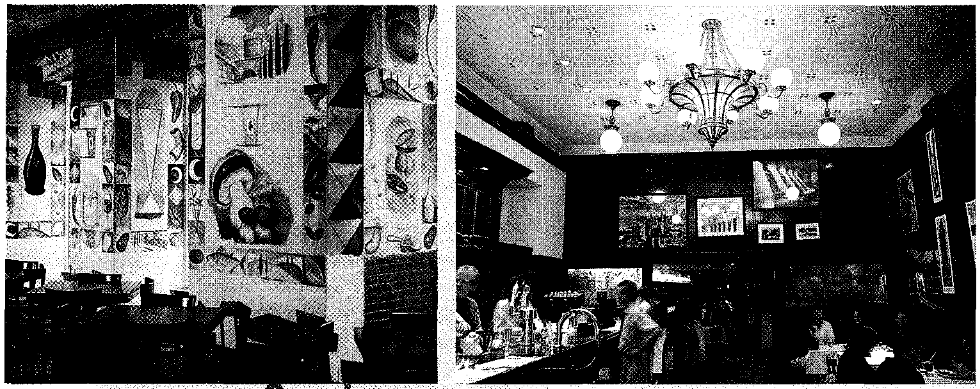
Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Opening
Downtown Mobility

This week, two popular uptown establishments seek success (and a new customer base) south of 14th Street. Serafina on Lafayette (pictured, left), née Sofia, introduces NoHo to its thin-crusted pizzas, sundry carpaccios, and wood-oven-grilled fish and meat. (393 Lafayette Street; 212-995-9595.) And kosher Wall Streeters get Les Marais 2 (right), an Americanized (but still faithful to the laws of kashruth) outpost of the theater district brasserie-cum-steakhouse. The offshoot's menu might be written in English, and the cassoulet and country paté supplanted by flavored flatbread and lots more seafood, but kosher carnivores will still find all their favorite cuts of beef, from rib eye to hanger. And through Thanksgiving, they'll also find a very welcome 25 percent preview discount. (15 John Street; 212-285-8585.)

Photographs: left, Joe Scafuro; right, Kenneth Chen.

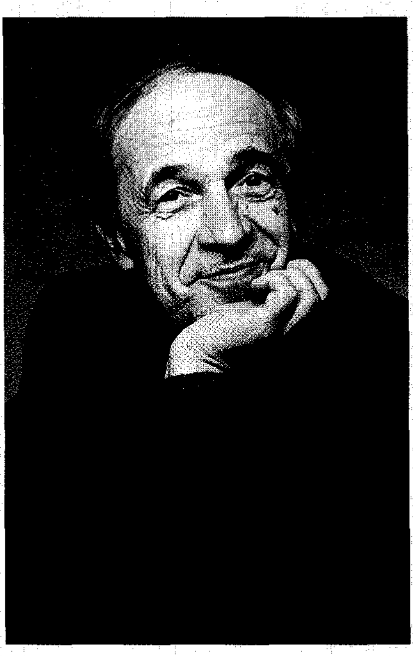
in concert

Tristan und Isolde Opens at the Met

Previews

Rebel With A Cause

Pierre Boulez, the bad-boy composer who has courted controversy for 50 years, seems almost mainstream these days. The man who wanted to "blow up the opera houses," forced his audience to sit on floor rugs, and daringly dismissed one musical giant—Verdi, Shostakovich, Britten—after another, is now the subject of a two-part retrospective at Carnegie Hall. He was run out of town in 1977 (his twentieth-century programming and reserved conducting style as director of the New York Philharmonic had sent subscribers running from Avery Fisher Hall), but his unflinching commitment to contemporary music has finally paid off. Boulez (pictured) has collected several Grammys; founded IRCAM, a hugely influential electronic-music lab in Paris; and is currently planning a new-media center for music at Cité de la Musique, the performance space he helped launch in 1995. Now 74, he has shed the iconoclasm of youth. "You have a culture behind you; you cannot avoid that," he admits. "The confrontation with the past brings you to the future, because without any kind of culture you just open doors that are already largely open." Two of his three November concerts feature works by old master Schoenberg—quite a development for a guy who once declared "Schoenberg is dead"—and the final concert this fall with his Ensemble Intercontemporain ranges from his 1946 *Sonatine* (composed when he was 21) to 1998's *Sur Incises.* (Boulez returns in March to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra in four concerts.) Boulez's endless tinkering with technology has a simple logic. "You have to have new material to create something different," he says. "With sound that is either synthetic or recorded, you can occupy the space as you want—mobile, not mobile, very quick, very slow. The new technology gives new ways of expanding the sound." (See "Classical Music.")



ERIKA KINETZ

Classical Music

The Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directs Bach's Mass in B Minor, 11/16 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $15–$75.*

Gotham Early Music Foundation—Reinhard Goebel directs mezzo Anne Sofie von Otter in Baroque vocal music, *11/16 at 8. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $30–$45.*

Messages for the Millennium—Kurt Masur conducts the New York Philharmonic in works by Corigliano, Adès, Saariaho, Satoh, and Henze, with Sylvia McNair, 11/16 at 7:30. Masur conducts violinist Gidon Kremer and countertenor Derek Lee Ragin in works by Giya Kancheli and Bruckner, 11/18–11/20 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18–$77.*

Perspectives: Pierre Boulez—Informal talk, 11/16 at 7:30, $16. All-Schoenberg concert, 11/19 at 8, $26. Boulez's *Sur Incises*, Berio's *Linea*, and Schoenberg's Suite, Op. 29, 11/20 at 8, $17–$61. All-Boulez program, 11/21 at 3, $26. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800).*

Great Performers—The Boston Camerata and the Harvard Choir join the Shakers of Sabbathday in traditional Shaker music, 11/17 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $35.*

Organ Plus—Stephen Tharp performs on the City's largest organ, 11/17 at 7:30. *St. Bartholomew's Church, 109 E. 50th St. (212-378-0248); $15–$25.*

Selected Schwartz—Continuum new-music ensemble performs works of Francis Schwartz, John Cage, Jon Deak, and Joan La Barbara, 11/17 at 8. *The Great Hall at Cooper Union (212-279-4200); $15.*

Robert Taub, piano—Works by Beethoven, 11/17 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-362-2723); free.*

La Fête d'Autreus—Kenneth Hamrick conducts a semi-staged performance of tragic Baroque opera, 11/18 at 8. *The Fourth Universalist Society, 160 Central Park West (212-757-2742); $20.*

Beyond Crossover—Clarinetist David Krakauer and pianist Brian Zeger play Messiaen, Debussy, and Brahms, 11/20 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-362-2723); $9.*

Skandalkonzert—Leon Botstein leads the American Symphony Orchestra in a re-creation of Schoenberg's scandalous 1913 concert, 11/20 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $25.*

Harmonie Ensemble—Steven Richman leads an all-star cast in works by Dvorák, 11/20 at 3. *St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Sq. (212-5568-5948); free.*

Claude and Pamela Frank—The father-daughter piano-and-violin duo play Beethoven, 11/20 at 8:30. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $30.*

Christine Schäfer, soprano— Works by Wolf and Messiaen, 11/21 at 2. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $25.*

Antonio Pompa-Baldi, piano—Works by Brahms, Debussy, Poulenc, Rachmaninoff, and Abbado, 11/22 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $10.*

Opera

Amato Opera—Bizet's *Carmen*. 11/19 and 11/20 at 7. *319 Bowery (212-228-8200); $25.*

Metropolitan Opera—*Aida,* 11/16 at 8 and 11/20 at 1:30; *Mefistofele,* 11/17 and 11/20 at 8; *Otello,* 11/18 at 8; *Tosca,* 11/19 at 8:30; *Tristan und Isolde,* 11/22 at 6:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$275.*

New York City Opera—*Central Park,* 11/16 and 11/18 at 7:30 and 11/21 at 1:30; *Falstaff,* 11/17 at 7:30 and 11/19 at 8; *Carmen,* 11/20 at 1:30; *The Abduction From the Seraglio,* 11/20 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $22–$90.*

Purchase College Benefit—Dawn Upshaw, John Cheek, and Jacque Trussel perform Bach, 11/21 at 3. *Recital Hall at the Performing Arts Center at Purchase College (914-251-6200); $35–$1,000.*

Dance

Garth Fagan Dance—*Lion King* visionary Garth Fagan fuses ballet, modern, and Afro-Caribbean, 11/16–11/20 at 8, 11/21 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.*

Flare! II—An evening of hip-hop, cocktails, and partying from M'Zawa Productionz, 11/19 and 11/20 from 7 P.M. till midnight. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793); $15; $10 after 9 P.M.*

Suzanne Farrell—Leads a new generation of sylphs in works by Balanchine, Béjart, and Robbins. 11/18 and 11/19 at 7; 11/20 at 2 and 7; 11/21 at 3. *The New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200); $10–$20.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Reichardt.

nightlife

Sting...Death in Vegas..Ndegéocello

Concerts

Alison Krauss—11/16 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-840-2824). $35–$42.*

Cheb Mami—11/20 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (212-307-7171). $25–$35.*

Limp Bizkit—With Method Man and Redman. 11/16 at 7:30. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $32.50.*

Live—With Cibo Matto. 11/19 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). $27.50.*

Lucinda Williams—11/19 at 8. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $25.*

Ratdog—11/20 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). $28.*

Sting—11/16–11/17, 11/19, and 11/21 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (212-307-7171). $50–$125.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—11/16: Jumpin' Bomb Girls; Ben Arthur. 11/17: Jesus Chrysler Superstar; Lionfish. 11/18: Daddy; Andrew Vladeck. 11/19: Bob Perry; Julia Greenberg. 11/20: Hud Movers; Sons of Bitches. 11/21: Flying Aces; Orbis. 11/22: Mark Geary; Junk Star. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633).*

The Baggot Inn—11/17: Jel; Don Everett Pearce. 11/18: Jim Wallace; Like Sonia. 11/19: The Costellos; E-Z-2. 11/20: Anandi; Laine Henderson. 11/21: Washington Square Acoustic Jam. 11/22: Acoustic open mike. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-0622).*

Bottom Line—11/16: Del McCoury Band. 11/17: Steve Smith & Buddy's Buddies. 11/19–11/20: Bo Diddley. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—11/16–11/18: Me'Shell Ndegéocello. 11/19: Plone; Broadcast. 11/20–11/21: NRBQ. 11/22: Amel Larrieux. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

CBGB & OMFUG—11/17: Jucifer. 11/19: Ultra Bidet. 11/20: Core; Nebula; Atomic Bitch Wax. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (212-982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—11/17: Chesterfields. 11/18: Christine Santelli. 11/19–11/20: Joe Louis Walker. 11/21: Mason Casey's All-Star Jam. 11/22: Open blues jam. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (212-924-9755). $.*

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. *416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Kiki and Herb: "Have Another." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 11/16: Fictura; Eleni Mandell. 11/17: "Stella: A Night of Big Room Comedy." 11/19: Dave's True Story; Seks Bomba. 11/22: Patty Griffin; Troy Campbell. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—11/17: Death in Vegas. 11/19–11/20: The Radiators. 11/22: Cafe Tacuba. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—11/16: "Fever." 11/17: El Medico de la Salsa. 11/18: Abdullah Ibrahim; Paul Thompson. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—11/17: Christina Rosenvinge. 11/18: "Show Your Shorts." 11/20: Yann Tiersen; Fred Galliano Electronic Sextet; Jean-Francois Pauvros Trio. 11/21: David Linx/Diederick Wissels Duo; Magma; Flipside. 11/22: Andre Williams. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Mercury Lounge—11/17: Third Day. 11/18: The Watchmen; Caleb. 11/19: Belmont Playboys; Enemies of the Oyster. 11/20: Les Savy Fav; El Presidente. 11/22: Kattell Keineg. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—11/16: Fred Eaglesmith. 11/17: L'il Mo. 11/18: Lucky Seven. 11/19: Rogues March. 11/20: The Belmont Playboys. 11/21: Kim Lenz and Her Jaguars. 11/22: Ron Sunshine. No cover. *375 3rd Ave. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 11/16: William Cepeda; Bahamadia. 11/17: Jessica Care Moore; Roy Ayers. 11/18: M. 11/19: Sweet Micky. 11/20: Ogans. 11/21: Benefit for Puerto Rican Family Institute. 11/22: Soneros del Barrio. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 11/19: Ulu. *161 Hudson St. (212-966-5244). $.*

Performance

Viva Vegas

On *The Contino Sessions,* Death in Vegas (from left, Richard Fearless and Tim Holmes) makes trip-hop's downcast, downtempo sound fresh again with sparse beats, echoing bass, and strafing electronic effects. On November 17 at Irving Plaza, the group will add a horn section to the mix to sound even fresher. (See "Small Stages.")

Photograph by K. Westerberg

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised.

$ = cash only.

Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—Saturdays: A great new house-music party called "School," with resident D.J.'s Melvin Moore, Neil Aline (of "BPM" and "Rendez-Vous"), and producer Matthias Heilbroon. *104 Ave. C (212-780-0202).*

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights, like the bi-weekly deep-house-themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party," a nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Visit www.baktun.com for complete schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

Black Betty—A wondrously eclectic nightspot in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: "D.J.-O-Rama," D.J.'s spinning everything from hip-hop to dance-hall reggae to funk. Sundays: "Jazz on Sundays." Mondays: "Rhythm on Mondays"—anything with a groove, from Afro-Cuban jazz to sixties soul. *366 Metropolitan Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-0243).*

Centro-Fly—The club formerly known as Tramp's is now a hot spot to groove to D.J.'s. And there's more good news: The new owners have already managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big-beat promoters "Plant" for their Saturday nights. 11/20: D.J. Junior Sanchez, whose loved-up recent single rivals Armand van Helden's "U Don't Know Me" for retro-disco thrills. *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron-district nightspot may have lost the popular gay hip-hop night "Phab," but it's gained some good parties in the process, like "Boy's Life" (formerly at Limelight) and "Great British House" (formerly at Vanity). Its new Tuesday-night party "12 West," with D.J. Nicky Siano, is a raucous after-work house-music affair. Get there early for the open bar. *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Culture Club—As its name suggests, this downtown club is all about the eighties. Thursdays: "Flashhh-Back," with D.J. Grandmaster Flash. Fridays: "Here They Are Now," eighties music and occasional performances from the decade's icons. Saturdays: "Me! Me! Me!," total immersion in the "Me" decade made terrifyingly real by an actual Delorean that juts out from a *Back to the Future* movie poster. *179 Varick St. (212-243-1999).*

Frank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's great house-music party "Bang the Party" bi-weekly. 11/19: Jodi Ruben with D.J. Antonio. *660 Fulton St., at S. Elliott St, Ft. Greene, Brooklyn (212-726-1322).*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-Vous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: Big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays: Things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesdays: "On!" offers a mod-influenced, *Austin Powers*–esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful-house party with music from resident D.J. Adam Scott. Thursdays: "Get a Life!" with D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. Fridays: "Flash Fridays," with legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Sundays: "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. *158 Bleecker St. (212-420-1999).*

Mother—This meatpacking-district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesdays: "Jackie 60," the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate Moss–inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped-Out Party Girls." Thursdays: The very Gothic "Long Black Veil." Fridays: The ladies-only "Clit Club." *432 W. 14th St. (212-366-5680).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 11/19: David Saks and the Swing Avenue Orchestra. 11/20: Ron Sunshine and Full Swing. *240 W. 47th St. (212-921-1940).*

Twilo—Twilo is *the* superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: Renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

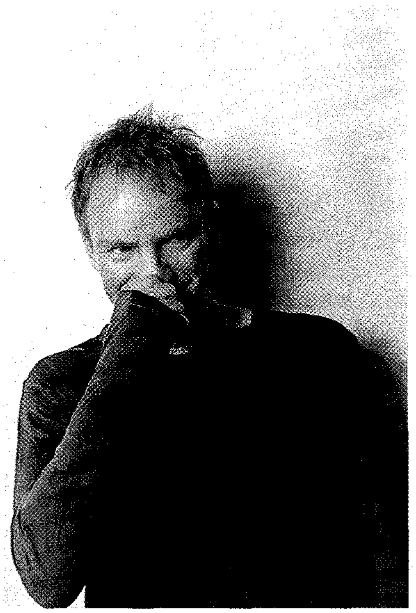
Performance

Sting, Where Is Thy Death?

The middle-aged retrospection of Sting's new album, *Brand New Day,* probably hasn't raised anyone's blood pressure, but Sting's public comments, from blithely proclaiming the death of rock and roll to signing a letter in support of convicted cop killer Mumia Abu-Jamal, certainly have. *New York*'s Ethan Brown caught up with Sting at his hotel room in Charlotte, North Carolina, where he was enjoying a break from touring.

E.B.: The new record is very optimistic.

Sting: I think so. It was recorded in the spirit of joy and as far away from the music business as I could make it. _[Laughs]_ I wanted to go back to the original reason why I started making music, which is that it was fun and that it pleased my ear. I really wanted to forget what it was like to make an album. It took a little longer, but ultimately it was very satisfying.



That optimism contrasts with the pessimism you've expressed about rock and roll lately. Do you really not care if rock dies?

I really don't care. Rock and roll is a historical thing; it's in the past. I don't know what we do now. It's not what Gene Vincent did or Elvis Presley did. I'm interested in music as a common language. I refuse to acknowledge any separation between cultural forms. My idea is to avoid any label—including rock and roll.

What can we expect from your upcoming shows in New York?

I never make a point of being terribly over-rehearsed. I tend to use musicians who are able to improvise. My intention always is to leave gaping holes in the set that have to be filled creatively. In other words, I don't arrange every note. For one success, I'm willing to go through nine failures.

Was it a conscious choice on your part to play smaller venues like the Beacon?

It was. To be in a stadium is to allow the space to dictate the music, whereas in a theater with a smaller, more human scale it can be a more musical event. I think the audience responds to that. The audience likes being in that intimate space with you. And we can be honest with them and say, "This is a new beginning. We're trying this out, and you're part this process." I think the audience loves that rather than having some sort of choreographed, polished event.

One last question. In Upper Darby, Pennsylvania, on the tour, the Fraternal Order of Police reminded its members that the union had called for a boycott of all entertainers, including you, the Beastie Boys, and Rage Against the Machine, who had protested the death sentence of Mumia Abu-Jamal. Is there something ironic about having the police protest an ex-Police man?

Well, that's actually not true. I'm against the death penalty. I think we need adequate gun laws. But I'm not involved in the intricacies of the court case. (See "Concerts.")

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11. 11/16: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 11/17–11/20: Nicholas Payton Quartet. 11/22: Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—Sets at 9. 11/17: Dave Scott Quartet. 11/18: Dave Ballou Quartet. 11/19: Angelica Sanchez Quartet. 11/20: George Garzone Saxophones and Michael Manieri Vibraphones. 11/21: Jenny Schienmann Band. *29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319).*

David Sanborn—11/20 at 7. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-840-2824). $45, $35.*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 11/16: M.O.B trio featuring Matt Wilson and Bob Bowen. 11/17: John Funkhauser Trio. 11/18: Elvis Sinatra. 11/20: Carlo DeRosa Quintet. 11/22: Mary Lawrence and Metamorphosis. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 11/16–11/18: Charlie Haden and Kenny Barron. 11/19–11/21: Charlie Haden and Buddy Green.

Photograph by Carter Smith.

Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

"Jazz at Lincoln Center"—All concerts at 8. 11/18–11/20: Gene Harris. *Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse of the Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St. (212-721-6500). $40.*

"Jazz at Lincoln Center-The Ellington Lecture Series"—11/15 at 7: "The Dramatic and Cinematic Ellington—Scores for the Stage and Screen," led by Sir Roland Hanna. *Morse Hall, the Juilliard School, 155 W. 65th St. (212-721-6500). Free.*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. 11/19: Bucky Pizzarelli. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (212-832-0888).*

"Jazz Insights: Hoagy Jazz—A Centennial Tribute to Hoagy Carmichael"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 11/16: Hoagy Bix Carmichael. Tuesdays, 7:45–9:30. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). $25.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 11/17–11/21: Randy Weston's African Rhythms Quintet. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 11/19: Wycliffe Gordon Duo. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Duke's. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sonny Rollins—11/20 at 8. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (212-888-GO-NJPAC). $10–$46.*

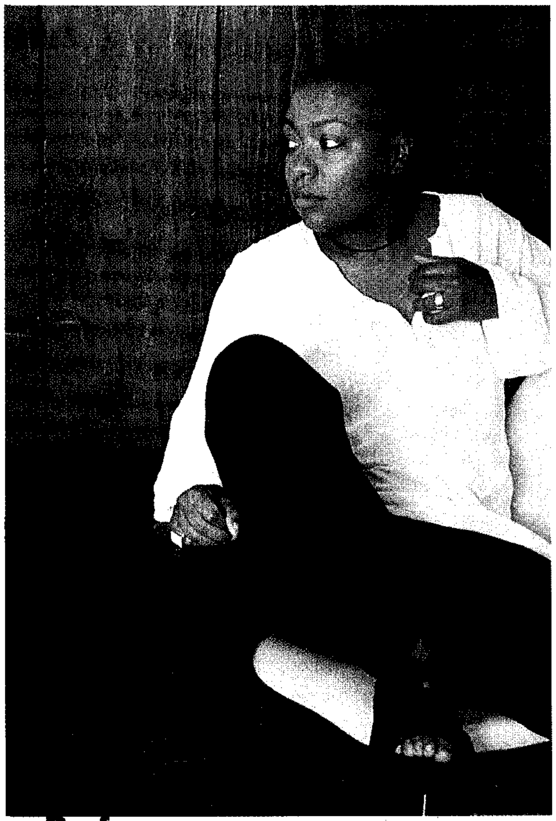
Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (212-242-1785).*

Tonic—Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 11/21: Holy Modal Rounders. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 11/16–11/21: Etta Jones and Houston Person. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*



Performance

Me'Shell, My Belle

Me'Shell Ndegéocello has received critical accolades and Grammy nominations—even a nod from the mainstream in the form of a duet with John Mellencamp—but fame and the album sales that go with it have eluded her. On her third album, 'Bitter,' she contemplates love, loss, and sexual politics with enough emotion to change that, and her November 16 to 18 Bowery Ballroom concerts should be just as strong. (See "Small Stages.")

Photograph by Sheryl Nields.

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Wednesdays: Rick Shapiro. *117 Macdougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and for 8 and 12:30 shows Sat., $20 for 10:30 show Sat., $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun., New Talent Showcase. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30; Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. Cover is $7–$12. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat. Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. 11/16–12/25: Andrea Marcovicci. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Through 11/27: Karen Mason. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60 cover. Tues.–Sat., Bobby Short plays two shows nightly at 8:45 and 10:45. $60 cover. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs works by Gershwin, Van Heusen, Arlen, and Rogers in "Where or When?" Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

Danny's Skylight Room—$20; $15 minimum. Through 11/28: Gloria Stevens and John Wallowitch in "Back on the Town With Berlin and Wallowitch." *346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Wed. at 8:30: "The Next Big Broadway Musical," an improvised comedy. $10 cover; two-drink minimum. 11/17 and 11/21: Daphne Forman. *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's brand-new cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Michael Feinstein appears twice nightly (8:30 and 11). Tickets are $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 11/16: Robert Locke with Ellen Starr. 11/17: Annie Hughes in "Short Stories." 11/18: Karen Levine in "A Girl You Should Know." 11/19: Amy Schmidt in "Something Else." 11/20: Judy Kreston and David Lahm in "Portrait of the Artist." 11/21: Audrey Britten with Nan Butcher. 11/22: Mark Coffin in "Now." *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

the mix

The Spitfire Tour...Galway Kinnell

John Leonard's TV Notes

Canyonlands: America's Wild West (11/17; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) sends Sally Kellerman to the high Colorado plateau to discover the latest in "The Living Edens" series, with golden eagles, hanging gardens, the desert primrose, a killer mouse, and lots of gorge. We forget sometimes just how stunning our own country is.

Everest (11/20; 8 to 9 P.M.; TNT) is the television premiere of the rather-more-impressive-in-the-theater IMAX film that climbs the Very Biggest Himalaya, in 1996, with a cinematographer (David Breashears), a female physiotherapist (Araceli Segarra), the usual Sherpas, and the music of George Harrison. Even in two dimensions, breathless-making.

Ralph Ellison's King of the Bingo Game (11/21; 10:30 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) stars Colman Domingo in a 1944 short story about a young black man looking in vain in Harlem for a job to support his pregnant wife (June Lomena), going to the movies in the afternoon, winning a chance at the big score in a bingo game, coming to understand that the big spinning wheel is an unfair god, refusing to let go of the magic button, and finally facing the Keystone Kops. In its own surreal way, a prequel to John Rawls's *Theory of Justice.*

Lectures and Panels

"Proust's Style"—11/17 at 6 P.M.: With Andre Aciman. The Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. (212-755-6710); $5.

"Art of the Jews: Lessons Learned From the Third Century Frescoes of Dura-Europas"—11/17 at 6:30 P.M.: A gallery talk with Dr. Joseph Guttman. Congregation Emanu-El of the City of New York, 1 E. 65th St. (212-744-1400); free.

"Reel Pieces: At the Movies"—11/17, 12/2, and 12/6 at 7:15 P.M.: Following screenings of their films, five renowned artists—including Anjelica Huston and Stanley Tucci—discuss their work with Annette Insdorf, director of Columbia University's film-studies program. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

"The Science and Politics of Genetic Enhancement in the Third Millennium: Who Will Decide the Future of Humankind?"—11/17 at 7 P.M.: A conversation with geneticist Lee Silver, author of *Remaking Eden: How Genetic Engineering and Cloning Will Transform the American Family.* Caspary Auditorium at the Rockefeller University, E. 66th St. and York Ave. (212-327-8967); free.

Peter Jennings—11/18 at 8 P.M.: Discussing his book, *The Century,* and his career. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

"Italian Americans and Organized Crime"—11/20: A daylong seminar with lectures by historians, authors, and cops. Please call the New-York Historical Society at 212-873-3400 for times and prices; 2 W. 77th St.

Arianna Huffington—11/21 at 7:30 P.M.: Talks with CNN's Jeff Greenfield. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

In Print

Gesundheit!

Just in time to make millennial madness even worse, here's a handy one-volume introduction to what will surely be the "It" weapon of the twenty-first century—designer germs in the hands of two-bit tyrants. In *The Biology of Doom: The History of America's Secret Germ Warfare Project,* Ed Regis tracks America's covert twenty-year program of research and development—which included open-air tests in Alaska and Utah, the manufacture of botulism, and testing pathogens on more than 2,000 human volunteers. He suggests that if we all wind up dying of anthrax or ebola, we have no one but our own sneaky, germ-growing government to blame.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICA'S SECRET GERM WARFARE PROJECT
THE BIOLOGY OF DOOM
ED REGIS

"The Spitfire Tour"—11/22 at 8 P.M.: Famous people talk about issues in the news: Woody Harrelson on hemp and the environment, Perry Farrell on Jubilee, Rosie Perez on AIDS, Michael Franti on racism and prison conditions. Followed by Farrell spinning records. Wetlands Preserve, 161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600); $18.

The Written Word

Michael Cunningham—11/16 at 7:30 P.M.: The Pulitzer Prize–winning author reads from *The Hours.* The Berkeley Carroll School, 181 Lincoln Place (718-789-6060, ext. 219); free.

Lee Lorenz—11/17 at 7:30 P.M.: A conversation with the editor of *The World of William Steig.* Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

Galway Kinnell—11/17 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from his new book of translated poetry, *The Essential Rilke.* Posman Books, 1 University Pl. (212-533-2665); free.

Kenneth Koch and Jordan Davis—11/17 at 8 P.M.: Reading from recent poetry. The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-0910); $7.

Bradley P. Dean—11/17 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Wild Fruits: Thoreau's Rediscovered Last Manuscript.* Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

Mark Merlis—11/18 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from and discussing *An Arrow's Flight.* Foundation for Hellenic Culture, 7 W. 57th St. (212-308-6908); $6.

"A Heap of Language: Robert Smithson and Poetry"—11/18 at 8 P.M.: Readings by poets Tan Lin, Pamela Lu, Lytle Shaw, Gary Shapiro, Richard Sieburth, and Eugene Tsai from the work of the late sculptor and writer Smithson. The Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (917-663-2475); free.

Marshall Berman—11/18 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Adventures in Marxism.* Labyrinth Books, 536 W. 112th St. (212-865-1588); free.

Cole Swensen and John Yau—11/19 at 7 P.M.: Reading from recent poetry. Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566); $6.

Burhan Dougancay—11/20 at 2 P.M.: Speak with the photographer whose new book, *Bridge of Dreams,* documents the Brooklyn Bridge's centennial restoration. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-6272); free with museum admission.

Peter Cameron and Leslie Schwartz—11/21 at 7 P.M.: Reading from recent work. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free.

William Least Heat-Moon and Jonathan Raban—11/22 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *River Horse* and *Passage to Juneau: A Sea and Its Meanings,* respectively. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $15.

Ben Downing, Stephen Kuusisto, and Stephanie Strickland—11/22 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Tours

"From Pages to Pavement"—11/20 at 2 P.M.: Visit the sites of scenes in seven best-selling novels from the Gaslight Era, including *The Alienist, Washington Square, Time and Again,* and *The Age of*

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							WAS FOX 4 P.M.
JETS							BUF CBS 1 P.M.
ISLANDERS					COL METRO 9 P.M.		EDM FSNY 8 P.M.
RANGERS				BOS MSG 7 P.M.		TOR MSG 7 P.M.	
DEVILS			BOS FSNY 7:30 P.M.				OTW FSNY 1 P.M.
KNICKS		DEN MSG 9 P.M.	UTA MSG 8 P.M.		PHO MSG 9 P.M.	GSW MSG 10:30 P.M	
NETS	SEA FSNY 7:30 P.M.		DET METRO 7:30 P.M.		BOS FSNY 7 P.M.	PHI FSNY 8 P.M.	
	11/15	11/16	11/17	11/18	11/19	11/20	11/21

Innocence. Meet at the Washington Square Arch (212-969-8262); $10.

"The Vital Heart of Harlem"—11/21 at 1 P.M.: Explore the area that started as farmland country estates, gave way to the urban Jazz Age, and has become the center of African-American culture. City College, 138th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (212-242-5762); $12.

"The Central Park South Neighborhood Walking Tour"—11/21 at 2 P.M.: Stops include Grand Army Plaza, the Harmonie Club, the Knickerbocker Club, Columbus Circle, Alwyn Court, and the Central Park Zoo. Meet at the northwest corner of W. 58th St. and Fifth Ave. (212-979-2388); $10.

"Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights Walking Safari"—11/21 at 2:30 P.M.: A two-hour walk across New York City's celebrity bridge and on into the landmarked neighborhood that was Manhattan's first suburb. Please call 212-726-2873 for reservations and meeting place; $10.

Events

"Goddard Riverside New York Annual Book Fair"—11/19–11/21: An opening-night gala preview followed by a weekend of 20,000 books, calendars, and related gifts donated by hundreds of publishers and available to the public for 50 percent off to benefit programs for the Riverside community's Head Start parents, senior citizens, and formerly homeless men and women. 593 Columbus Ave., at 88th St. (212-873-4448); $50 for benefit preview and supper; $5 admission to book fair.

Benefits

"Bet on the Future of Our Kids"—11/17 at 6:30 P.M.: The tenth annual benefit for the Trail Blazers youth programs. Maxim's, 680 Madison Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-529-5113); $40–$110.

"50th Annual National Book Awards Ceremony and Dinner"—11/17 at 6:30 P.M.: Steve Martin is the emcee, Oprah Winfrey gets a special medal, and the following authors compete for awards: Laurie Halse Anderson, Louise Erdrich, Kimberly Willis Holt, Polly Horvath, Walter Dean Myers, Natalie Angier, Mark Bowden, John W. Dower, John Phillip Santos, Judith Thurman. New York Marriott Marquis Hotel, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-685-0261); $1,000 (proceeds benefit the National Book Foundation's public outreach and education programs).

"Fourth Annual Crafts Show at St. John the Divine"—11/19–11/21: The work of more than 50 artists is on sale to benefit the church's "Social Justice" programs, which promote fair housing and the elimination of racism, substance abuse, and domestic violence. Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (212-541-0369); $5.

"Arts & Business Council Annual Dinner Gala"—11/22 at 7 P.M.: Honorees include John Sykes, Stephen Stamas, Paul Taylor, Barbara Cook, and Will Barnet. Mike Wallace emcees. The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at 59th St. (212-686-9632); $1,000–$25,000.

Exhibitions

"Artist & Alphabet: 20th-Century Calligraphy & Letter Art in America"—Through 11/19: Books, posters, advertisements, and other media that display letter art. American Institute of Graphic Art's Strathmore Gallery, 164 Fifth Ave. (212-452-0139); free.

"The Italians of New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement"—Through 2/20/00: Revisit the public lives of prominent Italians in the city. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5.

"Issey Miyake Making Things"—Through 2/29/00: The work of one of the century's most influential designers. Ace Gallery, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599); free.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Come visit us at www.newyorkmag.com. Browse through selected articles from our current issue or catch up on past articles, reviews, and columns in our extensive archive section. Our site exclusives include full-site searching, "First Words" for bibliophiles, and interactive features like our daily poll and trivia contest.

On View
Self-Portraits

One should either be a work of art or wear a work of art, Oscar Wilde asserted, and "Body Art: Marks of Identity," at the American Museum of Natural History November 20 through May 29, 2000, proves you can do both—simultaneously. Painting and sculpting the body are fundamental art forms, cutting across time (they date back to prehistory), cultures, and geography. Vividly documenting this universal impulse, "Body Art" offers fascinating perspectives for today's pierced and tattooed adolescents, not to mention their concerned elders. The exhibition inventories such practices as painting, scarification (raising a pattern of textured welts on the skin), and shaping (flattening and elongating the head, miniaturizing the female foot, stretching the neck to swanlike length and grace)—in addition to tattooing and piercing carried to obsessive and wildly imaginative extremes. And of course it details the myriad, interlocking reasons for the processes. Ornamentation, for purposes of erotic attraction and sheer self-delight, is perhaps the mildest of these. Body art has weightier agendas too. In the personal domain, it marks rites of passage, such as coming of age. On a wider social and political scale, it declares a person's identification with a "tribe" or, contrarily, his alienation from the prevailing culture. (Not to mention social or sexual subjugation, as in the case of foot-binding.) In its spiritual dimension, it invokes the gods' favor or wards off evil. Incorporating art, artifacts, photos, film, videotape, and blessedly readable short texts, "Body Art" has been curated by the cultural anthropologist Enid Schildkrout, whose calm, objective manner is flecked with humor. Contemplating blown-up color photographs of Japanese men with gorgeous full-body tattoos, she points out that in Japan this transformation of flesh into painter's canvas is confined to firefighters, carpenters, rickshaw carriers, and bandits. "What these callings have in common," she explains, "is that they offer no opportunity for wearing sumptuous clothes."

TOBI TOBIAS

Photographs courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

The Tube ***Black and Blue,*** **the television adaptation of Anna Quindlen's novel, stars Mary Stuart Masterson as the abused wife of Brooklyn cop Anthony LaPaglia, and Sam Robards as the nice-guy teacher-coach she meets when she runs away with her son. If the characters on the small screen are only a fraction as complicated as those in the book, the domestic violence is still genuinely terrifying. Airs November 17 at 9 P.M. on CBS.**

Photograph by Peter Stranks/CBS.

"Daily Events" keeps you up-to-date on what's happening in the city every day: movies, music, outdoor events, and stuff for kids. Jod Kaftan's surf report searches the Web for the coolest, funniest, and most informative sites (so you don't have to). And now it's easier than ever to subscribe online (or change your address or check on an order) with our new and improved Subscriber Service Center.

Sports

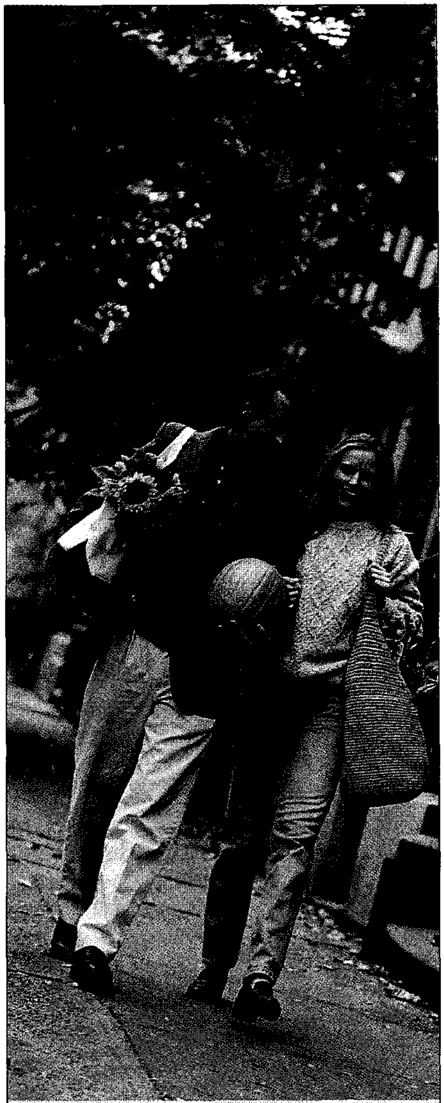
Turkey Classic & Junior Gobbler—The first three runners to complete this five-mile adult race, which starts on East Park Drive at 99th St., will be awarded a bird for their Thanksgiving feast. Juniors from 2 to 14 years old can also participate in runs ranging from 600 feet to half a mile. Races begin at 9:30 A.M. for adults and 8:30 A.M. for juniors. There are limited race-day entries, so contact the New York Road Runners Club at 212-860-4455 or www.nyrrc.org for registration information and fees.

Day Rides—Witness the Hudson in all its autumn glory as you cycle to Piermont on Saturday, 11/20. You'll encounter some hills and colorful foliage on this 50-mile journey through Rockland County sponsored by the Five Borough Bicycle Club. Meets at 8:30 A.M. at the Plaza Hotel (Central Park South and 59th Street); bring a lock and lunch money. If it's Kings County you want to discover, then join 5BBC in Brooklyn that same Saturday. Enjoy an eclectic 30-mile tour of parks, historical sites, waterfronts, architectural points of interest, and residential communities. Meets at 9 A.M. at Brooklyn Borough Hall (Court and Montague Sts.). On Sunday, 11/21, peddle 60 miles to Huntington to visit the birthplace of Walt Whitman. Meets at 8:30 A.M. at Queen's Cunningham Park (Union Turnpike at 196 Place). For more information on these and other free rides, call 5BBC at 212-932-2300, ext. 115, or visit www. 5bbc.org.

Patronite/Raisfeld *cont'd from page 100*

glass-walled meat-carving station manned by a bandanna'd, goateed technician, is open for business. You'll feel like a privileged insider as you perch at the bar or claim a table and order an assortment of *affetati,* first-rate Italian cured meats like cacciatorini, mortadella, soppressata, or prosciutto di parma (priced per quarter-pound), and aged and fresh cheeses, all Italian except Coach Farm goat cheese (three for $5, five for $7). Meat, cheese, house-baked salt focaccia, olives in a pool of oil, and a *caraffina* (smallish carafe) of wine—a good value at $7 to $15 for roughly two glasses—make the ultimate, elemental snack. And who knows: If you become a regular presence, you might even increase your chances of getting a table during prime time.

INTREPID SHOPPERS KNOW THAT IT'S POSSIBLE to land a bargain anywhere, even in one of Madison Avenue's most chichi boutiques. And so it is at **Nicole's**, the sleek new subterranean restaurant at Nicole Farhi's sleek new superstore. But not at lunch, when the stylishly set tables and graceful iron-framed chairs ($395 in the home-furnishings department, in case you were wondering) are occupied by an exceptionally well-dressed crowd, all conspicuously trailing pashmina shawls. Dinner is much quieter. But the trick is to order off the bar menu, available from noon to closing, a (literally) bargain-basement alternative to lunch and dinner entrées that run upwards of $20. Not that the bar menu is dirt cheap, but it's definitely good value: Chef Annie Wayte changes her creative, carefully wrought lineup daily to match what's in season, a Chez Panissean market sensitivity that's reflected in dishes like poached Seckel pears with mascarpone, butternut-squash-and-sage risotto, and a salad of warm goat cheese and chanterelles. The generous plate of succulent duck confit cooked crisp and golden brown comes with a mound of lively lentils speckled with pomegranate seeds ($14.50). Silky smoked salmon is garnished with clabbered cream, shaved fennel, caperberries, microgreens, and a stack of warm, ethereal buckwheat blinis ($12). It's hard to justify an $8 dessert, but Nicole's are too rich for one person to eat anyway. So think of them as $4 desserts. The "lemon surprise" pudding is no surprise at all: It's as good as everything else. And the warm sweet-potato pie with Chantilly cream is sublime. During lunch and dinner, the bar menu is confined to the bar—actually an elevated, illuminated-from-below communal table that seats twenty—but in the between-meal lull from three till six, you can sit anywhere in the restaurant. Yet another reason to arrive fashionably late. ■



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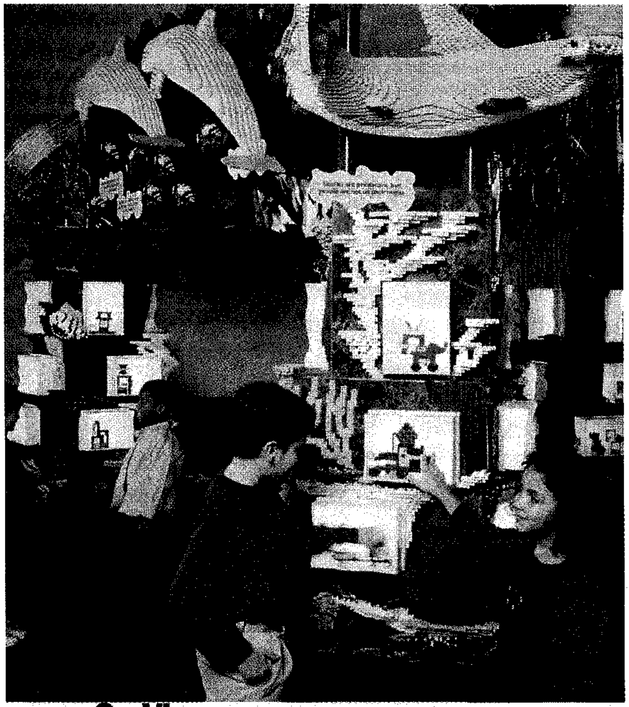
kids

Mousketeers...*Peter and the Wolf*



On View

Getting a Lego Up

In what may strike some parents as a Faustian bargain, visitors to the Brooklyn Children's Museum's new exhibit peer through periscopes to discover that the ocean's fragile ecosystem is, in fact, made entirely out of a particular brand-name plastic-brick building system widely available in toy stores. Inspired by professionally scrunched sea creatures, kids also get a chance to make their own Cubist varieties of subterranean life. Lego Ocean Adventure opens November 20; for more information, call 718-735-4400.

Children's Events

Screens as Windows—"The Eighth International Children's Television Festival" is a welcome reminder that TV programming for kids can be terrific. The theme this second weekend out of four is "Music & Magic." An hourlong screening at 1 P.M. (for all ages) includes the U.S. premiere of *Footsy,* an animated feature from Croatia. Another hourlong screening is at 3 (for ages 8 and up) and will include the animated short *Mikhail Baryshnikov's Stories From My Childhood: The Last Petal.* Kids can join a hands-on activity, "Music From China: A Chinese Music workshop," at 2. 11/20 and 11/2. **MUSEUM OF TELEVISION & RADIO**, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600). Admission is $6, $4 for students and seniors, $3 for children under 13. Tickets to workshops are offered on the day they are given, on a first-come, first-served basis.

Sounding Off—**JUMP ARTS**' free Creative Sound Workshop introduces kids to the instruments in the orchestra. 11/20 at 4. The Brecht Forum, 122 W. 27th St., tenth floor (212-228-5509).●●

The Wiz—Eighteen-year-old Jocelyn Jones is Dorothy in **NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER**'s lively multicultural revival of the funky seventies musical, through 12/12. Tickets are $12, and reservations are encouraged. Central Presbyterian Church, 593 Park Ave., at 64th St., seventh floor (212-888-0696). Reservations encouraged. $12.●

Dance History—Two alternating programs danced by Suzanne Farrell's sixteen-member company are choreographed by Robbins, Béjart, and Balanchine. Part of the **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER**'s "Step Lively Series" and "Suzanne Farrell Stages the Masters of 20th Century Ballet" brings *Meditation,* the first ballet George Balanchine created for his muse, back to the stage after a 25-year hiatus. 11/18 through 11/28. 209 W. 42nd St., through 11/14; call 212-239-6200 for showtimes. Tickets are $10 and $20.

Trapeze Close-up—Everyone sits within 50 feet of the elephants when the **BIG APPLE CIRCUS** comes to town. Look out for performing house cats. Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center Plaza, 62nd St. bet. Columbus and Amsterdam Aves. Performances through 1/9/00. Tickets are $15 to $60 on weeknights and $28 to $60 on weekends and can be purchased by calling 212-307-4100. For further information, call 800-922-3772.

Three Little Pigs—A musical version, complete with a neurotic mother and a wolf whose cry is "Not in my backyard." 11/20 and 11/21 at 12:30. **PROMENADE THEATRE**, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-627-7373); tickets are $19; a flexible ten-ticket subscription to the theater is $150.●

Off the Wall—Complementing a new exhibit, "The Artist as Illustrator," the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF THE ARTS** welcomes local illustrators Dan Yaccarino, Yangsook Choi, and Karen Katz, to give hands-on workshops. Call for activity times. 11/20 and 11/21 from noon to 5. 182 Lafayette St. (212-941-9198); $5, seniors free.●

Like It Was—Not for families per se, *Tellebration! The Night of Storytelling,* 11/20 at 6:30 at the **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK** is an annual be-in where professional storytellers share city lore, tall tales, and personal histories. Museum educator Harley Spiller encourages children and their adult companions to "Pack Your Trunk for Ellis Island!" and discuss how to load up their cigar-box trunks for the journey. "Kids Make History" is an exhibit of photographs and interviews by student historians in the five boroughs. Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (212-534-1672). Suggested contribution: $5; $4 for seniors, students, children; $10 for families.●

"Pippi's Soulmates"—Astrid Lindgren—best known on this side of the Atlantic as the author behind the spirited *Pippi Longstocking*—invented an equally engaging character named Madicken. (In her native Sweden she's the star of her own television series.) See *You Are Our of Your Mind, Madicken* (1979), part of a series of films based on Lindgren's stories at the **WALTER READE THEATER**—some starring boy characters. Films are in Swedish with English subtitles; borrow headsets to hear subtitles read aloud. Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St. (212-875-5370). 11/20 and 11/21 at 2. Tickets are $3.●

Cutting Up—The third in a series of silent shorts for family audiences at **THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY** is Charlie Chaplin in "Selected Comedies (1916–1917)," with live piano accompaniment. 11/20 at 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400). $6.●

Play Ball—Play basketball, soccer, handball, or jump rope without lugging or buying equipment. Free kits filled with a variety of games and sports equipment can be borrowed year-round through the Central Park Conservancy at **CENTRAL PARK**'s North Meadow Recreation Center. Weekdays 10 A.M to 8 P.M. and weekends 10 A.M to 6 P.M. Call to reserve (212-348-4867). Mid-park at 97th St.●

Disney on Ice—"Disney on Ice Celebrates 75 Years of Disney Magic" offers a kind of best-of roundup. Audiences get more dazzle and less plot than in the usual translation of a movie onto ice, as Buzz Lightyear, Jiminy Cricket, Mickey, and Minnie swan around on skates. Performances are 11/16 through 11/19 at **NASSAU COLISEUM**, in Uniondale, N.Y.; 11/23 through 11/28 at **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ARENA**, East Rutherford, N.J. Tickets to both of the above are $13.75 through $42.75 and can be obtained by calling 212-307-7171.

Peter and the Wolf—*Peter* is performed in two different New York City concert halls this weekend, demonstrating the immense popularity of Sergei Prokofiev's composition for a narrator and an orchestra. **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY** closes out its fall "Lollipops" season with concerts at Hunter College's Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse. 11/20 at 10:30 and noon and 11/21 at 12:30 and 2. $32 tickets can be obtained by calling 971-9500. **PUSHCART PLAYERS**' single performance is in Kingsborough Community College's Leon M. Goldstein Performing Arts Center, in Brooklyn. 11/20 at 2. Tickets are $8; call 718-368-5596.●

Flight Patterns—"The Butterfly Conservatory—Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter" is a 1,300-square-foot oasis of balmy weather, multicolored insects (that don't bite), iridescent butterflies, and nonthreatening jungle noises. **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park West and 79th St. (212-769-5800; www.amnh.org). Tickets, which include museum admission, can be reserved and will specify times: $14, $13.50 for students and seniors, $10.50 for children.

Wheels Within Wheels—At a children's fair—within the larger "**ANSCHE CHESED** Hanukkah Arts Festival and Judaica Crafts Fair"—kids can get involved in arts and crafts projects, games, singing and Nina Jaffe's holiday stories. 251 W. 100th St. (212-865-0600). 11/21, noon to 5. Admission $5.●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

cue

Ethan Brown	*Nightlife*
Barbara Ensor	*Kids*
Logan Hill	*Theater*
Brett Kelly	*Movies*
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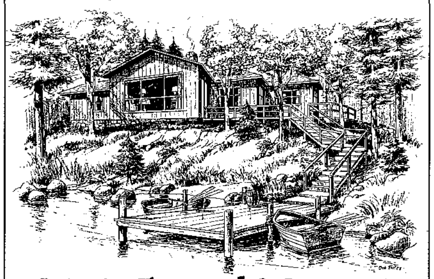

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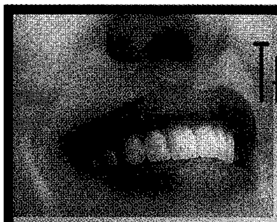

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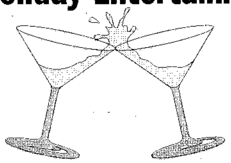

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Enjoying Life Is What It's All About—I'd rather not do it solo! Jewish female, 39, very cute (many say beautiful), slim and athletic, with great sense of humor, loves theater, dancing and fine dining. Interested? If you're a mid 30s-early 40s professional, please send photo and note. 2380 ☒

Sophisticated Lady—Elegant, pretty college educator seeks fun-loving, fit male, 55 plus, to share love of books, art, travel and hopefully each other. 2416 ☒☎

Handsome, Sensitive MD—I'm 58, 5'10", athletic, muscular build, young in body, spirit and energy. I'm known for my warmth, kindness and generosity. My soul mate is intelligent, feminine, sensitive and sensual. Petite, pretty and sexy is a plus. Note and photo, please. 2411 ☒

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Sephardic Female—42, divorced, no kids, teacher/stained glass artist, seeking kindred spirit. No kids a plus. 2417☒☎

Eloquent, Fast Track—Professional, seeks single Jewish woman, 60, zesty, gregarious, socially/financially prospering. 2433 ☒

Pretty, Slim White Female—35, account executive, 5'6", 120 lbs, shoulder-length brown hair, seeks tall, fit professional male, 35-45. 2426 ☒☎

Socially Inept Catholic Physician—42, never-married, looking for a sweet, caring and honest female for a lifetime of happiness. 2431 ☒ ☎

Strictly Personals

Special Issue

Holiday Gifts

Issue Date: November 29

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Long Island Guy—Good-looking, successful businessman, 49, seeks very pretty, slim, intelligent woman, 34-44, for good times and possible long-term relationship. Note/photo a must. 2408✉☎

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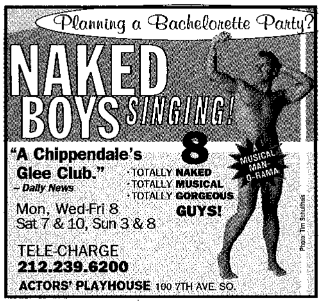

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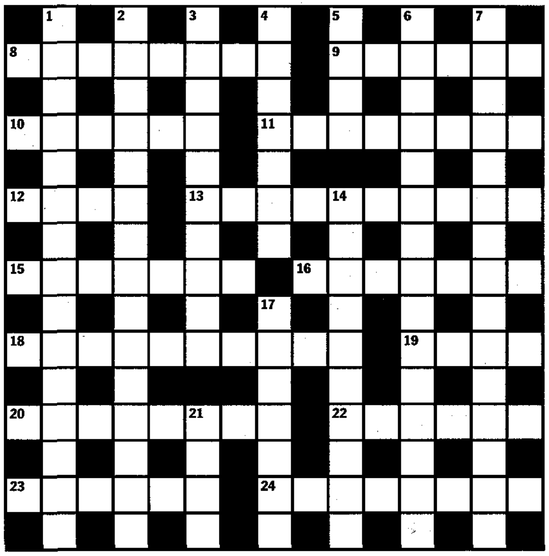
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

8 Hydroxides mixed with whiskey and lemonade? (4,4)
9 A clue is set down. (6)
10 Maps lost on board ship may cause convulsions. (6)
11 Halpern's exploded into little bits. (8)
12 Inform so jail's cut by half. (4)
13 Blow up cells with it. (10)
15 Base for Belgium in Foreign Legion. (7)
16 Put off, indeed put down. (7)
18 Dramatic act hit Lear tragically. (10)
19 April 4, December 1, February 2, August 5, March 15, perhap? (4)
20 Extortionate cost, then right to enter payment without penalty. (4-4)
22 Hobo lustily grabs Greek coin. (6)
23 Secure release? (6)
24 Toothless Prime Minister had broken teat. (8)



DOWN

1 Seasoned unseasoned poultry. (2,6,7)
2 Wine drinking custom regarding wine spiked at parties. (7,2,1,5)
3 Unlike Norfolk town, motorway upset rail network. (10)
4 Something afoot between the sheets. (7)
5 Vanity possibly just for blonde. (4)
6 The medical word for joint a poor cat with itch scratched. (11,4)
7 Jacket, waistcoat and trousers point to seats either side of the Chesterfield, perhaps? (5-5,5)
14 Kept a watchful eye on, or ignored. (10)
17 Cunning person fixes back of one German car to front of another. (7)
21 Notorious drinker wants grass. (4)

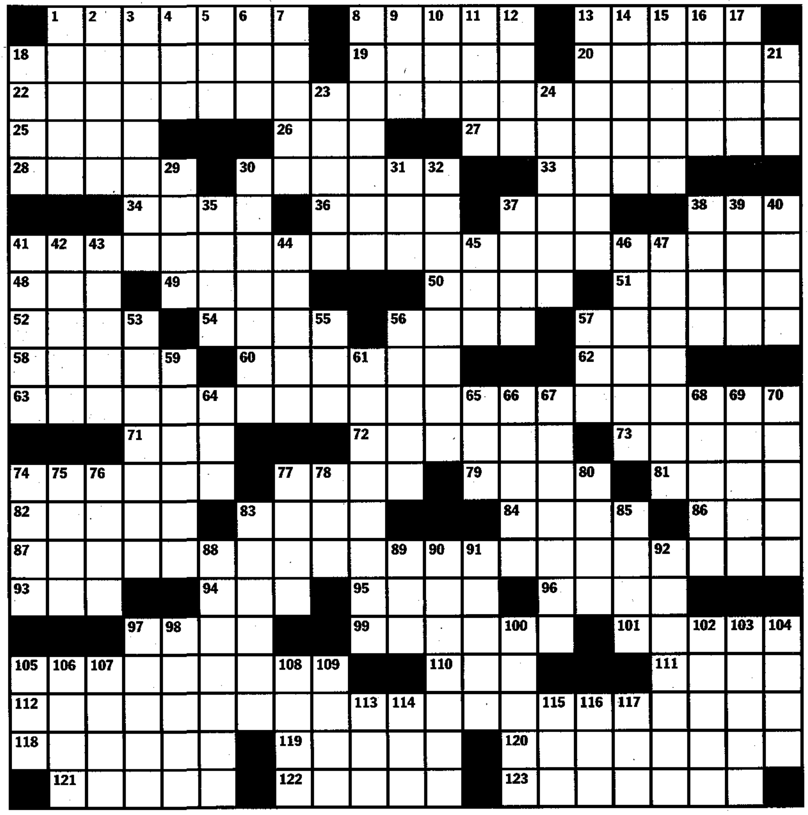
'Say-It-by-Name Sentences': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Walks with long steps
8 World-weary
13 Construct
18 "—— the Band"
19 Couturier's I.D.
20 Acted as toastmaster
22 Stephen Tom Danielle Abe
25 Sets one's sights
26 Apéritif with cassis
27 Skitch or Florence
28 The "R" in I.R.T.
30 Herb akin to dill
33 Dumbo's wings
34 It smells
36 Place for a chapeau
37 Provide weapons
38 "Moon ball" in tennis
41 Diana Jim Rod Nicolas
48 Compass pt.
49 Delhi dress
50 Sacred
51 "—— in the Head" (1959 Sinatra film)
52 Class absences
54 Séance sounds
56 Delivery vehicles
57 Act divisions
58 Diva's repertoire
60 McCormick's machine
62 Game rm.
63 Sean James Teresa Alvin Spike
71 Author Fleming
72 Paradise, in Paris
73 Fictional Marner
74 Baby-talk
77 Cote conversation
79 Chore
81 Condé of publishing
82 Be of one mind
83 Dusting powder
84 Prefix for China
86 Maiden-named
87 Julia Immanuel Howard Peter
93 Kit —— (candy-bar brand)
94 Fountain-pen need
95 Biblical 96-Across
96 Same-age sibling
97 Cry from the crow's nest
99 Corrects a clock
101 Capital of Oregon
105 Those in the audience
110 Optometrist's study
111 Lymph clump
112 Minnie Elaine Milton Jeff
118 Addled by age
119 Mixup, to a G.I.
120 Afternoon-snack eateries
121 Relieved tension
122 Works at the bar
123 Roof sight

DOWN

1 Narrow grooves
2 Chaplin character
3 Getting the suds out
4 Nickname for Dwight
5 Rookie socialite
6 Continent abbr.
7 Wheel part
8 "Kissing" stone
9 Partner of order
10 Stomach muscles, informally
11 Eve's third son
12 End of a Confederate signature
13 Hideous old woman
14 Painter's pigment
15 Champagne buckets
16 Meadows
17 D.J.'s sample record
18 Capone blemish
21 Hideaway
23 Kunta —— of "Roots"
24 Pep
29 Medicos
30 City where the Este family ruled
31 U.F.O. passengers
32 Sluggish feeling
35 Germany's coal region
37 Is bedbound
38 City north of Rheims
39 Girl-watch
40 Apiary residents
41 Overhauled tire
42 Immunize gradually
43 Gain admission
44 Come to fruition
45 Infinite time period
46 Speed contestants
47 Sign the register
53 Resort island off Florida's west coast
55 Toothed tool
56 Salome's seven
57 Madrid Mrs.
59 Climbed the heights
61 Sermonizer
64 After meth or eth
65 White House monogram of the '40s
66 Taunt
67 Discontinues
68 South American grassland
69 Display stand
70 Cosmetician Lauder
74 In town again
75 Khan title
76 Londoner, for short
77 Piggy or savings
78 Cockpit reading: abbr.
80 Have the facts
83 Bicycle for Daisy
85 Elevator pioneer
88 Related, as in spirit
89 Employ
90 Helium-filled
91 Louisiana ex-governor Long, and others
92 Without stopping
97 Certain jeans
98 Anoint, old style
100 Hard seed coating
102 Start a computer session
103 Anatomical fluid accumulation
104 Teenager's room, often
105 Personals, e.g.
106 Arboretum specimen
107 Grammy-winner Turner
108 "Sidewalks of New York" opening
109 New Year's Eve word
113 Half a French dance
114 Abbr. on farm mail
115 One of the Stillers
116 Squealer
117 Wrath



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 109.